THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*, THE SON of *ULYSSES*.

Written by the

Archbiſhop and Duke of *CAMBRAY*.

WITH A

POEM on a RURAL RETREAT, written by the ſame Author, when a young ABBOT, among the Mountains of *Auvergne* in *France*; and likewiſe, by another Hand, the ADVENTURES of *ARISTONOUS*.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh* from the beſt *Paris* and other EDITIONS,

By Mr. *OZELL*.

To which are added, many Large and Explanatory NOTES, taken from the ſeveral EDITIONS of this WORK.

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M. DCC. XL.

EXPLANATION

OF THE

FRONTISPIECE.

THE Archbiſhop's Aim in this Poem being to lead his Pupil up to the moſt *exalted Wiſdom*, the Painter has repreſented that Virtue under the Figure of a winged Female, of exquiſite Beauty. She is in the Upper Part of the Picture, contemplating the Heavens, and leaning on a Portraiture of the Author.

On one Side are two *Genii*, offering him Palm-Branches. Beneath is the Muſe *Calliopè*, leaning on three Books, repreſenting the three Species of the Greater Poetry.

On the other Side is *Minerva* holding a Rudder, whereon are depicted the Arms of the *Dauphin* of *France*; to denote the Author's being entruſted with the Education of the preſent King's Father, the late *Dauphin*.

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Archbiſhop of *Cambray*

AND HIS

WRITINGS.

THE Adventures of *Telemachus* have long received the Applauſes of all Men of Senſe and Taſte: The infinite Charms which are interſpers'd in it, and which are Inſtruments to raiſe the Value of the moſt pure Morality that can be thought of, the Order and Oeconomy of the whole Work, the Nobleneſs and Vivacity of the Stile, the agreeable Eaſe of the Narration, its Variety, its Richneſs, and the well-apply'd Learning that is contained in it; in a Word, the Author's Merit, already ſo generally known, and his Misfortunes, which hardly any Body thought he deſerv'd, all this has been the Occaſion of the great Praiſes which have been ſo unanimouſly

beſtow'd upon *The Adventures of* Telemachus. Nay, a great many have been overjoy'd at having this Opportunity of defending the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* againſt the Perſecution that was raiſed againſt him.

Every body knows that he was a Martyr to the Myſtical Theology, which he defended in his Book, intitled, MAXIMS OF THE SAINTS. The Story is long, and would require a very ample Relation; but the Bounds I have here preſcribed to myſelf, will not permit me to enter too far into it.

I ſhall therefore ſay in a few Words, that the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* (as great a Man as he was) took it into his Head to be a Champion for the pure and diſintereſted Love of God, ſuch as ſeveral contemplative Men have taught it, and which ſubſiſts in the heated Imagination of ſome profeſs'd Devotees, who thereby think they ſequeſter themſelves from the World, and who look upon the reſt of Mankind as Mercenaries, that make Bargains with God for Paradiſe, and ſerve him only with an Eye to the Reward.

This Idea is doubtleſs noble, and worthy the Greatneſs of God, who ought to be ſerved for his own Sake, without any View of Intereſt. 'Tis a pity the Nature of Man is too weak to arrive at ſo high a Degree of Perfection, and that Self-Love ſhould ſtill be the Baſis and Motive of all our Virtues. However, ſeveral Myſtical Theologiſts, who have been approv'd by the Church of *Rome*, have taught theſe very Maxims, nay, and carried them farther than the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* has done, as moſt People agree, and as it would be very eaſy to prove. Yet for this very Doctrine it was that he was perſecuted. I don't here intend to give an Account of all the Perſecutions which have been raiſed againſt him; the Publick are ſufficiently acquainted with them already.

No body is ignorant that the Biſhop of *Meaux*, formerly his intimate Friend, was one of his moſt violent Enemies; that he employ'd againſt him the King's Authority, and the Zeal which that Prince expreſs'd for Religion;

ligion; that he engaged ſeveral Prelates in his Quarrel; ſtirr'd up Part of the *Sorbonne*; ſpread about ſeveral Libels to diminiſh the Reputation of his old Friend: And, in ſhort, all his Fury rather ſerv'd to ſhew the mighty Intereſt of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, than the Juſtice of his Cauſe.

But moſt Men will be apt to ſay, What Reaſons could ſo highly provoke the Biſhop of *Meaux* againſt his old Friend? What could there be to occaſion ſo bitter a Zeal? The Intereſt of Religion never puts Men upon ſuch injurious Methods, eſpecially againſt one who deſir'd nothing but Peace, who only demanded Juſtice, who offer'd to ſubmit to a legal Tribunal, who ſubmitted to it without Reſerve, and who gave ſo great an Example of perfect Obedience. But let us own the Truth, and give her Glory. The Biſhop of *Meaux* had other Motives to animate his Zeal beſides thoſe of Religion. It is not indeed for me to pretend to dive into the Heart of any Man; but ſince the Biſhop of *Meaux* took ſo great a Liberty with reſpect to the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, his Friends muſt give us Leave to be as free with him: He has led the Way, and we will endeavour to follow him as well as we can: But as we have not ſo happy a Talent as he had for Aſperſion, we ſhall omit imitating him in that Point. This, then, is what ſome, who ſeem to have pretty well diſcover'd the Truth, have thought of this Affair, which has made ſo much Noiſe in the World, and of which very few have enquir'd into the real Cauſe.

The Biſhop of *Meaux* was very importunate for the Poſt of Chief Almoner to the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*. The Archbiſhop of *Cambray* alſo ſeem'd to deſire it, but without making any Intereſt to obtain it, or depending upon any other Recommendation than his Merit alone. The Biſhop of *Meaux* had Intereſt enough to carry it, and got the Victory, but that would not ſatisfy him: The Archbiſhop of *Cambray* ceaſed, in his Eye, to be his Friend the Moment he became his Rival; an Opponent of ſo great Merit is always to be fear'd, let him be ne-

ver ſo unlucky. This, or I'm deceiv'd, is the fatal Cauſe: But let us puſh our Search farther yet. When the King raiſed this good Man to the Archbiſhoprick of *Cambray*, he generouſly reſign'd a conſiderable Abby, ſaying, that the Revenue of the Archbiſhoprick was enough to maintain him. This Example of Diſintereſtedneſs, which certainly deſerved the greateſt Praiſe, tacitly condemn'd the Conduct of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, who poſſeſs'd ſeveral Benefices together, and whoſe Ambition was never ſatisfied. With him, therefore, this Action had nothing in it at all laudable, or that argu'd an Indifference. Beſides, the Reputation of Wit, Learning, and Virtue, which the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* had acquir'd, did in ſome Sort eclipſe the Glory of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, who had long been the Oracle of the *French* Prelates, and was very uneaſy to ſee himſelf degraded from that Honour.

Theſe Reaſons made him ſecretly his Enemy; but as yet he did not know how to ſhew himſelf ſo; he waited till he might have ſome ſpecious Pretence to authorize his Paſſion, and to guard him from loſing his own Reputation, whilſt he endeavour'd to deſtroy another Man's. The Book of MAXIMS furniſh'd him with what he wanted; he ſaw, or thought he ſaw, in that Piece, Conſequences which might prove extremely dangerous. The Author's good Intention would not excuſe him; his Uprightneſs, his Submiſſion, and all his other Virtues, were not able to ſtop the Torrent of Abuſes juſt ready to break in upon him; that uncharitable Zeal took its full Scope, and wrought very much upon the Populace. The Ideas of Perfection which the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* endeavour'd in that Book to raiſe in the Minds of Mankind, were, according to his Enemy, nothing but Hereſies and Chimeras; his Name, in the Writings of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, never went without the moſt odious Epithets along with it; and as his Conduct had nothing in it that could be taken hold of, he was put upon the ſame Foot with Madam *Guyon*, and a Man of the Archbiſhop's Wiſdom was charged with being in the Intereſts of an extravagant mad Woman; he was become *the* Montanus *of the new* Priſcilla: In ſhort, no Means were left untry'd

try'd to make him appear guilty; they compaſs'd Heaven and Earth to ruin him. During theſe Times of Trouble and Perſecution, the Biſhop of *Cambray* remain'd ſerene and quiet within himſelf; and, as if he had been inſenſible of the Injuries that were heap'd upon him, and the Cabals which were form'd againſt him, he made his Reply with ſuch Moderation, as one would think might have diſarm'd all the Fury of his Enemies. He us'd no Force in any Thing but his Arguments, and in the Victory which he gain'd over himſelf; and indeed, he won over to his Party all diſintereſted and impartial People; and notwithſtanding the ſevere Condemnation from *Rome*, he was juſtified in the Hearts of all good Men.

Every body knows that his Adverſaries got the better of his Arguments only by their Intereſt and Subtilty. Yet for all this, he paid an implicit Obedience. He no ſooner had Notice of the Sentence which was pronounced againſt, than he ſubmitted to it without any Reſtriction; he himſelf condemned his own Book, without looking out for any Pretence or Excuſe to defend it. We read in the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of ſeveral great Prelates, and even Saints, that have fallen into Errors, but we read of none that have ſhew'd ſo perfect a Submiſſion; nay, nor of any one that defended himſelf with ſo much Strength and ſo much Moderation.

Every body commended the Archbiſhop for his Submiſſion: I know of none but Monſieur *Jurieu* that blam'd him for having, by an unreſerv'd Obedience, procur'd the Peace of the Church, and treated him as a poor-ſpirited, puſillanimous Man, for having had the Courage to overcome himſelf. That Miniſter aſcribes the Archbiſhop's Submiſſion to Motives far beneath a Man of Honour; by which he ſufficiently ſhews what he himſelf muſt be, and how he would behave upon the like Occaſion. But let us leave him to applaud himſelf for his Miſtake, and reſume the Thread of our Story.

There has been no Body hitherto but what thinks the Biſhop of *Meaux* ought to have been contented with his Adverſary's Submiſſion; and, indeed, if all which that

Prelate labour'd for, was the Advantage and Intereſt of the Church, he had what he wanted: *Rome* has decided; all Things gave Way; his Antagoniſt has been the firſt to ſet an Example of Obedience. Charity obliged him to forget what was paſt, and to give the higheſt Commendations to the Conduct of ſo prudent an Enemy, if one can give the Name of Enemy to a Man who only ſearches after Truth. Yet the Biſhop of *Meaux* again attack'd and fell upon a Man, who no longer defended himſelf: He next reviv'd this Affair in the Aſſembly of the *French* Clergy, which was held at *St. Germain en Laye*, and would fain have had them gone on to a Reviſion of the Proſecution, and made a full Hiſtory of it, in order to juſtify his Zeal to Poſterity, and to immortalize the Glory he had acquir'd by humbling his Adverſary, whom yet he did not think low enough. In vain the Biſhop of *Rennes*, back'd by ſeveral of his Brethren, repreſented to him in a full Aſſembly, that the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s Affair ought no longer to be remembered, except it were to admire his Obedience and Submiſſion. Notwithſtanding all this, the Biſhop of *Meaux* reſolv'd to proceed; and begun a new Proſecution againſt the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* in a certain Court, where himſelf ſat as the Head.

This cruel Perſecution did not make the Archbiſhop alter his Conduct; he oppoſed nothing but Moderation againſt all this Rage; and the Publick have at laſt riſen up in the Defence of a Man ſo undeſervedly unfortunate. I believe it would have been very much for the Reputation of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, to have join'd with the reſt of the World in admiring the Wiſdom of ſo ſubmiſſive a Prelate, who acquir'd more Reputation by his Misfortunes, than he had done by his Victory.

This Relation is not intended to inſinuate a Belief that it was Injuſtice to condemn the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s Doctrine. God forbid that any body ſhould withſtand ſo authentick a Judgment as that of the Court of *Rome*; the Archbiſhop readily ſubmitted to it, and he was in the Right in ſo doing: The irreligious Views for which

which it might be obtained, did not hinder but that the Judgment might be equitable. All our Intention is only to ſhew the Violence with which he was proceeded againſt by ſome certain People, who proſecuted him with the utmoſt Rigour, when he deſired nothing but Peace, and offer'd to ſubmit without any Reſtriction. 'Tis for this that the Publick condemns his Adverſaries, and admires his Conduct, which was always to be admir'd.

There is another Thing which the Archbiſhop might with Reaſon complain of; namely, that tho' he had advanced nothing but upon the Credit of the moſt approv'd Myſtical Theologiſts, and, among others, of St. *Francis de Sales*, St. *Thereſa*, the celebrated *John de la Croix*, *Balthazar Alvarez*, &c. yet his Enemies would not let him and the others take their Fate together, (tho' he was much more moderate than they were) but reſolv'd that his Doctrine ſhould ſtand good in thoſe Authors Books, tho' it muſt be condemned in his. But, if they would own the Truth, the Archbiſhop's Misfortunes proceeded from his having ſelected this Doctrine out of the myſterious Obſcurity in which it was before conceal'd. He ſet it in an open Light; he pull'd off the Veil which cover'd it, and with a great deal of Clearneſs and Exactneſs diſplays it as it really is: Thus being purged from the Bombaſt which obſcured it, it ſeem'd quite new; and it was this that was the Archbiſhop's chief Crime: He writ too plainly for thoſe who deſire to be deceiv'd; he diſſipated the Clouds, which were ſo long rever'd; the Light dazzled their Eyes, and in him they condemned what they had in others approv'd.

But we have ſaid enough of this Affair; let us return to *Telemachus*. This Work was never publiſh'd according to the Author's Copy till now. The Prince, for whoſe Uſe it was compoſed, he was deſirous to inſpire with noble and generous Sentiments: He thought his Labour wou'd be ſufficiently rewarded, by the Fruit he wiſh'd for from it, and the Advantage which all *Europe* might in Time receive from it, if his Maxims were followed. The Publick have receiv'd it with great Applauſe, and

notwithſtanding the Squeamiſhneſs of ſome few Criticks, it is eſteemed one of the fineſt Performances that has been publiſhed.

I don't deſign to miſpend ſo much Time as to defend *Telemachus* againſt the unjuſt Cavils of all his Cenſurers; the Publick juſtifies it ſufficiently, both by its Eſteem for the Book, and the Contempt it ſhews for the Criticiſms that are made againſt it. Thoſe Authors fall of themſelves, in endeavouring to riſe out of the Obſcurity to which their Want of Merit has confined them; and their Pens would never be known nor heard of, if they had not the Aſſurance to fall upon ſo noble and illuſtrious an Adverſary: But they are no more than Pigmies attacking a *Hercules*.

One of theſe Authors, who has printed his Criticiſm in *Holland*, gives us only a Bead-roll of vile Jeſts; in which he is very fruitful, for he finds a Way to vent them conſtantly once a Month againſt all the greateſt Men in *Europe*. I think the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* very happy in being in ſo much good Company, and in not having the Aprobation of ſo weak a Writer; ſince to obtain it, a Man muſt renounce that of all ſenſible People.

Another Author has writ a Criticiſm enormouſly long, and which may juſtly be called the Terror of the Reader, *Horribilem & ſacrum Libellum*, a Book as tireſome and dull as *Telemachus* is agreeable and diverting. 'Tis made up of *Greek* and *Latin* Quotations, which are crouded in without any Judgment or Order; and theſe he ſends to a Lady, in order to entertain her, as he imagines; but indeed only to create in her an Averſion to all Manner of Books and Reading. He begins with a long Diſſertation againſt all Romances in general; after which he adds, That *the profound Reſpect and Veneration which he has for the Character and perſonal Merit of the Archbiſhop of* Cambray, *make him bluſh for him, to hear that his Pen ſhould be guilty of ſuch a Performance, and that the ſame Hand with which he every Day offers up to the living God the adorable Chalice, which contains the Blood of Jeſus Chriſt, (the Price of the Redemption of the Univerſe) ſhould adminiſter,*

niſter, to thoſe Souls who have been redeem'd by it, the poiſoned Cup of the Whore of Babylon. Here's Sublimity for you! This Author does not want for big Words! After this *Exordium*, he cites the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* before all the Fathers of the Church, to hear his Condemnation: But this topping Critick does not know that St. *John Damaſcene*, a Pope, and ſeveral Biſhops, have written Romances; and that 'tis generally believed the Hiſtory of *Job* was invented by *Moſes*, to teach the *Iſraelites* Patience.

Thus we ſee Romances are authorized by the greateſt Men. But, adds the Author of the Criticiſm, *The Charms of a Country Life, and the tender Loves of the* Ægyptian *Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, dancing upon the verdant Turf to the Sound of the Reed and Flute; and the Deſcription he gives of the natural and artleſs Beauty of the little* Ægyptian *Laſſes, the Happineſs of the Inhabitants of* Betica, *&c. all this is dreſſed with too many Charms, and ſerves only to corrupt the Minds of Youth.* This is a new Sort of Criticiſm, to blame a Book for having too many Embelliſhments and Graces in it.

If, in order to pleaſe, there needs only a dull heavy Narration, and a pedantick Style, the Author of the *Telemachomania* is incomparable: Yet ſometimes he aſſumes an Air of Pleaſantry, which fits upon him juſt as it did upon the *Aſs* in the *Fable*, who had a Mind to divert his Maſter, and render himſelf agreeable: The moſt pitiful Joke in the World paſſes with him for fine Raillery; and, that it may not be thought I ſay this without Grounds, I'll give one Sample of his Wit, by which we may judge of the reſt. He ſays, That *'tis ſtrange Monſieur* de Cambray *ſhould not know, or conſider, that honeſt* Anchiſes *did not die in* Sicily *till he had been carried thither by his Son* Æneas, *not upon his Shoulders, but in a good ſtrong Ship.* This Remark is wonderful curious, and worthy ſo extraordinary a Critick!

But there is in this Place another Fault ſtill more lamentable. He accuſes the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* of having committed the groſſeſt Blunder that ever was heard of, in

making *Aceſtes* go about to ſacrifice *Telemachus* upon the Tomb of *Anchiſes*, before the Fleet of *Æneas*, which was hovering upon the Coaſt, was arrived. Here he triumphs: *A Lyar*, ſays he, *ought to have a good Memory. If* Anchiſes *died in* Sicily, Æneas *muſt be arrived there, and his Fleet can no longer be wandering about in the Seas which ſurround that Iſland.*

The Author of *Telemachomania* might have ſpared himſelf all this Pains, had he read the firſt and fifth Books of the *Æneid*. He would in the firſt Book have ſeen that *Æneas* left *Sicily* in order to go into *Italy*, and being caſt by a Tempeſt upon the Coaſts of *Africa*, *Dido* receives him there, and makes him recite to her all his Adventures from the Deſtruction of *Troy* till his Arrival in *Sicily*, and the Death of his Father *Anchiſes*, who died at *Drepanum* in that Iſland: In the fifth Book he would have read of *Æneas*'s Return into that Iſland, where he is forced by a ſecond Storm to land once more. The Archbiſhop of *Cambray* feigns that the ſame Tempeſt drove *Telemachus*'s Ship upon the Coaſts of *Sicily*, and that *Aceſtes* had then a Deſign to ſacrifice him upon the Tomb of *Anchiſes*, in order to revenge *Æneas* for the Miſchiefs *Ulyſſes* had done againſt *Troy*. This is that dreadful *Anachroniſm*, or rather the Ignorance of the Cenſor, who did not know that *Æneas* was twice in *Sicily*.

To give one Proof more of this Author's Want of Judgment, I ſhall add a moſt egregious Blunder which he is guilty of concerning *Pygmalion*.

He accuſes the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* of confounding Chronology, and aſſures us that *Pygmalion*, King of *Tyre*, did not flouriſh in the Time of the *Trojan* War; he proves it from ſeveral *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, and ſpends five or ſix whole Pages only to demonſtrate this Truth. He need not have given himſelf this Trouble, for 'tis a Thing no body is ignorant of, and it is more than probable that the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* knew it better than himſelf. And indeed, who doubts that *Dido*, *Sichæus*, and *Pygmalion*, were above 200 Years after the Deſtruc-

Deſtruction of *Troy?* If the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* did not keep to this, 'twas becauſe he thought that in a Romance there was no Need of being ſo exact in Chronology; and he had a Mind to imitate *Virgil*, who puts *Pygmalion* in the ſame Age with *Æneas* and the *Trojan* War: He believed that ſuch an Example would be a ſufficient Authority for what he did, in a Thing wherein the Point in Hand was not to clear up a Piece of Chronology, but to pleaſe and inſtruct by Verſimilitude rather than ſtrict Truth. The Author of the *Criticiſm* would have been of this Opinion, had he had any Taſte for Poetry. But the beſt Jeſt of all is, he would needs prove that *Telemachus*'s *Pygmalion* lived a long Time after that young Hero, by confounding him with another of the ſame Name who lived ſeveral Ages before the *Trojan* War. 'Tis worth while to read him in his own Words.

The Poets, on their Side, ſays he, ſpeaking of *Pygmalion, aſſure us, that* Venus *and* Cupid, *in order to be revenged on him for contemning their Rites, made him fall in Love with a Statue; and as a Puniſhment for his having had an Averſion for Idols of Fleſh, they made him almoſt diſtracted for an Idol of Stone.* He ſays, a little before, *that Monſieur de* Cambray *makes* Pygmalion *a paſſionate Lover of Women, an Adorer of* Aſtarbe's *Beauty, a great Debauchee, and the moſt fond of ſenſual Pleaſures that ever was; in ſhort, he makes him a Monſter of Incontinence. Whereas, on the contrary, no Man was ever more averſe to all this than that Prince was; he abhorred Women, and could not endure the very Sight of them,* &c. Venus, *as well as* Cupid, *had the Vexation to find herſelf unable to reduce him under her Subjection.* It is not poſſible to croud more Blunders into ſo few Words. The Author of the *Criticiſm* pretends to prove that *Pygmalion*, King of *Tyre*, was not a Debauchee, becauſe about 400 Years before him there was a famous Carver of the ſame Name in the Iſland of *Cyprus*, who was a ſober continent Man. The Truth is, the *Pygmalion* he talks of, and whom he confounds with the King of *Tyre*, was a celebrated Carver in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and did himſelf make the Statue with which he fell

fell in Love. *Venus*, moved with Compaſſion for him, did transform the Marble into a Woman as charming as *Pygmalion*'s Workmanſhip was. By this Woman he had a Son called *Paphos*, who gave his Name to the Country of his Birth. *Paphos* was Father of *Cyneras*; and *Cyneras* had, by his own Daughter *Myrrha*, *Adonis*, who was the Favonrite of *Venus*. This Fable is ſo commonly known, that one can never ſufficiently wonder at the Ignorance of a Scribbler, who ſtands ſo much upon his Learning, in being miſtaken in ſuch a plain Story.

This Error is not the only one he has run into about *Pygmalion*: He tells us, "That that Prince, whom Monſieur *de Cambray* repreſents as a Wretch full of Impiety, was a very religious Man; and that his inſatiable Avarice, and the Murder he committed upon *Sichæus*, Husband to his Siſter *Dido*, were only Trifles, which did not hinder his being a Man of great Worth, and the Delight of his People."

Theſe are fine Maxims for a Man who would make us believe that it is a Crime to write a Romance which teaches nothing but Virtue! I ſhall not mention the groſs Equivocations he uſes upon Occaſion of *Telemachus*'s Converſation with the *Ægyptian* Prieſt, nor the inſipid Praiſes he beſtows on the Biſhop of *Meaux*. We very well know how much that Prelate deſerved to be commended; but I do not think he could be over-much pleaſed with ſuch fulſome Flattery.

But the World will ſay, we take too much Pains to confute a Caviller whom no body takes notice of; beſides, the Archbiſhop's Performance is out of the Reach of Criticiſm. 'Tis true: But yet, as there are ſome People of good Senſe who have found Fault with this Work, and that too upon more plauſible Grounds, let us endeavour to anſwer and ſatisfy their Objections.

1. They ſay that the Stile is too poetical, and that the Author is too diffuſive, or rather verboſe, in his Deſcriptions and Compariſons. 'Tis true, the Stile is poetical, and the beſt Poetry too that ever was writ ſince *Homer*:

Homer: But 'tis a great Commendation of the Author, to ſay that his Stile ſavours of the antient Poetry; ſince it was his Deſign to imitate it, in writing a Sequel of thoſe Adventures of *Telemachus* which *Homer* relates in his *Odyſſey*. We ſhould firſt examine whether he has hit the Manner of that Poet; and if he has, we muſt own that his Work has all the Perfection that can be deſired.

But, ſay ſome, Why ſhould he chuſe ſuch an elevated Stile when he writes in Proſe? The Reaſon of that is ſoon found: He wrote to a young Prince, who was to be inſtructed in a Stile that might pleaſe him, and in ſome Manner conceal the *Bitter* of the *Medicine* (to uſe *Taſſo*'s Expreſſion.) Now no Stile is more likely to delight a young Prince, and as it were inſinuate Morality into his Mind, than that which he has pitch'd upon. Maxims that have too dogmatical an Air, create Diſguſt: The Archbiſhop, therefore, was to invent ſome innocent Stratagem, and this was ſupply'd to him by the flowing Facility of his Pen; which has ſo well imitated *Homer*, that the beſt Judges doubt whether *Homer* himſelf deſerves more Admiration.

2. Others are offended at his having made Choice of a Fable rather than a true Hiſtory, and ſay that ſo perfect a Syſtem of Morality ought to have been apply'd to a true Subject, and not interwoven with chimerical Adventures. But to condemn Fables, is declaring againſt the common Senſe of all Mankind: The Holy Scripture abounds with them, nor have the moſt ſevere Writers rejected them: Young People are exceeding fond of them, and 'tis good to take Advantage of that Fondneſs, in order to inſtil into them thoſe Precepts which otherwiſe they would be averſe to: 'Tis neceſſary to convey them under the Diſguiſe of Amuſement and Pleaſantry: Almoſt every body ſtands in need of this Artifice. The Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, therefore, is very much to be prais'd for having follow'd it in inſtructing a young Prince: We all know that Princes have more Occaſion for this Sort of Management than any other Perſons.

Some

Some other Objections have been made; but they are ſo weak, that 'twould be a Folly to take the Pains to offer them: This immortal Piece will beſt defend itſelf; and the Pleaſure it gives all Readers, is a convincing Proof of its Value.

There ſhines throughout the whole the greateſt Nobleneſs of Thought: The Diction is certainly the moſt florid and magnificent that our Language is capable of. One may perceive in it the Graces of Poetry, the Ornaments and Force of Eloquence, join'd to a vaſt Knowledge of Antiquity, which is apply'd with ſo much Art, that one would think the Perſons he talks of would really appear themſelves. Nothing in it taſtes of the Pedant; all is ſmiling and engaging, and keeps the Reader attentive to the End, which at laſt, in his Opinion, comes too ſoon.

I might add a great deal concerning the wiſe and edifying Conduct which the Archbiſhop of *Cambray* obſerv'd in his Dioceſe, where he govern'd with ſuch Mildneſs as can never be too much admir'd. I might dwell a great while upon the Charities he beſtow'd, the Inſtruction he gave to all his People, and his Eaſineſs of Acceſs. But to give his juſt Character in a few Words, we need only tranſcribe it from the Writings of an unexceptionable Author: * "That moſt excellent foreign Writer, (the "Archbiſhop of *Cambray*) made a very conſiderable Fi-"gure in the Learned and Chriſtian World: This great "Author, in the ſeveral Pieces which he has produc'd, "† has manifeſted an Heart full of virtuous Sentiments, "great Benevolence to Mankind, as well as a ſincere "and fervent Piety towards his Creator. His Talents "and Parts were a very great Good to the World; and "it is a pleaſing Thing to behold the polite Arts ſub-

* Guardian, *Vol.* I. *No.* 69.

† The Adventures of *Telemachus* the Son of *Ulyſſes*.
Inſtructions for the Education of a *Daughter*.
A Demonſtration of the Exiſtence, Wiſdom, and Omnipotence of GOD.
A Paſtoral Letter to the *Clergy* of his Dioceſe.
Reflections upon Learning.
Private Thoughts upon Religion.

"ſervient

" ſervient to Religion, and recommending it from its
" natural Beauty. A Man of his Talents view'd all
" Things in a Light different from that in which ordi-
" nary Men ſee them; and the devout Diſpoſition of his
" Soul turn'd all thoſe Talents to the Improvement of
" the Pleaſures of a good Life. His Devotion has a
" Sublimity in it befitting his Character, and the Emo-
" tions of his Heart flow from Wiſdom and Know-
" ledge."

A DIS-

A DISCOURSE UPON EPIC POETRY;

Particularly on the Excellency of this Poem of TELEMACHUS.

The Origin and End of Poetry.

WERE it possible for us to meet with Truth naked and and unattired, and taste her natural Sweetness, she would have no Occasion to borrow Ornaments of the Imagination to recommend herself to our Embraces: But the Light she's invested with, is of too refin'd, too delicate a Nature, sufficiently to affect the gross Sensation of Man; she requires an Attention that would be too great a Check to his natural Levity: Pure, unmix'd Ideas may serve to enlighten him; but to complete the Work of his Instruction, there must be sensible Ideas to detain him in a fix'd and settled View of Truth. This was the Source of Eloquence, Poetry, and all the Sciences that depend on the Imagination. The Weakness and Imbecillity (if I may so say) of our Faculties, is what makes these Sciences necessary. The simple and unchangeable Beauty of Virtue is not always sure to

to reach our Souls. 'Tis not enough that we are ſhewn the Truth, ſhe muſt be repreſented to us under ſuch Colours as may make her lovely and deſirable (*a*).

We ſhall examine this Poem of *Telemachus* by theſe two Rules, of inſtructing and pleaſing; and we hope to evince, that the Author, by the Sublimity of his Moral, has excell'd the Antients in the Matter of Inſtruction, and equall'd them in the Point of Pleaſing, by an happy Imitation of every one of their Beauties.

Two Sorts of Heroic Poetry.

There are two Ways of inſtructing Men for their Good: *Firſt*, By ſetting forth the Deformity of Vice, and its pernicious Conſequences; ſuch is the principal Deſign of *Tragedy*. *Secondly*, By diſcovering to them the Beauty of Virtue, and its happy End; this is the proper Character of *Epic* Poeſy. Terror and Pity are the Paſſions that appertain to the one, as Love and Admiration ſuit with the other. In the former, the Actors are the Speakers; in the latter, the Poet makes the Narration.

Definition and Diviſion of Epic *Poetry.*

We may define the *Epic* Poem to be *A Fable related by a Poet, to ſtir up the Admiration, and inſpire the Love of Virtue, by repreſenting ſome Action of a Hero favour'd by Heaven, who executes a great Deſign in ſpite of all the Obſtacles that oppoſe him.* Thus there are three Things in the *Epopœa*; the *Action*, the *Moral*, and the *Poetry*.

I. *Of the* EPIC *Action.*

The Qualities of the Epic *Action.*

The Action muſt be *Great*, *One*, *Entire*, *Wonderful*, and of a *certain Duration*. *Telemachus* has all theſe Qualities. Let us compare it with the two Models of *Epic* Poetry, *Homer* and *Virgil*, and we ſhall be convinc'd of it.

(*a*) *Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,*
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hor. Art. Poet.

We

The Deſign of the Odyſſey.

We ſhall ſpéak only of the *Odyſſey*, which is built upon a Plan more conformable to that of *Telemachus*. In this Poem *Homer* introduces a wiſe King returning from a foreign War, where he had given ſignal Proofs of his Prudence and Valour: He is ſtopp'd in his Way by Storms, and thrown upon divers Countries, whoſe Manners, Laws, and Policy, he diligently obſerves. Hence naturally ariſe a great Number of Incidents and Dangers. But knowing what Diſorders his Abſence occaſion'd in his Kingdom, he deſpiſes all the Pleaſures of Life: Immortality itſelf cannot move him; he renounces all to relieve his People, and reviſit his Family.

The Subject of the Æneid.

In the *Æneid*, a Hero equally pious and brave, eſcap'd out of the Wreck of a mighty Kingdom, is deſtin'd by the Gods to preſerve its Religion, and to eſtabliſh an Empire more great and glorious than the firſt. This Prince, who is choſen King by the unfortunate Remains of his Fellow-Citizens, wanders a long while with them to ſeveral Countries, where he learns all that is neceſſary for a King, a Legiſlator, and a Pontiff; he at length finds an Aſylum in a remote Country, from which his own Anceſtors originally deſcended. He defeats many formidable Enemies that oppoſe his Eſtabliſhment, and lays the Foundation of an Empire which was to be the Miſtreſs of the Univerſe.

The Plan of Telemachus.

The *Action* of *Telemachus* unites all that is Great in both theſe Poems: It ſhews a young Prince, animated by the Love of his Country, going in Search of his Father, whoſe Abſence was like to be the Ruin of his Family and Kingdom. He expoſes himſelf to all manner of Dangers; he diſtinguiſhes himſelf by the moſt heroic Virtues; he withſtands the Allurements of Royalty, and, refuſes a Crown more conſiderable than his own; and, traverſing ſeveral unknown Countries, learns whatever is requiſite to govern according to the Prudence of *Ulyſſes*, the Piety of *Æneas*, and the Valour of both: Like

Like a wiſe Politician, a religious Prince, and an accompliſh'd Hero.

The Action ought to be One.

The Action of the *Epopœa* ought to be One. The *Epic* Poem is not a Hiſtory, like the *Pharſalia* of *Lucan*, and the *Punic* War of *Silius Italicus*; nor the whole Life of a Hero, like the *Achilleid* of *Statius*: The Unity of the Hero does not make the Unity of Action. The Life of Man is full of Inequalities; he is every Moment changing his Deſigns, either thro' the Inconſtancy of his Paſſions, or the unforeſeen Accidents of Life. He that ſhould deſcribe the whole Man, would draw a fantaſtick Picture, a Contraſt of oppoſite Paſſions, without Connection and without Order. For this Reaſon, the *Epopœa* is not the Elogium of a Hero, who is propos'd as an Example, but the Narration of ſome great and illuſtrious Action, which is ſet up as a Model.

Of the Epiſodes.

A Poem is like a Picture; the Unity of the principal Action does not hinder the inſerting of various particular Incidents. The Deſign is form'd at the very Beginning of the Poem; the Hero accompliſhes it by overcoming all Obſtacles; it is the Narration of theſe Obſtacles that makes the *Epiſodes*: But all theſe *Epiſodes* depend upon the principal Action, and have ſo near an Affinity, and ſuch a Harmony with one another, that the whole offers to the View but one ſingle Picture, conſiſting of ſeveral Figures finely diſpos'd and juſtly proportion'd.

The Unity of the Action of Telemachus, *and the Connection of the* Epiſodes.

I do not here examine whether it be true, that *Homer* ſometimes drowns his principal Action in the Length and Number of his *Epiſodes*, that his Action is double, that he often loſes Sight of his chief Perſons; it is ſufficient to my Purpoſe to obſerve, that the Author of *Telemachus* every where imitates the Regularity of *Virgil*, avoiding the Faults imputed to the *Greek* Poet. All his *Epiſodes* run on in a continued Chain, and are ſo artfully link'd together, that the firſt draws on the ſecond. His chief Perſons never diſappear, and the Tran-

Tranſitions he makes from the *Epiſode* to the principal Action always ſhew the Unity of the Deſign. In the ſix firſt Books, where *Telemachus*, who is the Speaker, relates his Adventures to *Calypſo*, this long *Epiſode*, in Imitation of that of *Dido*, is told with ſo much Art, that the Unity of the principal Action remains perfect. The Reader is in Suſpence all the while, and perceives from the very firſt, that the Abode of the Hero in that Iſland, and all that happens there, is nothing but an Obſtacle that is to be ſurmounted. In the thirteenth and fourteenth Books, where *Mentor* inſtructs *Idomeneus*, *Telemachus* is not preſent, he is at the Army; but it is *Mentor*, one of the principal Perſons of the Poem, that does all, and for the Inſtruction of *Telemachus*; ſo that this *Epiſode* is perfectly well woven into the principal Deſign. It is another great Piece of Art in our Author, to adorn his Poem with *Epiſodes* which are not Continuations of the principal Fable, without breaking either the Unity or the Continuity of the Action. Theſe *Epiſodes* are juſtifiable, not only as they are very important Inſtructions for a young Prince, which is the main View of the Poet, but becauſe they are related to his Hero in a Time of Inaction, to fill up the Vacancy. Thus *Adoam* informs *Telemachus* of the Manners and Laws of *Betica*, during a Calm which ſtops their Voyage; and *Philoctetes* gives him an Account of his Misfortunes, while the young Prince is in the Camp of the Allies, waiting for the Day of Battle.

The Action ought to be entire.

The *Epic* Action ought to be entire. This ſuppoſes three Things; the *Cauſe*, the *Knot*, and the *Unravelling*. The *Cauſe* of the Action ought to be worthy of the Hero, and conformable to his Character. Such is the Deſign of *Telemachus*. We have before ſeen what it was.

Of the Knot.

The *Knot* ought to be natural, and ariſing from the Action itſelf. In the *Odyſſey* it is *Neptune* that forms it. In the *Æneid* it is the Wrath of *Juno*. In *Telemachus* it is the Hatred

tred of *Venus*. The *Knot* of the *Odyſſey* is natural, becauſe there is no Obſtacle in Nature more to be fear'd by thoſe that venture upon the Sea, than the Sea itſelf. The Oppoſition of *Juno* in the *Æneid*, as an Enemy of the *Trojans*, is a fine Fiction: But the Hatred of *Venus* againſt a young Prince, that deſpiſes Pleaſure for the Sake of Virtue, and ſubdues his Paſſions by the Aſſiſtance of Wiſdom, is a Fable drawn from Nature, and at the ſame Time includes the ſublimeſt Morality.

Of the Unravelling.

The *Unravelling* ought to be as natural as the *Knot*. In the *Odyſſey Ulyſſes* arrives among the *Phæacians*, and relates his Adventures to them; and thoſe Iſlanders, who are great Lovers of Fables, being charmed with his Narration, give him a Ship to carry him back to his Country: This *Unravelling* is ſimple and natural. In the *Æneid*, *Turnus* is the only Obſtacle to the Eſtabliſhment of *Æneas*. That Hero, to ſave the Effuſion of the Blood of his *Trojans*, and of the *Latines*, whoſe King he is ſhortly to be, decides the Quarrel by ſingle Combat. This *Unravelling* is noble. That of *Telemachus* is at once both Natural and Great: This young Hero, in Obedience to the Commands of Heaven, conquers his Love for *Antiope*, and his Friendſhip for *Idomeneus*, who offer'd him his Crown and his Daughter. He ſacrifices his ſtrongeſt Paſſions, and even the moſt innocent Pleaſures, for the pure Love of Virtue. He embarks for *Ithaca* in Ships which were fitted out for him by *Idomeneus*, for whom he had done ſo many great Services. When he is near his own Country, *Minerva* cauſes him to drop Anchor at a little deſart Iſland, where ſhe makes herſelf known to him. After having accompanied him, without letting him know who ſhe was, thro' ſtormy Seas, thro' ſtrange Countries, thro' bloody Wars, and thro' all the Dangers and Misfortunes that can prove the Heart of Man, *Wiſdom* at length conducts him into a ſolitary Place: There ſhe ſpeaks to him, and declares to him the End of his Labours, and his happy Deſtiny; and then ſhe leaves him. As ſoon as ever he returns into Happineſs and Repoſe, the Deity is gone,

the

the Wonderful concludes, the Heroic Action ends. It is amidſt Sufferings that the Man ſhews himſelf a Hero, and ſtands in need of the Divine Aſſiſtance; and it is not till after having ſuffer'd that he is capable of walking alone, of being his own Guide, and governing others. In the Poem of *Telemachus*, the Obſervation of the ſmalleſt Rules of Art is attended with a profound Moral.

General Qualities of the Knot, and Unravelling of the Epic *Poem.*

Beſides the general *Knot* and *Unravelling* of the principal Action, each *Epiſode* has its proper *Knot* and *Unravelling*. They ought all to have the ſame Qualities. The *Epopœa* does not require the ſurprizing Intrigues of the modern Romances. Bare Surprize produces but a very imperfect and a very ſhort-liv'd Pleaſure. The Sublime conſiſts in imitating ſimple Nature, in preparing the Events ſo delicately, that they cannot be foreſeen; and conducting them with ſo much Art, that every Thing may ſeem natural. You are not to be kept uneaſy and in Suſpence, nor driven off from the main View of Heroic Poetry, which is Inſtruction, to be intent upon a fabulous Unravelling, and an imaginary Intrigue. This may do well enough where the whole Deſign is to amuſe; but in an *Epic* Poem, which is a kind of Moral Philoſophy, ſuch Intrigues are Conceits below its Gravity and Nobleneſs.

The Action ought to be Wonderful.

As the Author of *Telemachus* avoided the Intrigues of the modern Romances, ſo he has taken Care not to fall into the extravagant Miracles, for which ſome find Fault with the Antients. He neither makes Horſes ſpeak, nor Tripods walk, nor Statues work. The *Epic* Action ought to be wonderful, but then it ſhould be probable. We cannot admire what we think impoſſible. The Poet ought never to ſhock Reaſon, tho' he may ſometimes exceed Nature. The Antients introduced the Gods in their Poems, not only to bring about great Events by their Interpoſition, and to unite the Probable and the Wonderful;

derful; but alſo to teach Men, that the moſt valiant and moſt prudent, can do nothing without the Aſſiſtance of the Gods. In our Poem *Minerva* all along conducts *Telemachus*. By this Invention, the Poet makes every Thing poſſible for his Hero to perform, and at the ſame Time inſtils this Precept, *That without the Divine Wiſdom, Man can do nothing*. But this is not the whole of his Art. The Sublime of this Fiction is, the having conceal'd the Goddeſs in a human Form. Not only the Probable, but the Natural is here join'd to the Wonderful. All is Divine, and all ſeems Human. Nay, even this is not all. If *Telemachus* had known that he was conducted by a Deity, his Merit had not been ſo great; it had been too powerful a Support. *Homer*'s Heroes almoſt conſtantly know what the Gods do for them. Our Poet, by concealing from his Hero the Wonderful of the Fiction, has given a great Idea of his Virtue and Courage.

Of the Duration of the Epic Poem.

The Duration of the *Epic* Poem is longer than that of *Tragedy*. In this latter the Paſſions reign. Nothing violent can be of long Continuance. But Virtues and Habits which are not ſuddenly acquir'd, are proper to the *Epic* Poem; and conſequently its Action muſt have a greater Extent. The *Epopœa* may take in the Actions of ſeveral Years; but, according to the Criticks, the Time of the main Action, from that Part of it where the Poet begins his Narration, muſt not be longer than a Year, as the Time of the *Tragic* Action muſt never be more than a Day. However, *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* do not lay down any ſuch Rule. *Homer* and *Virgil* have obſerv'd none in this Particular. The whole Action of the *Iliad* takes up but fifty Days. That of the *Odyſſey*, from the Beginning of the Poet's Narration, is but about two Months. That of the *Æneid* is a Year. One ſingle Campaign brings *Telemachus* Home to *Ithaca*, after his Departure from the Iſland of *Calypſo*. Our Poet has choſen a Medium between the Impetuoſity and Vehemence with which the *Greek* Poet runs on to his End, and the

the ſober majeſtic Step of the *Latin* Poet, who ſometimes ſeems to be ſlow, and to lengthen out his Narration too much.

Of the Epic *Narration.*

When the Action of the *Epic* Poem is long, and not continued, the Poet divides his Fable into two Parts; in one the Hero is made to ſpeak and to relate his paſt Adventures; in the other, the Poet himſelf gives the Narration of what happens to his Hero afterwards: Thus *Homer* does not begin his Narration till after the Departure of *Ulyſſes* from the Iſland of *Ogygia*; nor *Virgil* his, till *Æneas* arrives at *Carthage*. The Author of *Telemachus* has perfectly well imitated thoſe two great Models. He, like them, divides his Action into two Parts. The principal of theſe contains what he himſelf relates, and begins where *Telemachus* concludes the Account of his Adventures which he gives *Calypſo*. He takes but little Matter, but he handles it fully. Eighteen Books are employ'd in it. The other Part is much more extenſive as to Number of Incidents and Space of Time; but it is a great deal more conciſe as to Circumſtances. It is all contain'd in the ſix firſt Books. By this Diviſion of what our Poet relates himſelf, and what he puts into the Mouth of *Telemachus*, he cuts out all the Intervals of Inaction, as his Captivity in *Egypt*, his Impriſonment at *Tyre*, &c. He ſhortens the Time of his Narration; he joins together the two Beauties of Variety and Continuity of Adventures; all is Motion, all is Action throughout the Poem. His Perſons are never idle, and his Hero never diſappears.

II. *Of the* MORAL.

Of the Manners.

Virtue may be recommended by Examples and by Inſtructions, by Manners and by Precepts: In this Point our Author very much excels all other Poets.

We owe to *Homer* the noble Invention of perſonalizing the Divine Attributes, the Human Paſſions, and the Phyſical

ſical Cauſes; a rich Spring of beautiful Fictions, which give Life and Soul to every Thing in Poetry. But then his Religion is nothing but a Heap of Fables, not in the leaſt likely either to create Reſpect or Love towards the Deity. Nay, the Characters of his Gods are below thoſe of his Heroes. *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Philoſtratus*, tho' Pagans as well as he, never juſtified him in this his debaſing of the Divine Nature, upon Pretence that what he writes is no more than ſometimes a phyſical, and ſometimes a moral Allegory. For, beſides that it is contrary to the Nature of Fable, to make uſe of moral Actions to repreſent phyſical Effects, they thought it of very dangerous Conſequence to figure the Claſhing of Elements, and the common Phœnomena of Nature, by aſcribing vicious Actions to the Celeſtial Powers, and to teach Morality by Allegories, which being literally taken, can inſpire nothing but Vice.

The Character of Homer's *Gods.*

Homer's Fault may be ſomewhat mitigated by the Manners and Darkneſs of the Age he liv'd in, and the little Progreſs that was then made in Philoſophy. Without entering into a Diſcuſſion of this Point, I ſhall only obſerve, that the Author of *Telemachus*, who has imitated whatever is beautiful in the Fables of the *Greek* Poet, has avoided two great Faults which the other is charged with. He, like him, perſonalizes the Divine Attributes, and makes them inferior Deities; but he never brings them in but upon Occaſions worthy of their Preſence. He never makes them ſpeak or act below themſelves. He with great Art unites *the Poetry of* Homer, *and the Philoſophy of* Pythagoras. He ſays nothing but what a Pagan might really have ſaid, and yet has put into their Mouths the moſt ſublime Maxims in the Chriſtian Morality; by which he hath plainly ſhewn, that this Morality is grav'd in indelible Characters upon the Heart of Man, where he would infallibly find them, if he hearken'd to the Voice of pure and untainted Nature, and gave himſelf wholly up to that ſovereign and univerſal Truth which enlightens every Mind

as the Sun enlightens every Body, and without which our mere Reaſon is nothing but Darkneſs and Error.

His Idea of the Deity.

The Ideas our Poet gives us of the Deity, are not only worthy of it, but infinitely amiable to Mankind. All inſpires Confidence and Love, a well-natur'd Piety, a noble and free Adoration due to the abſolute Perfection of the Infinite Being; and not a ſuperſtitious, melancholy ſlaviſh Worſhip, that deadens and dejects the Heart, when we conſider God as a powerful Legiſlator, that ſeverely puniſhes the leaſt Violation of his Laws.

He repreſents God to us as a Lover of Mankind: Whoſe Love and Benevolence are not govern'd by the blind Decrees of an irrevocable Fate, nor merited by the pompous Appearances of an outward Worſhip, nor ſubject to the capricious Whims of the *Pagan* Deities; but always regulated by the immutable Law of Wiſdom, which cannot but love Virtue, and treat Mankind not according to the Number of the Beaſts, but of the Paſſions that they ſacrifice.

Of the Manners of Homer's *Heroes.*

The Character *Homer* gives to his Heroes, are more eaſily juſtify'd than thoſe he gives to his Gods. It is certain he paints Men with Simplicity, Strength, Variety and Paſſion. Our Ignorance in the Cuſtoms of his Country, the Ceremonies of his Religion, and the Genius of his Language, the Fault moſt Men are apt to fall into of judging of all Things by the Rule of their own Age and Nation, the Love of Pomp and falſe Magnificence: All theſe Things are apt to lead us aſtray, and to make us think *that* inſipid, which was highly eſteem'd in antient *Greece*.

Of the two Sort of Epopœas *the Pathetic and the Moral.*

Tho' it ſeems more natural and philoſophical to diſtinguiſh Tragedy from the *Epopœa* by the Difference of their moral Views, as we did in the Beginning; yet I dare not abſolutely determine, whether there may not (as *Ariſtotle* ſays) be two Sorts of *Epopœa*, the one Pathetic, the other Moral; the one where the great Paſſions reign, the other where the great Virtues triumph.

The

The *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* may ſerve for Examples of theſe two Kinds: In the one *Achilles* is deſcrib'd according to Nature, with all his Faults, ſometimes perfectly brutiſh, ſo as to preſerve no Dignity in his Anger; ſometimes furious, ſo as to ſacrifice his Country to his Reſentment: Tho' the Hero of the *Odyſſey* is more regular than the hot impetuous Young *Achilles*, yet the prudent *Ulyſſes* is often falſe and deceitful. The Reaſon is, becauſe the Poet draws Mankind with Simplicity, and as they generally are in Reality. Valour is frequently found ally'd with a fierce and brutiſh Deſire of Revenge. Policy is almoſt conſtantly join'd with Lying and Diſſimulation. To paint after Nature, is to paint like *Homer*.

Theſe two Sorts of Epopœas in Telemachus.

Without going out of the Way to criticiſe the different Views of the *Iliad* and the *Odyſſey*, it is enough to have obſerved, by the Way, their different Beauties, to make every Body admire the Art with which our Author unites in his Poem theſe two Kinds of *Epopœas*, the pathetic and the Moral. There is an admirable Mixture and Oppoſition of Virtues and Paſſions in that wonderful Picture: It offers to our View nothing too great, but repreſents to us equally the Excellence and Weakneſs of Man. It is dangerous to ſhew us one without the other; and nothing can be more uſeful, than to let us ſee them both together; for perfect Juſtice and Virtue require that we ſhould eſteem and deſpiſe, that we ſhould love and hate ourſelves. Our Poet does not lift *Telemachus* above Humanity; he makes him fall into ſuch Weakneſſes, as are compatible with a ſincere Love of Virtue; and his Weakneſſes ſerve for his Inſtruction, and give him a Diſtruſt of himſelf and his own Strength. He does not render the Imitation of him impoſſible, by giving him a ſpotleſs Perfection; but he ſtirs up our Emulation, by ſetting before our Eyes the Example of a young Man, who, with the ſame Imperfections that every one finds in himſelf, performs the moſt noble and moſt virtuous Actions. He has thrown together in the Character of his Hero, the Courage of *Achilles*, the Prudence of *Ulyſſes*,

lyſſes, and the Piety of *Æneas*. *Telemachus* is hot, like the firſt, without being brutiſh; politick, like the ſecond, without being deceitful; tender, like the third, without being effeminate.

2dly. Of Moral Precepts and Inſtructions.

Another Way of Inſtructing is by Precepts. The Author of *Telemachus* joins together great Inſtructions and heroical Examples: The Morality of *Homer*, and the Manners of *Virgil*. His Morality, however, has three Qualities which are wanting to that of the Antients, both Poets and Philoſophers. It is *ſublime* in its Principles, *noble* in its Motives, *univerſal* in its Uſes.

Qualities of the Morality of Telemachus.

1. It is ſublime in its Principles.

1. Sublime in its Principles. It ariſes from a profound Knowledge of Man. The Poet lets him into his own Heart; he opens to him the ſecret Springs of his Paſſions, the hidden Folds of his Self-love, the Difference between the falſe Virtues and the true. From the Knowledge of Man he carries him up to that of God himſelf. He every where teaches him, that the Infinite Being is continually acting in us, to render us good and happy: That he is the immediate Fountain of our Knowledge, and of all our Virtues: That we owe to him no leſs our Reaſon than our Life: That his ſovereign Truth ought to be our only Guide, and his ſupreme Will regulate all our Affections: That for want of conſulting this univerſal and immutable Wiſdom, Man beholds nothing but miſleading Phantoms; and for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing but the confuſed Noiſe of his Paſſions: That ſolid Virtue comes to us like ſomething Foreign which is put into us: That it is not the Effect of our own Endeavours, but the Work of a Power ſuperior to Man, which acts in us whenever we give way to it, tho' we do not always perceive its Actions, by reaſon of its Subtilty. He ſhews us, laſtly, that without this firſt and ſovereign Power, which raiſes Man above himſelf, the moſt eminent Virtues are nothing but a more refined Degree of Self-Love, which confines all its

its Views within itſelf, makes itſelf its own Deity, and becomes at the ſame Time both Idol and Idolator. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Picture of that Philoſopher which *Telemachus* ſees in the infernal Regions, whoſe only Crime was the having been too fondly enamour'd of his own Virtue.

Thus the Morality of our Author tends to bring us to forget our own Being, in order to refer it wholly to the Supreme Eſſence, and to make us the Adorers of That; as the End of his Politicks, is to cauſe us to prefer the Publick Good to Private Advantage, and to give us a Love for Mankind. Every body knows the Syſtems of *Machiavel*, *Hobbes*, and of two Authors ſomewhat more moderate, *Pufendorf* and *Grotius*. The two firſt, under the Veil and falſe Pretence, that the Good of Society has nothing in common with the eſſential Good of Man, which is Virtue, lay down no other Maxims of Government, but Cunning, Artifice, Stratagems, deſpotic Power, Injuſtice, and Irreligion. The two laſt Authors built their Politicks wholly upon *Pagan* Maxims, and thoſe not equal either to *Plato*'s Commonwealth, or thoſe given in *Cicero*'s Offices. It is true, theſe two modern Philoſophers deſign'd their Labours for the Good of Society, and referr'd almoſt every Thing to the Happineſs of Man, conſider'd in a civil Reſpect. But the Author of *Telemachus* is Original, in having join'd the moſt perfect Politicks to the Ideas of the moſt conſummate Virtue: His grand Principle, which he makes the Foundation of all he teaches, is, that the whole World is nothing but an univerſal Republic, and each Nation, as it were, a large Family. From this beautiful and luminous Idea grow what the Politicians call the *Laws of Nature and Nations*; equitable, generous, and full of Humanity. We no longer look upon each Country as a Part independant of the reſt; but upon Mankind as an indiviſible Whole. We no longer confine ourſelves to the Love of our Country; our Heart enlarges itſelf, grows immenſely capacious, and takes the whole World into an univerſal Friendſhip. Hence proceeds

ceeds a Love for Strangers; a mutual Confidence between neighbouring Nations; good Faith, Juſtice, and Peace among the Princes of the Univerſe, juſt as among the Subjects of each State. Our Author farther ſhews us, that the true Glory of Royalty conſiſts in governing Mankind ſo, as to make them good and happy: That the Prince's Authority is never better ſtrengthen'd, than when it is ſupported by the Love of the People; and that the real Riches of a State lie in retrenching all the falſe Appetites of Life, and being ſatisfied with Neceſſaries, and with thoſe Pleaſures which are ſimple and innocent. By this he ſhews, that Virtue not only contributes to prepare Man for a future Felicity, but even in this Life actually makes Society as happy as it is poſſible for it to be.

2dly. The Morality of Telemachus *is noble in its Motives.*

2*dly*. The Morality of *Telemachus* is noble in its Motives. His great Principle is, That we ought to preſer the Love of the *Honourable* to the Love of the *Pleaſant*, as *Socrates* and *Plato* ſay: The *Heneſt* to the *Agreeable*, as *Cicero* expreſſes it. Behold the Spring of noble Sentiments, of Greatneſs of Soul, and of all Heroic Virtues. By theſe pure and exalted Ideas, he, in a Way infinitely more moving than by Diſpute, deſtroys the falſe Philoſophy of thoſe, *who make Pleaſure to be the only Spring of the Heart of Man.* Our Poet demonſtrates, by the fine Morality he puts into the Mouth of his Heroes, and the generous Actions they perform, the ſtrong Effect that the Love of the Beautiful and Perfect will have upon a noble Heart, in making him ſacrifice his Pleaſures to the painful Duties of his Virtue. I know that this Heroic Virtue paſſes for a Phantom among vulgar Souls; and the Men of more lively Imaginations have fallen upon this ſublime and ſolid Truth, with many frivolous and deſpicable Points of Wit. The Reaſon is, that finding nothing within themſelves that may be compared with theſe great Sentiments, they thence conclude, that the Nature of Man is incapable

incapable of them: They are Dwarfs, that by their own inſignificant Strength judge of that of a Giant. Thoſe Spirits that always grovel within the narrow Bounds of Self-Love, can never comprehend the Power and Extent of a Virtue that raiſes a Man ſo far above himſelf. Some Philoſophers, who in other Reſpects have made fine Diſcoveries in Philoſophy, have been carry'd away by their Prejudices ſo, as not ſufficiently to diſtinguiſh between the Love of Order and the Love of Pleaſure, and to deny that the Will can be mov'd ſo ſtrongly by *the View of Truth*, as by *the blind Senſation of Pleaſure*. We cannot read *Telemachus* ſeriouſly, without being convinc'd of this great Principle. We there behold the generous Sentiments of a noble Soul, that conceives nothing but what is Great; of a diſintereſted Heart, that always forgets the Conſideration of itſelf; of a Philoſopher, whoſe Views are confin'd neither to himſelf, nor his own Country, nor to any Thing particular; but who refers all the common Good of Mankind, and all Mankind to the Supreme Being.

3dly, *The Morality of* Telemachus *is univerſal in its Uſes.*

3*dly*, The Morality of *Telemachus* is univerſal in its Uſes: Extended, fruitful, adapted to all Times, to all Nations, and to all Conditions. One may there learn the Duties of a Prince, who ought to be at once a King, a Warrior, a Philoſopher, and a Legiſlator. We there ſee the Art of governing different Nations; the Way of preſerving Peace Abroad with our Neighbours, and yet having always within the Kingdom a warlike Race of Youth ready to defend it; of enriching our Dominions without falling into Luxury; of keeping a Mean between the Invaſions of a deſpotic Power and the Diſorder of Anarchy. It lays down Precepts for Agriculture, for Commerce, for Arts, for civil Government, for the Education of Children. Our Author brings into his Poem not only the heroic and the royal Virtues, but ſuch too as are proper for all Sorts and Conditions of Life. While he is forming the Heart of

his Prince, he is no leſs careful to inſtruct every private Man in his Duty.

The Deſign of the Iliad, is to ſhew the fatal Conſequences of Diviſion among the Leaders of an Army. The *Odyſſey* gives us an Example of what may be done by a King who is endowed both with Prudence and Valour. In the *Æneid*, we ſee the Actions of a Hero, who is pious as well as valiant. But theſe particular Virtues are not what make the Happineſs of Mankind. *Telemachus* very much excels all theſe Plans in the Greatneſs, Number, and Extent of his moral Views; ſo that we may ſay, with the philoſophical * Critic upon *Homer*, *the moſt uſeful Preſent that the Muſes ever made to Mankind, is* Telemachus; *for if it were poſſible for the Happineſs of the World to ariſe from a Poem, it would ariſe from this.*

Of the POETRY.

It is a fine Obſervation of Sir *William Temple*, That Poetry ought to take in whatever there is of Strength and Beauty in Muſic, Painting, and Eloquence. But as Poetry differs from Eloquence, only in its painting with more Enthuſiaſm, it might be ſomewhat more juſt to ſay, that Poetry borrows her Harmony from Muſic, her Paſſion from Painting, her Strength and Juſtice from Philoſophy.

The Harmony of the Stile of Telemachus.

The Stile of *Telemachus* is polite, clean, flowing, magnificent. He has all the Copiouſneſs of *Homer*, without his Flux of Words. He never falls into Repetition; and when he ſpeaks twice of the ſame Thing, he does it without recalling the ſame Images, much leſs the ſame Words. All his Periods fill the Ear with proper Number and Cadence. Nothing ſhocks you; no harſh Expreſſions, no abſtracted Terms, no affected Turns. He never ſpeaks for the Sake of Speaking, nor barely to pleaſe. Every Word ſets you upon thinking, and every Thought tends to make you better.

* The Abbot *Terraſſon*.

Our

The Excellence of the Paintings of Telemachus.

Our Poet's Images are as perfect as his Stile is harmonious. To paint, is not merely to deſcribe the Thing, but to preſent its Circumſtances in ſo lively and affecting a Manner, as to make us imagine, that we have it before our Eyes. The Author of *Telemachus* does this with great Maſtery. He had ſtudied the Heart of Man, and knew all the Springs of it. When we read this Poem, we never ſee a Thing but what he pleaſes to ſhew us; we never hear any Thing but his Perſons ſpeaking. He warms, he ſtirs up, he ſweeps away. We feel all the Paſſions he deſcribes.

Of the Compariſons and Deſcriptions of Telemachus.

The Poets uſually make uſe of two Sorts of Painting, Compariſons and Deſcriptions. The Compariſons of *Telemachus* are juſt and noble. The Author does not lift the Mind above the Subject by extravagant Metaphors; neither does he perplex it with too great a Variety of Images: He has imitated all that is great and beautiful in the Deſcriptions of the Antients, their Combats, Games, Shipwrecks, Sacrifices, *&c.* without enlarging upon minute Particulars, which deaden the Narration; and without debaſing the Majeſty of the *Epic* Poem, by deſcribing Things that are mean and diſagreeable. He ſometimes deſcends into Particulars, but he never ſays any thing but what deſerves Attention, and contributes to the Idea he means to give. He follows Nature through all her Varieties. He very well knew that every Performance ſhould have its Inequalities; ſometimes ſublime, without running into Fuſtian; ſometimes ſimple, without being mean. It is a falſe Taſte that makes People fond of Embelliſhment in every thing. His Deſcriptions are magnificent, but natural; plain, and yet agreeable. He not only paints after Nature, but his Pictures themſelves are amiable. He joins Truth of Deſign to Beauty of Colouring; the Fire of *Homer* to the Majeſty of *Virgil*. Not is this all; the Deſcriptions in this Poem are not only formed to pleaſe,

but are full of Inſtruction. If the Author ſpeaks of the paſtoral Life, it is to recommend its lovely Simplicity of Manners. If he deſcribes Games and Combats, it is not barely to celebrate the Funerals of a Friend or Father, as in the *Iliad* and *Æneid*; it is to chuſe a King that may ſurpaſs all other Men in Srength of Mind and Body, and that may be equally capable of ſuſtaining the Fatigues of Both. If he repreſents the Horrors of Shipwreck, it is to inſpire his Hero with Firmneſs of Heart, and Confidence in the Gods in the greateſt Dangers. I might run through all theſe Deſcriptions, and find the like Beauties in each; but I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that in this new Edition, the Sculpture upon the formidable *Ægis* (or Shield) which *Minerva* ſends to *Telemachus*, is deſcribed with great Art, and contains this ſublime Moral: That the Buckler of a Prince, and the Support of a State, are Sciences and Agriculture: That a King armed by Wiſdom always ſeeks Peace, and finds inexhauſtible Supplies upon any Occaſion of War, in a well-diſciplined and laborious People, whoſe Minds and Bodies are equally inured to Labour.

The Philoſophy of Telemachus.

Poetry borrows her Strength and Juſtneſs from Philoſophy. In *Telemachus* we every where ſee a rich, a lively, and an agreeable Imagination, and yet a juſt and profound Judgment. Theſe two Qualities rarely meet in the ſame Perſon. The Soul muſt ſure be in a perpetual Movement to invent, give Paſſion, and imitate; and at the ſame Time, in the moſt perfect Tranquillity, to judge of every thing that it produces, and to chuſe from among a thouſand Thoughts which offer themſelves, that which is agreeable to the Purpoſe. The Imagination muſt undergo a Kind of Rapture and Enthuſiaſm, while the Mind, ſitting at Peace in her Throne, holds it in, and turns it which Way ſhe pleaſes. Without this Tranſport to enliven every Thing, a Diſcourſe is cold, languid, abſtracted, and hiſtorical; without this Judgment to regulate every thing, it is falſe and deceitful.

The

A Compariſon between the Poetry of Telemachus, *and that of* Homer *and* Virgil.

The Fire of *Homer*, eſpceially in the Iliad, is hot and impetuous, like a Whirlwind of Flames that devours all around it. The Fire of *Virgil* has more Light than Heat, and always ſhines in an unequal and uniform Manner. That of *Telemachus* warms and enlightens at the ſame Time, according to the Occaſion either of perſuading or moving. When this Flame enlightens, it gives a Kind of Heat that does not ſcorch you. Such are the Diſcourſes of *Mentor* concerning Politicks, and thoſe of *Telemachus* upon the Senſe of the Laws of *Minos*, &c. Theſe pure Ideas fill the Mind with their gentle Light: The poetic Fire and Enthuſiaſm would have been prejudicial, like the burning Rays of the Sun, which the Eye cannot bear. When it is no longer the Buſineſs to reaſon, but to act; when the Truth has already been fully conceived, and what Doubts remain, proceed only from Irreſolution; then the Poet raiſes a Fire and a Paſſion that determines and forces away the Soul already ſtaggered, which only wanted Courage to ſubmit to the naked Truth. The *Epiſode* of the Love of *Telemachus*, in *Calypſo*'s Iſland, has a vaſt deal of this Fire.

This Mixture of Light and Heat diſtinguiſhes our Poet from *Homer* and *Virgil*. The Enthuſiaſm of the former carries him ſometimes ſo far, as to make him forget Art, neglect Order, and exceed the Bounds of Nature. The ſtrong Soar of his great Genius bore him away in Spite of himſelf. The pompous Magnificence, the Judgment and Conduct of *Virgil*, ſometimes degenerates into a too formal Regularity, where he ſeems rather an Hiſtorian than a Poet. This latter pleaſes the modern Poets, and the philoſophical ones much more than the former. Is it not becauſe they perceive it is more eaſy to attain by *Art* the judicious Beauties of the *Latin* Poet, than the noble Fire of the *Greek*, which *Nature* alone can beſtow? Our Author muſt pleaſe all Sorts of Poets, as well thoſe that are Philoſophers, as thoſe that admire nothing but Enthuſiaſm. He has joined the Soli-

dity

dity of Learning to the Charms of the Imagination. He proves the Truth like a Philoſopher; when he has proved it, he forces you to love it by the Sentiments he ſtirs up in you. All is ſolid, true, proper for Perſuaſion; no Wantonneſs of Fancy, no glaring Thoughts, which have a View to nothing but procuring Admiration to the Author. He has followed that great Precept of *Plato*, which teaches, that a Man that writes ſhould always conceal himſelf, ſhould diſappear, ſhould make you forget that there is ſuch a Man, and produce nothing but the Truths he would evince, and the Paſſions he would purify.

In *Telemachus*, all is Reaſon, all is Thought. This is what makes it a Poem for all Nations, for all Ages. All Foreigners are equally touched with it. The Tranſlations that have been made of it into Languages leſs delicate than the *French*, do not efface the original Beauties. The learned Lady who has writ an Apology for *Homer*, aſſures us, that the *Greek* Poet loſes infinitely by a Tranſlation, into which it is impoſſible to transfuſe the Strength, the Greatneſs, and the Soul of his Poetry. But one might venture to affirm, that *Telemachus* will always, and in all Languages, preſerve its Strength, Greatneſs, Soul, and eſſential Beauties; becauſe the Excellence of this Poem conſiſts not in a happy and ſonorous Cadence of Words, nor even in the Charms which it borrows from the Imagination; but in a ſublime Taſte of Truth, in noble and exalted Sentiments, and in the judicious, natural, and delicate Way of ſhewing them: Such Beauties are of all Languages, of all Ages, of all Countries, and equally affect Men of Senſe and Greatneſs of Soul, throughout the Univerſe.

1ſt Objection againſt Telemachus.

Divers Objections have been formed againſt *Telemachus*: *1ſt*, That it is not in Verſe or Rhime.

ANSWER.

Verſification, according to *Ariſtotle*, *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, and *Strabo*, is not eſſential to the *Epopœa*. It may be wrote in Proſe, as ſome Tragedies are compoſed without Rhime. A Man may write Verſes without the leaſt Bit of Poetry in them,

them, and likewiſe be completely poetical without making Verſes. Verſification may be imitated by Art, but a Poet muſt be born. What conſtitutes Poetry, is not a ſet Number and regular Cadence of *Syllables*, but a lively Fiction, bold Figures, and Beauty and Variety of Images. It is that Enthuſiaſm, that Fire, that Impetuoſity, that Strength, that *I know not what* in the Words and Thoughts, which Nature alone can give. All theſe Qualities are found in *Telemachus*. The Author thereof has done what *Strabo* ſays of *Cadmus*, *Pherecides*, and *Hecatæus*: *He has perfectly well imitated Poetry, by breaking only the Meaſure; but has preſerved all the other Beauties.*

A more inſtructing Homer *ſee,*
Whom Virtue's ſelf taught Poetry:
And think, that liſt'ning to the Truths he wrote,
The Nine, *in Raptures, jingling Rhime forgot* *.

And, indeed, I know not but the Conſtraint of Rhime, and the ſcrupulous Regularity of our *European* Conſtruction, joined to that fixed and meaſured Number of Feet, would very much diminiſh the Flight and Paſſion of heroic Poetry. To move the Paſſions ſtrongly, we muſt oftentimes throw aſide the Conſideration of Order and Connection. It is for this Reaſon, that the *Greeks* and *Romans*, who painted every thing with Life and Taſte, uſed Inverſions of Phraſes; their Words had no fixed Place; they diſpoſed them how they thought fit. The Languages of *Europe* are a Compound of *Latin*, and of the Gibberiſh of all the barbarous Nations that ſubdued the *Roman* Empire. Theſe Northern People froze up every Thing, like their Climate, by a frigid Formality of *Syntax*. They had no Notion of that beautiful Variety of Longs and Shorts, which ſo well imitates the delicate Motions of the Soul. They pronounced every Thing with the ſame Coldneſs, and were at firſt acquainted with no other Harmony in Words, than a vain

* *Ode to the Gentlemen of the Academy, by M.* de la Motte, 1ſt *Ode.*

Tinkling

Tinkling in the final Monotones. Some *Italians*, and ſome *Spaniards*, have endeavoured to free their Verſification from the Fetters of Rhime. An *Engliſh* Poet (*Milton*) has had wonderful Succeſs in this Attempt; nay, and has introduced Inverſions of Phraſes into his Tongue happily enough. In Time, perhaps, the *French* may once more reſume this noble Liberty of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

2d Objection againſt Telemachus.

Some thro' a groſs Ignorance of the bold Freedom of the *Epic* Poem, have objected to *Telemachus*, that it is full of *Anachroniſms*.

ANSWER.

The Author of this Poem has done no more than the Prince of the *Latin* Poets, who muſt needs know, that *Dido* was not Contemporary with *Æneas*. The *Pygmalion* of *Telemachus*, Brother to that *Dido*; *Seſoſtris*, who is ſaid to have lived about the ſame Time, *&c.* are no greater Faults than the *Anachorniſm* of *Virgil*. Why ſhould we condemn a Poet for breaking now and then thro' the Order of Time, when it is ſometimes a Beauty to break through the Order of Nature? It would not indeed be ſufferable, to contradict a Point of Hiſtory that happened but a few Years ago: But in the remote Antiquity, whoſe Annals are ſo uncertain and wrapt in ſo much Darkneſs, we are to follow Probabiltty, not always Truth. This is *Ariſtotle*'s Sentiment, and confirmed by *Horace*. Some Hiſtorians have maintained, that *Dido* was chaſte, *Penelope* not ſo; that *Helen* never ſaw *Troy*, nor *Æneas Italy*. However, *Homer* and *Virgil* made no Manner of Scruple to deviate from Hiſtory, to make their Fables the more inſtruſtive. Why then ſhould not the Author of *Telemachus*, for the Inſtruction of a young Prince, be allow'd to fetch together the Heroes of Antiquity, *Telemachus*, *Seſoſtris*, *Neſtor*, *Idomeneus*, *Pygmalion*, *Adraſtus*, that he might ſhew in one Picture the different Characters of the good and bad Princes whoſe Virtues were to be imitated, and whoſe Vices to be avioded?

3d Objection againſt Telemachus.

Some are diſpleas'd, that the Author of *Telemachus* inſerted in his Poem the Story of the Loves of *Calypſo* and *Eucharis*, and ſeveral other ſuch Deſcriptions, which ſeem too tender.

The

The beſt Anſwer to this Objection, is the Effect the Poem produc'd in the Heart of the Prince for whoſe Sake it was written. Perſons of low Condition do not want to be ſo much forewarn'd of the Shelves, which thoſe who are born to reign are expos'd to by their high Station and Power. If our Poet had wrote for a Man that was to ſpend his Life in Obſcurity, theſe Deſcriptions had not been ſo neceſſary: But to a young Prince bred up in a Court where Gallantry paſſes for Politeneſs, where every Object muſt unavoidably awaken his Reliſh for Pleaſure, and where every Thing about him ſeems plac'd there for nothing but to ſeduce him; writing to ſuch a Prince, I ſay, nothing could be more uſeful, than to repreſent to him with that lovely Modeſty, Innocency, and Decency (conſtantly obſerv'd throughout this Poem) the alluring and fallacious Outſide of criminal Love; to paint this Vice in its imaginary Beauty, in order to give him afterwards a truer Senſe of its real Deformity; to ſhew him the Abyſs with all its Depth and Horror, to with-hold him from falling into it, and to make him keep as far as poſſible from coming near but the Edge of ſo dreadful a Precipice. It was therefore a Piece of Prudence worthy our Author, to precaution his Pupil againſt the dangerous Paſſions of Youth, by the Fable of *Calypſo*; and to give him, in the Hiſtory of *Antiope*, an Example of a chaſte and reaſonable Love. Thus, by ſhewing this Paſſion at one Time, as a Weakneſs unworthy a noble Soul, and at another Time, as a Virtue befitting a Hero, he teaches us, that Love is not below the Majeſty of *Epic Poetry*; and by this Means unites in his Poem the tender Paſſions of the modern *Romance*, and the heroic Virtues of the antient *Poetry*.

ANSWER.

4th Objection againſt Telemachus.

Some think that the Author of *Telemachus* exhauſts his Subject too much, thro' the Fruitfulneſs and Richneſs of his Genius; that he ſays All, and leaves nothing for others to think; and, like *Homer*, ſets whole Nature before your Eyes. They

They are better pleas'd with an Author, who, like *Horace*, comprehends a great deal of Senſe in a few Words, and leaves the Reader the Pleaſure of enlarging upon it himſelf.

ANSWER. It is indeed true, that the Imagination can add nothing to our Author's Pictures; but then the Mind, by following his Ideas, opens and extends itſelf. When he is only to deſcribe, his Paintings are perfect, nothing is wanting: But when he is to inſtruct, his Hints are fruitful, and we perceive a vaſt Extent of Thoughts, which do not appear, and which all his Eloquence does not expreſs. He leaves you nothing to imagine, but then he gives you full Scope to think. This is very properly adapted to the Character of the Prince, upon whoſe Account alone this Work was undertaken. There was apparent in him, even in his Infancy, a fruitful and a happy Imagination, a noble and extenſive Genius, which gave him a Taſte for the beautiful Parts of *Homer* and *Virgil*. This fine Diſpoſition put our Author upon the Deſign of a Poem that might cultivate it, and at the ſame Time contain the Beauties of both thoſe Poets: This Abundance of great Images was eſſential to it, to employ the Imagination, and form the Taſte of the Prince, and to leave him Room to catch at the Truths prepared for his Heart, and to feed upon them of his own free Motion. It is viſible theſe Beauties might full as eaſily have been ſuppreſs'd as produced, that they flow with as much Deſign as Fecundity, to anſwer the Occaſions of the Prince, and the Views of the Author.

5th Objection againſt Telemachus.

It has been alſo objected, that the *French* Nation have nothing to do either with the Hero or the Fable of this Poem; whereas *Homer* and *Virgil* have intereſted the *Greeks* and *Romans*, by chuſing their Action and their Actors from the Hiſtory of their own Country.

ANSWER. If the Author has not particularly intereſted the *French* Nation, he has done more, he has intereſted all Mankind. His Plan,

Plan is far more vaſt than that of either of thoſe antient Poets. It is nobler for a Man to inſtruct the whole World, than to confine his Precepts to any one Country. Self-love will have all Things referr'd to itſelf alone, and in ſome Degree appears in our Love of our Country; but a generous Soul ſhould have more extenſive Views. Beſides, was not *France* infinitely concern'd in a Work ſo adapted to form a King, that might one Day govern her according to her Occaſions and Deſires, as a Father of his People, and a Chriſtian Hero? So much as had appear'd in that Prince, gave the Hopes, and indeed the Firſt-Fruits, of that future Happineſs. The Neighbours of *France* began already to expect their Shares of it, as of a univerſal Bleſſing. The Fable of the *Greek* Prince became the Hiſtory of the *French* one.

The Author had a more uſeful Deſign than that of barely *pleaſing* his Countrymen; he intended to *ſerve* them unawares, by contributing to form a Prince for them, who even by the Diverſions of his Infancy ſeem'd to be born to make them happy and glorious. That auguſt Child was a great Lover of Fables: The Poet's Buſineſs was to take Advantage of his Inclination; to teach him, in what he admir'd, the Solid and the Beautiful, the Simple and the Great; and to imprint in his Mind, by delightful Relations, the general Principles that might preſerve him from the Dangers that attend the Royal Birth and the ſupreme Power.

In this View a *Greek* Hero, and a Poem like thoſe of *Homer* and *Virgil*, the Hiſtories of remote Countries, Ages, and Exploits, were extremely convenient and proper, becauſe they allow'd the Author full Liberty of painting with Truth and Strength all the Rocks which ſovereign Princes have in all Ages been expos'd to.

From this it does neceſſarily happen, that theſe univerſal Truths have often a Relation to the Hiſtory and Circumſtances of the preſent Age: And theſe Fictions, independent of all Manner of perſonal Application, and conſider'd only as they are proper to form the Infancy

of

of a young Prince, contain Precepts for every Moment of his Life.

This Harmony between general Maxims of Morality and real Circumſtances, ought to make us admire the Fruitfulneſs, the Depth, and the Wiſdom of the Author. But I cannot ſee how it will any ways excuſe the Injuſtice of his Enemies, who would fain diſcover in his *Telemachus* the moſt odious Allegories, and metamorphoſe the moſt commendable and the moſt inoffenſive Deſigns, into outrageous Satires againſt thoſe whom he moſt revered. All his Characters are quite overthrown, that they may be made to contain imaginary Reſemblances and Hints, in order to poiſon the cleareſt and pureſt Intentions. Could the Author with any Honeſty ſuppreſs the fundamental Maxims of ſo wholſome a Morality, and ſuch beneficial Politicks, becauſe forſooth the moſt cautious Way of inculcating them could not defend him againſt the Malice of Criticks?

Thus our illuſtrious Author has brought into his Poem the greateſt Beauties of the Antients. He has all the Enthuſiaſm and Profuſion of *Homer*, all the Magnificence and Regularity of *Virgil*. Like the *Greek* Poet, he paints every Thing with Strength, Simplicity, and Life. There is Variety in his Fable, and Diverſity in his Characters; his Reflections are moral, his Deſcriptions natural; and there runs thro' his whole Piece that noble Fire which Nature alone can beſtow. Like the *Latin* Poet, he ſtrictly obſerves Unity of Action, Uniformity of Characters, and all the other Rules of Art. His Judgment is profound, and his Thoughts exalted; he joins the Natural to the Great, and the Simple to the Sublime. Art in him is every where Nature: But our Poet's Hero is every where more perfect than either *Homer*'s or *Virgil*'s; his Morality is purer, and his Sentiments more noble.

Conclude we from all that has been ſaid, That the Author of *Telemachus* has ſhewn by this Poem, that the *French* Nation is capable of all the Delicacy of the *Grecks*, and of all the great Sentiments of the *Romans*. The Elogium of the Author is that of his Nation.

A TRAN-

A

TRANSLATION

OF THE

Dutch Bookſellers Preface, prefix'd to their Edition of *Telemachus*, dedicated to His moſt Serene Highneſs the *Prince of Orange*. Giving an Account of that Edition, and of the REMARKS and NOTES therein contained, which I have tranſplanted into this of mine, with Additions, as alſo Alterations, innumerable.

ALL the Editions of the ADVENTURES of TELEMACHUS which have hitherto appear'd, have been very defective, and publiſh'd without the Author's Approbation. Even the laſt, which was ſet forth by the late Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s Family, from an Original MS. found among his Papers, and printed in *Holland*, was not without very conſiderable Faults both of Omiſſion and Commiſſion. We have therefore taken the Pains, or rather we have had the Pleaſure, in this Edition to rectify the Whole; in order to make the Work worthy the Name of ſo illuſtrious an Author.

This new Edition differs from all the former ones in an infinite Number of Particulars. Oftentimes, indeed, theſe Differences and Variations relate only to the Stile, by the Addition of ſome Graces to the Diſcourſe, and by giving a more harmonious Turn to the Diction; but, generally ſpeaking, there were omitted a Multitude of very valuable and very extenſive Periods, which are here faithfully reſtored from the Original. [Then

[Then the *Dutch* Editors go on, and give an Account of the REMARKS and NOTES, as follows, *viz.*]

The Chevalier *Ramſay*, Author of the preliminary Diſcourſe upon Epic Poetry, prefix'd to the Adventures of *Telemachus*, ſays, (p. xlii. l. 7.) " that *the Enemies of* " *the late Archbiſhop of* Cambray, *would fain diſcover in* " *his* Telemachus, *certain odious Allegories, and meta-* " *morphoſe the moſt inoffenſive and the moſt commendable De-* " *ſigns, into outrageous and injurious Satires againſt thoſe* " *for whom he had the profoundeſt Reſpect*, &c." This is the very Thing which awaken'd the Attention of the Curious, to find out in this Work *Reſemblances* not *imaginary*, as he calls them, but grounded upon the ſtrongeſt Preſumptions; not with Deſign to *poiſon*, as he terms it, the Author's *Intentions*, which doubtleſs were (to uſe his Words) *les plus pures*, of the pureſt Kind, but to draw from them ſuch Applications as were perfectly conſiſtent with Truth.

Every judicious and attentive Reader may of himſelf diſcover, what Thoughts he ought to entertain of the Scope and Deſign of this Poem. For, either the Authors of the REMARKS (at the End of the Book, and which by Chance falling into our Hands, we thought fit in this Edition to communicate to the Public) have every where miſtaken the Archbiſhop's principal Deſign: (In which Caſe their REMARKS are merely Chimerical:) Or elſe theſe REMARKS of theirs have ſome Foundation in Reaſon and Common Senſe, which no Man will ſay was the Biſhop's Intention to run counter to, or contradict in the leaſt; and this is Reaſon ſufficient for us not to reject them. Perhaps the Pictures, drawn by this illuſtrious Writer, bear not quite ſo near a Reſemblance of the Perſons, as the Authors of theſe REMARKS fanſy'd to themſelves. However that be, it cannot be denied that the Author had ſome Views in drawing theſe Characters, ſince they furniſh'd a Handle for the Perſecution which was raiſed againſt him; as may be inferr'd from the following Verſes, which were handed about at *Paris*, at the Time the Biſhop of *Meaux* fell out with him.

Contre

Contre Cambrai de Meaux chicane:
Quoi! pour des Contes de Peau-d'âne?
Faloit-il en venir aux mains?
Mais Cambrai s'attire l'attaque
Moins pour les MAXIMES DES SAINTS
Que pour celles de TELEMAQUE.

De Meaux falls foul on *Cambray*, Tooth and Nail:
Is all this Noiſe about an Aſs's Tail?
Was it the * MAXIMS OF THE SAINTS
Rais'd all theſe loud Complaints,
And made the Court fume thus?
No: 'twas the MAXIMS OF TELEMACHUS.

As in almoſt every Page throughout this whole Work it is apparent, there is a ſettled Deſign to attack the Vices and Defects of Mankind where-ever they are found, and that thoſe Vices and Defects ought to be applied to ſuch corrupt Men in whom they are found; it is not impoſſible, nay, rather it is very probable, that in the ſaid REMARKS, at leaſt in ſome Paſſages of them, the Application is made to the very Perſons to whom they belong, or at leaſt to ſuch whom the Cap fits to the utmoſt Nicety. For which Reaſon we here preſent the Reader with them (ſubjoin'd at the End) as they were ſent to us from good Hands, without entering further into a needleſs Diſcuſſion of the Matter: Leaving him at full Liberty to judge of them himſelf, and at the ſame Time declaring, that in the Publication of them, we are very far from intending to injure the Memory of a Prelate, for whom, on the contrary, we have the greateſt Reſpect and Veneration.

This is therefore the Deſign and Occaſion of the REMARKS, which are here added. Of theſe REMARKS, ſome are GEOGRAPHICAL; moſt of them are HISTORICAL, but relate only to antient Hiſtory and Fable.

The

* A Book ſo call'd, written by M. *de Cambray*. See his Life, prefix'd to *Telemachus*.

The others are ALLEGORICAL, or rather SARCASTICAL, and draw the *particular* Characters of ſuch Perſons of the *French* Court, whom the Author only traced out in the *general*. An Ænigma may ſuit ſeveral Things, and every body is allowed to gueſs at the Meaning of it.

The only Reaſon that can be urged by thoſe who alledge, that the Author had no particular Views in the Pictures he here gives us, is, that the Characters are ſo various, and ſo diverſified, that they cannot, without great Difficulty, be all applied to one and the ſame Perſon. But perhaps he did this purely to put the Court of *France* upon a wrong Scent, and to clear himſelf from the Suſpicion of intending to give the Characters of Perſons, at the ſame Time, that it would excite his Readers to ſearch out the true Reſemblance of each Lineament and Feature of them. This is what has been done in theſe REMARKS, wherein is oftentimes applied to many, what the Author ſpeaks of but one and the ſame Perſon. Even though they were offered for nothing but Conjectures, yet they ought to be ſtill well received, by ſuch as are ſtudious to diſcover Truth through the Veil under which it is ſhrouded. In the Applications that are here made, the Authors of them have confined themſelves to that Period of Time, when this Work was compoſed, that is to ſay, before the Marriage of the Duke of *Burgundy*, for whoſe Inſtruction it was written: Except ſome Paſſages, which, having been added after the Author's retiring from Court, may be look'd upon as more recent Events.

To conclude, it is to be obſerved that the Author of the preceding Diſcourſe upon Epic Poetry, in blaming the Sarcaſtical Allegories which ſome have found in *Telemachus*, contradicts himſelf. And indeed could he extol this Work (which he does pag. xli. l. 8.) *as proper to form a King that might one Day govern* France, *according to her Occaſions and Wiſhes, and as a Father of his People and a Chriſtian Hero*, without tacitly owning, that the Prince who *then* governed her, was neither one

one nor the other? The Conſequence is eaſy to draw. Beſides, whoſoever ſhall well examine the Concluſion of that Diſcourſe (of *M. Ramſay*) will ſee the above-quoted Paragraph, at the Cloſe, was added by that Gentleman, *ex poſt facto*, ſomewhat of the lateſt, and only to ſerve a Turn.

N. B. To this Preface of the *Dutch* Editors, concerning the Notes, all I have to add is, that the *Adventures of Telemachus* being a Sequel or Continuation of Part of *Homer*'s *Odyſſey*, and written in that Poet's Manner, and in a Stile perfectly ſavouring of the antient Poetry, and abounding every where with Stories and Cuſtoms of Antiquity, nobody, that is ſcholaſtically inclin'd, can think the Learned Notes in *Italic*, at the End of the Work, at all foreign to the ſame, but rather abſolutely neceſſary to go along with it, to ſave the Trouble of ſearching, at every Turn, Hundreds of Books relating to Antiquity. As for the other ſarcaſtical REMARKS (which may ſerve as a Maſter-Key to the Characters of *Louis* the XIVth, and his whole Court, *viz.* his Miſtreſſes, his Miniſters, his Generals, *&c.*) thoſe REMARKS, I ſay, being printed in a different Letter, *viz.* Roman, and thrown in likewiſe at the End of the Book, may be wholly read apart, and will be a pleaſing Amuſement to ſuch as may not reliſh the other *Learned* Notes: for,

Satire may pleaſe him who *Inſtruction* flies,
And rather would be *Merry* made than *Wiſe*.

J. O.

N. B. The *Paris* Notes are of a mix'd Nature, *viz.* Hiſtorical, Critical, Political, Moral, Philological, and, now and then, Encomiaſtical on the late *French* King. The laſt will pleaſe thoſe who may not like the Satire of the *Dutch* Notes upon that Monarch and his Court.

THE

THE

GENEALOGY

OF

TELEMACHUS:

From the HAMBURGH Edition,

[Which Edition I take to be an admirable good one, and happens to be the most conformable to my Translation of any other.]

JUPITER[a].——*MERCURY*[b].
ARCESIUS[a].——*AUTOLYCUS*[c].
LAERTES[a].——*ANTICLEA*[d].

ULYSSES, PENELOPE,
TELEMACHUS[e].

[a] *Ulysses* says in *Ovid*,
Nam mihi Laertes *pater est*, Arcesius *illi*,
Jupiter *huic*. Met. l. xiii. v. 145.

[b] *Est quoque per matrem* Cyllenius *addita nobis*
Altera nobilitas: deus est in utroque parente.
Id. ib. v. 147.

Mercury was firnamed *Cyllenius*, from a Mountain so called in *Arcadia*, where he was born.

[c] *Alipedis de stirpe dei versuta propago*
Nascitur Autolycus. Ovid. Met. l. xi. v. 313.
Αὐτολύκῳ δυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἀνσίκλεια.
Homer. Odyss. l. xi v. 85.

[e] *Haud malè* Telemachus, *proles patientis* Ulyssei.
Hor. L. i. Epist. vii. v. 40.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*, THE SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, *conducted by* Minerva, *in the Shape of* Mentor, *escapes, after a Shipwreck, to the Isle of the Goddess* Calypso, *who is still bewailing the Departure of* Ulysses. *The Goddess receives him favourably, conceives a Passion for him, offers him Immortality, and desires an Account of his Adventures. He relates to her his Voyage to* Pylos *and* Lacedæmon; *his Shipwreck on the Coast of* Sicily; *the Danger he was in of being sacrified to the Manes of* Anchises; *the Assistance that* Mentor *and he gave to* Acestes *against an*

Incurſion of Barbarians, *and that King's Gratitude in requiting their Service, by giving them a* Tyrian *Ship to carry them home to their Country.*

CALYPSO, (*a*) ſeeing *Ulyſſes* (*b*) was departed, grew deſperate; and, deaf to Conſolation, ſhe thought even Immortality a Curſe. Her Grotto did no more reſound with her harmonious Voice, nor did the attendant Nymphs preſume to ſpeak to her. Oft, unaccompanied, ſhe trod the flow'ry Turf, with which an everlaſting Spring had edged her Iſland round; but, far from comforting her tortured Soul, thoſe beauteous Walks ſerved only to recal the ſad Remembrance of *Ulyſſes*; he, whoſe Company ſo oft ſhe had enjoyed in thoſe once pleaſing Groves. Mute and immoveable ſhe ſometimes ſtood, watering the Shore with Torrents from her Eyes. There, where ſhe laſt had ſeen *Ulyſſes*'s Ship plouging the Waves, ſhe turned her Face inceſſant: She ſuddenly perceived the Ruins of a Veſſel juſt wrecked; the Oars and Rowers Seats

(*a*) *Calypſo.* The Goddeſs of *Secrecy:* (from καλύπτειν *celare.*) By the Name of this Goddeſs, ſo endearing to *Ulyſſes*, *Homer* gives a Leſſon to Princes to *conceal* their Failings, and cover them under the Veil of Darkneſs. Kings muſt by no Means ſhew the *Man:* Their Subjects ſhould ſee nothing in them but the *Hero:* The Emperor *Charles* the Vth. was ſo ſtrict an Obſerver of this Maxim, that he never owned *Don John of Auſtria* to be his Son till the Day on which he (himſelf) died, and then revealed it to none but his Succeſſor *Philip* II. and that too without declaring who was the Mother of that Prince, or of *Margaret*, Dutcheſs of *Parma*, another of his natural Children: Both whoſe Names he left a Secret to all Poſterity. [*See Preface.*]

(*b*) *Ulyſſes.* The wiſeſt of all the Princes that were at the Siege of *Troy*. Mens Notions of Virtue, in *Homer*'s Time, were none of the moſt refined. Accordingly, that Poet gives *Ulyſſes* a Sort of crafty Wiſdom, a low creeping Subtilty; but our modern Poet, who took from *Plato* the true Idea of Moral Virtues, always lays down TRUTH and GENEROSITY for their Principle.

diſperſed;

diſperſed; the Rudder, Maſt, and Cordage, floating near the Shore. Then, at a Diſtance, ſhe deſcried two Men; one ſeemed advanced in Years, the other young, but bearing much the Semblance of *Ulyſſes*; ſuch Sweetneſs, yet ſuch Majeſty, as did at once command Reſpect and Love. The Goddeſs knew he was *Telemachus*, that Hero's Son; but tho' the Deities do far ſurpaſs in Knowledge all Mankind, yet could ſhe not diſcover who his grave Companion was; for Deities of higher Rank conceal whatever they pleaſe from thoſe of leſs Degree; nor would *Minerva*, who (in (*c*) *Mentor*'s Shape) accompanied *Telemachus*, be known unto *Calypſo*.

Mean while, *Calypſo* inwardly rejoiced at the Diſaſter, which had brought *Ulyſſes*'s Son, ſo like his Father, thither: Advancing towards him with an Air, as if ſhe knew not who he was, How did you dare, ſays ſhe, to enter here? Young Stranger, be informed, that none unpuniſhed come within my Empire. Beneath ſuch threatening Phraſe ſhe ſtrove to hide the joyful Tranſports of her Heart, which in her own Deſpight broke out upon her Face.

Whoever you are, replied *Telemachus*, a Mortal or a Goddeſs, tho' ſure your Aſpect ſpeaks you all Divine, can you, unmoved, behold a hapleſs Son, who ſeeking out his Father, expoſed to Winds and Seas, has ſplit againſt your Rocks? Who, ſaid the Goddeſs, is the Father you are in ſearch of? He is called *Ulyſſes*, ſays

(*c*) *Mentor.* *Ulyſſes*'s Friend, to whom he entruſted the Care of his Family. It was, indeed, *Minerva* herſelf (Goddeſs of Wiſdom) who under the Shape of that faithful Friend, was *Inſtructor* to young *Telemachus*; to ſhew, that none but ſuch as are eminent for Wiſdom, are privileged to inſtruct the Children of Kings. The only Way to ſoften the Hearts of Princes, to enlighten their Minds, and enlarge their Underſtandings, is to commit their Education to Men of Letters. The Hiſtory of the Republick of Literature will hardly ever ſhine with brighter Names than of thoſe who have been Preceptors to our (*French*) Kings.

Telemachus, one of thoſe Kings, who after ten Years Siege, overthrew *Troy*'s famous City. All *Greece* and *Aſia* celebrate his Name for valiant Deeds, and more for prudent Counſels: But now he wanders thro' the liquid Wilds, driven into mighty Dangers, the Sport of adverſe Fortune; his Country ſeems to fly from him; his Wife *Penelope*, and I, his Son, deſpair of ever ſeeing him again: The ſelf-ſame Hazards which he runs, I run, to find him out; when at this Time, perhaps, he is buried in the Sea's profound Abyſs. O Goddeſs! pity our Diſtreſs, and if you know the Work of Fate, and what the Deſtinies have done either to ſave or to deſtroy *Ulyſſes*, deign to inſtruct his Son *Telemachus*.

Amazement and Compaſſion (*d*) filled at once *Calypſo*'s Breaſt, to ſee ſo immature a Youth ſo ſage and eloquent: She could not ſate her Eyes with looking on him, and ſtood a while in Silence. At laſt, ſhe ſaid, We will inform you, O *Telemachus!* what has befallen your Father; but the Recital aſks much Time; at preſent, 'tis fit you ſhould repoſe and eaſe your haraſs'd Spirits: Come into my Abode, I'll treat you as my Son; you will conſole me in this Solitude; and in Return I will crown you with Felicity, if you know how to taſte it.

Ulyſſes' Son followed the Goddeſs's Steps; a Crowd of youthful Nymphs ſurround their Miſtreſs, who did by much ſurpaſs them all in Stature; as a large Oak, upon a Foreſt, rears his lofty Head amidſt the neighbouring Trees. He with admiring Eyes ſurvey'd her Beauty, her long and flowing Robe's rich Purple, her

(*d*) We inſtantly feel within us a Concern for a Hero who ſacrifices every Thing to paternal Love. A Prince is generally to his People, what he is to his Family. All Hiſtories ſhew, that ſuch as were *good* Kings, were equally ſo in the Relations of Sons and Fathers. The Virtues of a private Perſon become illuſtrious upon a Throne. *Plato* ſticks not to ſay, The Art of Governing a great Empire is the ſame as that of Governing a ſingle Family.

Hair

Hair tied back with graceful Negligence, the Fire which lightened from her Eyes, the Sweetneſs which tempered that Vivacity. *Mentor* with downcaſt Eyes and modeſt Silence followed. Arriving at the Entrance of the Grotto, (*e*) *Telemachus* was ſtruck with freſh Surprize, to ſee, under the Appearance of a rural Plainneſs, whatever could charm the Eye. There was no Gold nor Silver to be ſeen, no Marble Columns, no Portraitures nor Statues. The Grot was hewn within a ſolid Rock; the Roof adorned with Shell-work; the Tapeſtry was a tender Vine, which ſpread in ſupple Branches all around: Here, in Deſpight of the Sun's ſcorching Rays, the gentle Zephirs conſtantly maintained a pleaſant and enlivening Coolneſs: The limpid Fountains ſweetly purling, and gliding over the Meads, thick ſet with Amarants and Violets, formed in divers Places Baths, whoſe Tranſparency not Cryſtal could exceed: A thouſand opening Flowers did enamel the verdant Carpet which encloſed the Grotto. There was a Wood entire, conſiſting of thoſe tufted Trees which bring forth Golden Apples, and whoſe Bloſſom, ever-renewing, ſends forth the ſweeteſt of Perfumes. This Wood appeared as if it crowned the beauteous Meads, and formed an artificial Night, which not the Sun could pierce; here nought was ever heard but warbling Birds, or Streams, which guſhing from a Rock on high, and falling down in Foam, ran off beneath the Graſs.

The Grot was ſeated on a Hill's Declivity, from whence might be deſcried the Sea, one while as clear and level as a Mirror, and the next Minute impotently angry with the oppoſing Rocks, againſt which it daſhed itſelf in Pieces, roaring and ſwelling its Waves like Mountains; and from another Side was ſeen a River containing many little Iſlands, beſet with blooming Limes

(*e*) *Homer* is leſs full in his Deſcription of this Grotto than our Poet, but then he renders it worthy of a Deity by a maſterly Stroke. He ſays, *Mercury* was ſtruck with Admiration at the Sight of that Place, tho' he came from the Palace of the immortal Gods.

and lofty Poplars, which kiſſed the Clouds with their aſpiring Heads. The ſeveral Ducts and Channels which compoſed theſe Iſlands, ſeemed to ſport and revel in the Plain; ſome urged their forward Way with rapid Force; others juſt mov'd along a dormant Stream; and others, ſerpentizing in their Courſe, did after numerous Windings retrace their Steps, as if they meant to viſit once again the Spring from whence they came, unwilling to forſake the charming Place. At Diſtance one might ſee the Hills and Mountains loſing themſelves in the Clouds, whoſe odd-ſhaped Figures ſeemed formed on Purpoſe to divert the Eye. The Mountains leſs remote were covered over with green Vine-branches hanging in Feſtoons, the Grapes whereof ſurpaſſed in Hue the richeſt Purple, nor could they be concealed beneath the thick-ſpread Leaves. The Fig, the Olive, and Pomegranate Trees, with all the other Kinds, were ſeen throughout the Fields, and made the whole a perfect Garden.

Calypſo having ſhewn *Telemachus* theſe native Beauties, ſaid to him, Go, reſt ye now: Your Clothes are wet; 'tis Time you changed them; after which we will ſee you again, and then I'll tell you Things ſhall reach the Centre of your Heart. This ſaid, ſhe cauſed them both to enter into the moſt retired Part of another Grotto, joining to that in which ſhe dwelt. The Nymphs had taken Care to light in it a large Fire of Cedar-wood, which filled the Apartment with a grateful Odour; they likewiſe had prepared freſh Garments for the Strangers, and left them in the Place.

Telemachus, ſeeing a Tunick of the fineſt Wool, whoſe Whiteneſs far exceeded that of driven Snow, together with a purple Robe embroidered over with Gold, began to be overjoyed at ſo much Finery; a Weakneſs into which young Men are apt to fall.

Mentor (*f*) ſaid to him, with a grave Accent, Are theſe,

(*f*) The Soul cannot raiſe itſelf to ſublime and great Sentiments, when it delights in low and little Objects: It was

theſe, *Telemachus*, the Sentiments that ought to fill the Breaſt of him who boaſts the Title of *Ulyſſes*'s Son? Think rather to maintain your Father's Reputation, and learn to conquer Fortune that purſues you. The Youth who loves to deck himſelf, and vainly trim his Perſon like a Woman, is unworthy both of Wiſdom and of Honour. The Heart that knows not how to ſuffer Pain, and trample Pleaſure under Foot, has no juſt Claim to Glory.

Telemachus, ſighing, anſwered, May the Gods deſtroy me, rather than ſuffer ſoft Pleaſure's Blandiſhments to ſeize my Soul. No, the Son of *Ulyſſes* ſhall never be overcome by the bewitching Charms of an indolent effeminate Life. But has not Heaven favoured us moſt highly, in bringing us, after our Shipwreck, to this Goddeſs, or to this Mortal, who has received us with ſo much Goodneſs?

Mentor replied, Fear rather leſt ſhe ſink you down with Evil; dread more her artful Sweetneſs, than even thoſe Rocks which ſplit your Ship. Nor Death, nor Shipwreck are ſo terrible as Pleaſure, Foe to Virtue. Take heed how you believe what ſhe ſhall ſay to you. Youth is preſuming; there is nothing it does not promiſe to itſelf; tho' frail, it believes it can compaſs every Thing, and that it has nothing to fear; lightly confiding, and without Precaution daring. Beware of liſtening to *Calypſo*'s ſoft and flattering Words, which will inſinuate into your Heart, like a Serpent ſliding beneath the Flowers. Fear the Poiſon that lies concealed; be diffident of yourſelf, and be ſure always to take my Counſel along with you.

After this they returned to *Calypſo*, who expected them. And now her Nymphs, with braided Hair, and dreſſed in White, brought in a plain Repaſt, but

was not to the Graces, but to the *Corybantes*, *Jupiter*'s Education was committed. The *Lacedæmonians*, who ſo well underſtood the Art of forming Soldiers, never gave their Children any other Play-things but Swords, Darts, and ſuch like Inſtruments of War.

exquiſite both for the Taſte and Neatneſs. There were no other Viands ſeen, but Fowl which they had ta'en with Nets, or Veniſon, which with their Bows they had pierced in Hunting; the Wine, more ſweet than *Nectar*, flowed from large Silver Vaſes into Golden Cups, whoſe Brims were crowned with Flowers. At the ſame Time were brought in Baſkets, all Sorts of Fruits promiſed by the Spring, and ripened by the Autumn. And then four young Nymphs began to ſing. (*g*) Firſt they ſung *The Combat of the Gods againſt the Giants*; then, *The Amours of* Jupiter *and* Semele; *The Birth of* Bacchus, *and old* Silenus's *Care in educating him*; Hippomenes *and* Atalanta's *Race*, ſhe who was vanquiſhed by the enticing Hue of Apples from the *Heſperian-Garden* cull'd. And laſt, *The* Trojan *War* was alſo ſung; Ulyſſes's *Fights and Counſels, raiſed to Heaven.* The Chief of all the Nymphs, *Leucothoe*, joined to thoſe melodious Voices the Sweetneſs of her Lute.

When *Telemachus* heard his Father named, Tears trickled down his Cheeks, and added new Luſtre to his Beauty. But when *Calypſo* found he could not eat, for the Grief with which he was ſeized, ſhe made a Sign to her Nymphs, and immediately they ſung *The Battle of the* Centaurs *and the* Lapithæ; with *The Deſcent of* Orpheus *into Hell, to fetch from thence his dear* Eurydice. When the Repaſt was over, the Goddeſs drew *Telemachus* aſide, and ſpoke to him as follows.

(*g*) Our Author paints out, and recalls to our Mind every Thing that is valuable in the Manners of the Antients. Among the *Greeks*, the Muſes made a Part in all Banquettings, ſo that it was no eaſy Matter to give themſelves up entirely to the dangerous Pleaſures of the Table, when Muſick and Poeſy were elevating the Soul by the Recital of the Actions of Heroes. We ſee in the Odyſſey, that at the Table of the King of the *Phæacians*, the Company is more intent to hear the Muſick of *Demodocus*, than taken up in praiſing the Delicacy of the Diſhes.

You

You ſee, O worthy Son of great *Ulyſſes!* with how much Favour I here receive you: I am immortal, and no mortal Man can on this Iſland land, and eſcape unpuniſhed; not even your Shipwreck would be an Excuſe to ſave you from my Indignation, did not I love you. Your Father had the ſame good Fortune too: Alas! he knew not how to uſe it rightly. Long did I keep him in this Iſland with me, and put it in his Power to live for ever here, and be immortal with me: But a fond Paſſion for his wretched Country made him reject all thoſe Advantages. You ſee what he has loſt for the poor Hopes of ſeeing *Ithaca* again, which he muſt never do. He was reſolved to leave me, and he left me; but by a Tempeſt I revenged the Affront: His Ship, long toſſed and battered by the Winds, at laſt was buried deep beneath the Waves. Let his diſaſtrous Fate make you more wiſe: His Shipwreck robs you of all Hopes to ſee him again, as yours does of ever reigning after him in *Ithaca*. Let not this Loſs afflict you, ſince you find a Goddeſs that deſires to make you happy, and offers you a Kingdom. *Calypſo* to theſe Words added many more, in order to let him ſee how happy *Ulyſſes* was when he was with her; ſhe related his Adventures in the Cave of the *Cyclops Polyphemus*, and in the Country of *Antiphates* King of the *Leſtrygons*; nor did ſhe forget what happened to him in the Iſland of *Circe*, the Daughter of the *Sun*; and the Dangers he was in between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. She deſcribed the laſt Storm which *Neptune* had raiſed againſt him after he left her, inſinuating that he periſhed in it, ſuppreſſing his Arrival at the Iſland of the *Phæacians*. *Telemachus*, who at firſt had given too much Way to the Joy of being ſo well received by *Calypſo*, did now begin to be ſenſible of her Cunning, and the Wiſdom of the Counſel *Mentor* had been giving him: He anſwered in few Words, Forgive my Grief, O Goddeſs, which at preſent I know not how to conquer; Time, perhaps, may make me know the Value of your Offers; permit me now to monrn, wailing my Father's Death: You beſt can tell how well he merits Tears.

Calypſo was afraid to preſs him farther; ſhe even feigned to ſhare his Grief, and mourn *Ulyſſes*: But that ſhe might the better know the Means by which his Heart might with moſt Eaſe be reached, ſhe aſked him of his Shipwreck, and inquired what Accident had brought him to her Iſland. He anſwered, the Account of his Misfortunes would be too tedious. No, no! replied ſhe, I long to know them; I beg you would relate them to me. She ſo earneſtly intreated him, it was impoſſible for him to refuſe her; ſo he ſpoke thus.

I went from *Ithaca* with a Deſign to learn ſome News of my Father, from thoſe Kings who were returned from the Siege of *Troy*. My Mother *Penelope*'s Lovers were ſurpriſed at my Departure: I had taken care to hide it from them, knowing their Treachery. Neither *Neſtor*, whom I ſaw at *Pylos*, nor *Menelaus*, who received me kindly in *Lacedæmon*, could tell me whether my Father was alive. Impatient of living thus in Suſpenſe and Uncertainty, I formed a Reſolution to go to *Sicily*, on which Iſland I had been told my Father was caſt by the Fury of the Winds. But the prudent *Mentor*, who is here preſent, would have diſſuaded me from this raſh Deſign: He repreſented to me, on one Hand, the Danger of the *Cyclopes*, monſtrous Giants, who devour Men; and on the other, that of *Æneas*'s Fleet and the *Trojans*, who were hovering about that Coaſt. The *Trojans*, ſaid he, are greatly exaſperated againſt all the *Greeks* in general; but they would be particularly pleaſed with ſhedding the Blood of *Ulyſſes*' Son. Return therefore to *Ithaca*, continued he; perhaps your Father, by the Gods aſſiſted, may be got ſafe thither as ſoon as you: But if they have decreed that he muſt periſh, if he muſt never more behold his Country again, you ſhould, at leaſt, endeavour to revenge him on his Rivals, to free your Mother from an anxious Courtſhip, to make the World a Witneſs of your Wiſdom, and ſhew to *Greece* a King as fit to reign as e'er the great *Ulyſſes* was himſelf. This Counſel was extremely good and wholeſome; but I was not ſo wiſe as to follow it, or to give Ear to any Thing beſides my own blind

blind Paſſion: Yet the ſage *Mentor* loved me to ſuch a Degree, as to bear me Company in a raſh Voyage, which I undertook even contrary to his Advice, and the Gods ſuffered me to commit a Fault which was to cure me of my Preſumption for the future (*h*).

Whilſt he was thus ſpeaking, *Calypſo* looked ſtedfaſtly upon *Mentor:* She was amazed; ſhe thought ſhe perceived ſomething in him divine; but ſhe could not diſentangle her Thoughts from the Confuſion they were in. Thus ſhe remained full of Diffidence and Fear in the Preſence of this Stranger; but ſhe was unwilling to let her Diſorder be ſeen. Proceed, ſays ſhe to *Telemachus*, and ſatisfy my Curioſity. *Telemachus* reſumed his Diſcourſe thus.

The Wind for ſome Time favoured our Voyage towards *Sicily*; but at laſt a black Tempeſt deprived our Eyes of the Sight of Heaven, and we were inveloped in a profound Obſcurity: By the Flaſhes of Lightning we perceived other Ships in the ſame Danger, and ſoon diſcovered that they belonged to *Æneas*; they were no leſs dreadful to us than the Rocks themſelves. Then, but too late, I found that the Heat of inconſiderate Youth had blinded me before. *Mentor* appeared amidſt this Danger not only firm and dauntleſs, but more (*i*) chearful than he uſed to be. 'Twas he that encouraged me, and I felt that he inſpired me with invincible Reſolution. He calmly gave out all the Orders, when the Pilot was at a Loſs what to do. I ſaid to him, My dear *Mentor*, why did I

(*h*) Men ſeldom learn to be wiſe but at their own Expence; there are few that have the Skill to improve by the Faults of others. The perfect Hero is no where to be found but in our modern Romances: Our Author draws his in the Taſte of Antiquity; he gives his Hero the Failings natural to his Age.

(*i*) It is by this Chearfulneſs that true Valour diſcovers itſelf. To a Prince who has a Genius for War, there cannot be a more agreeable Spectacle than an Army ready to engage. Some who ſerved under the late King of *Sweden*, ſay, that that Prince, though naturally very ſerious, always appeared joyful and gay, when the Enemy was at Hand, and at no other Time.

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reject your Counſels? Wretch that I am! to act by my own Head at ſuch an Age, as wants a Foreſight of Futurity, Experience of Things paſt, and Moderation to govern the preſent. O! if ever we eſcape this Tempeſt, I ſhall diſtruſt myſelf, as I would my moſt dangerous Enemy! 'Tis you alone, O *Mentor!* that I ſhall ever confide in. To this *Mentor* anſwered, with a Smile, I ſhall not blame you for the Fault you have committed; it is enough that you are ſenſible of it, and make Uſe of it hereafter to moderate your Deſires. But when the Danger's paſt, Preſumption will perhaps return. However, Courage muſt now be our Support. We ought always to be apprehenſive of Peril, and to dread it; but when once it is come, we have nothing then to do but to deſpiſe it. Act therefore as becomes the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and exert a Courage greater than the Dangers that threaten you. The wiſe *Mentor*'s Magnanimity and Sweetneſs charmed me; but I wondered much more, when I ſaw how dextrouſly he ſaved us. *Mentor* conſidered that the *Trojans*, the Moment that the Light ſhould appear, ſeeing us ſo near them, would infallibly have known us. He obſerved one of their Ships, which was ſeparated from the reſt of the Fleet, to be ſomething like ours, only the Stern was crowned with certain Garlands of Flowers; ſo he immediately hung up the like Garlands on the ſame Part of our Ship, faſtened with Strings of the ſame Colour with thoſe of the *Trojans:* He ordered every Rower to bow himſelf as low upon the Benches as he could, the better to avoid being diſcovered by the Enemy. In this Manner we paſſed through the Midſt of their Fleet, they all the while ſhouting for Joy to ſee us, taking us to be their Companions which they thought to be loſt. We were forced, by the Violence of the Sea, to go along with them for a conſiderable Time; but at laſt we kept lingering behind, and whilſt the impetuous Winds drove them towards *Africa*, we exerted our utmoſt Efforts to row ourſelves to the neighbouring Coaſt of *Sicily*.

We did indeed arrive there; but that which we ſought proved almoſt as fatal to us as the Fleet we avoided. We found

found upon that Coaſt of *Sicily* more *Trojans*, and conſequently Enemies to the *Greeks*: For there it was that old *Aceſtes* reigned, who ſprung from *Trojan* Blood. We were ſcarce got aſhore, when the Inhabitants, thinking we were either ſome People of the Iſland come to ſurprize them, or Strangers that deſigned to ſeize their Country, burnt our Ship in the firſt Tranſport of their Rage, and murdered all our Companions (*k*), reſerving only *Mentor* and myſelf to be preſented to *Aceſtes*, that he might learn of us what were our Deſigns, and whence we came. We were carried into the Town with our Hands tied behind us, and our Death was only deferred, that we might be made a Spectacle to a cruel People, as ſoon as they ſhould know we were *Greeks*.

We were ſtraitway preſented to *Aceſtes*, who, with a golden Sceptre in his Hand, was diſtributing Juſtice, and preparing himſelf for a great Sacrifice. He aſked us, with a ſevere Voice, of what Country we were, and the Purpoſe of our Voyage? *Mentor* inſtantly replied, We came from the Coaſt of *Great Heſperia*, from whence our Country is not far remote. And thus he avoided telling that we were *Greeks*. But *Aceſtes*, without farther hearing us, and taking us for Strangers that concealed our real Deſign, ordered us to be ſent into a neighbouring Foreſt, there to ſerve as Slaves under thoſe who tended the Cattle. I thought this Condition more terrible than Death: I cried out, O King! rather put us to Death than treat us ſo unworthily! Know that I am *Telemachus*, Son of the ſage *Ulyſſes*, King of the *Ithacans*. I am in Search of my Father throughout every Sea. If I can neither find him, nor return to my Country, nor avoid Servitude, take from me that Life which is intolerable. Inſtantly upon this all the People cried out in a Rage, The Son of the cruel *Ulyſſes* muſt

(*k*) The Adventures of the Son reſemble thoſe of the Father: In the very Beginning of the *Odyſſey* (the ſixth Verſe) *Homer* declares that *Ulyſſes* cannot ſave his Companions. It was not proper to give to *Telemachus* a Character ſuperior in Glory to that of *Ulyſſes*.

die,

die, whoſe Artifices have overthrown the City of *Troy*. O Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Aceſtes* to me, I cannot refuſe your Blood to the *Manes* of ſo many *Trojans*, whom your Father immaturely ſent to the Banks of the Black *Cocytus*. You and your Conductor ſhall die. At the ſame Time an old Man of the Company moved the King to ſacrifice us on the Tomb of *Anchiſes*. Their Blood, ſaid he, will be grateful to the Soul of that Hero; *Æneas* himſelf, when he hears of this Sacrifice, will be pleaſed to ſee how much you love what was dearer to him than all Things in the World. This Motion was applauded by all; and now their Thoughts were bent to put it in Execution. We were led to the Tomb of *Anchiſes*, where they had raiſed two Altars, and kindled the ſacred Fire. The Knife that was to pierce us was now before our Eyes; we were crowned with Garlands, nor could our Lives be ſaved on any Terms of Compoſition. Our Doom was decreed, and we upon the Point of periſhing, (*l*) when *Mentor* calmly deſired to ſpeak with the King: Which being granted, he ſaid to him, O *Aceſtes!* if the Misfortunes of young *Telemachus*, who never bore Arms againſt the *Trojans*, cannot move you, at leaſt let your own Intereſt do it. The Knowledge I have acquired in foretelling the Will of the Gods, intimates to me, that before three Days are elapſed, you will be attacked by a barbarous People, who are coming down like a Torrent from the Mountains, to over-run your City, and lay your Country waſte. Haſten to prevent them, arm your People, nor let a Moment's Time be loſt, till you have ſecured within your Walls all the rich Flocks and Herds you have abroad. If my Prediction proves falſe, you may ſacrifice us when the three Days

(*l*) Perhaps there is no Poem wherein the Marvellous is better managed, and wherein it cauſes more Admiration, and leſs of that Kind of Surprize which is irrational. We naturally expect to ſee *Telemachus* eſcape from the greateſt Dangers, when we behold him attended by a Deity continually watching over him.

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are expired; if, on the contrary, it proves true, remember, that no one ought to deprive of Life thoſe to whom they owe their own.

Aceſtes was aſtoniſhed at theſe Words, which *Mentor* delivered with an Aſſurance he ne'er had found in any Man before. I ſee, ſaid he, O Stranger, that the Gods, who have granted you ſo ſmall a Share in the Favours of Fortune, have beſtowed ſuch a Portion of Wiſdom upon you, as is more valuable than all the Proſperity in the World. He then deferred the Sacrifice, and with the utmoſt Diligence diſpatched the neceſſary Orders for preventing the Aſſault which *Mentor* had foretold. In every Quarter there were ſeen old Men and Women trembling for Fear, with Multitudes of young Children, bathed in Tears, and retiring into the City. The lowing Oxen and bleating Sheep came crowding in from their luxuriant Paſtures, but could not all be provided for with Stabling. The Noiſe and Tumult of the People preſſing to get in were ſuch, that no one could underſtand another. In this Confuſion one takes an unknown Perſon for his Friend; another runs he knows not whither. But the prime Men of the City, fanſying themſelves wiſer than the reſt, looked upon *Mentor* as an Impoſtor, who had framed a falſe Prediction to ſave his Life. Before the third Day was expired, whilſt they were filled with theſe Imaginations, there appeared upon the Declivity of the neighbouring Hills, a Cloud of whirling Duſt: A numberleſs Multitude of *Barbarians* were ſeen, all armed. Theſe were the *Hymmerians*, a ſavage People, together with the Nations that dwell upon the Mountains *Nebrodes*, and upon the Summit of *Agragas*, whereon reigns a Winter which the Zephyrs never could ſoften. All thoſe who had contemned *Mentor*'s ſage Prediction, loſt all their Slaves and Cattle. Then thus ſaid the King to *Mentor*, I forget that you are *Greeks*; our Enemies are become our faithful Friends; the Gods have ſent you for our Deliverance: I expect no leſs from your Valour, than from the Wiſdom of your Counſels: Haſten therefore and aſſiſt us.

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Upon this *Mentor*'s Eyes darted forth a Boldneſs ſufficient to aſtoniſh the fierceſt Warrior. He takes a Buckler, a Helmet, a Sword, and a Lance; he draws up *Aceſtes*' Soldiers, and marches at their Head, advancing in good Order towards the Enemy. *Aceſtes*, though full of Courage, could follow him only at a Diſtance by reaſon of his Age; I followed cloſer to him, but could not equal his Valour. In the Fight his Cuiraſs reſembled the immortal *Ægis* of *Minerva*. Wherever he dealt his Blows, Death flew from Rank to Rank: As a *Numidian* Lion, urged by ſharp Hunger, falling upon a Flock of feeble Sheep, kills, rends, and ſwims in Blood, whilſt the Shepherds, inſtead of ſuccouring their Flock, betake themſelves to Flight, to eſcape his Fury.

Theſe *Barbarians*, who expected to ſurprize the City, were themſelves ſurprized and routed. The Subjects of *Aceſtes*, animated by *Mentor*'s Example and Words, felt within a Vigour they thought themſelves utterly incapable of. I with my (*m*) Lance overthrew the Son of the *Barbarian* King: His Age was the ſame as mine, but his Stature far beyond mine; for theſe People ſprung from a Race of Giants, who derived themſelves from the ſame Original with the *Cyclopes*. He ſcorned ſo weak an Enemy as me; but I, not daunted at his prodigious Strength, or fierce and ſavage Looks, thruſt my Lance again his Breaſt, and made him vomit forth his beaſtly Soul, with Torrents of black ſmoking Blood. In falling he was like to cruſh me to Pieces; the Sound of his Arms echoed on the Hills. I took the Spoil, and returned to *Aceſtes* with the Arms I had ſtripped him of. *Mentor* having intirely broke the *Barbari-*

(*m*) Heroes may be Stately without being Vain; and recount their great Actions, without extenuating the Glory of them. Though ſuch as envy them may take Offence at it, yet thoſe who are Lovers of Virtue will nevertheleſs applaud them. The Antients, who ſo well underſtood what was true Modeſty, never blamed *Xenophon*, *Sylla*, or *Cæſar*, for writing an Account of their own Victories. Truth, hiſtorically related, will not ſhock any body; but it is offenſive as ſoon as ever it begins to be oſtentatious.

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ans, cut them in Pieces, and following his Blow, purſued the Run-aways to the Woods.

This unexpected Succeſs, cauſed *Mentor* to be looked upon as a Man favoured and inſpired by the Gods. *Aceſtes*, from a Senſe of Gratitude, told us how much he feared for us, if *Æneas*'s Fleet ſhould return to *Sicily*. He therefore gave us a Ship to convey us, without Loſs of Time, into our own Country; heaped us with Preſents, and preſſed us to be gone for Fear of Miſchief: But he would not give us either a Pilot or Mariners of his own Nation, leſt they ſhould be expoſed to Danger on the Coaſt of *Greece*. He intruſted us with certain *Phœnician* Merchants, who being in Commerce with all the Nations of the World, had nothing to fear, and who might bring back the Ship to *Aceſtes*, when they had ſet us ſafe on Shore in *Ithaca*. But the Gods, who laugh at the Deſigns of Men, ſtill reſerved us for further Dangers.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*, THE SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *relates, that he was taken in the* Tyrian *Ship by the Fleet of* Sesostris, *and carried Captive into* Egypt. *He describes the Beauty of that Country, and the wise Government of its King. He adds, that* Mentor *was sold for a Slave into* Ethiopia; *that he himself was forced to tend Flocks and Herds in the Desarts of* Oasis; *that* Termosiris, *Priest of* Apollo, *gave him Consolation, by teaching him to imitate* Apollo, *who had formery kept the Cows and Sheep of King* Admetus; *that* Sesostris *being informed of the Wonders he did among the Shepherds, sent for him, in a full Persuasion of his*

his Innocence, and promiſed to find him a Paſſage into Ithaca; *but that the Death of this King plunged him again into new Misfortunes; that he was confined Priſoner in a Tower on the Sea Shore, from whence he ſaw the new King* Bocchoris *ſlain in a Battle againſt his revolted Subjects, aſſiſted by the* Tyrians,

THE *Tyrians*, by their Inſolence, had exaſperated King *Seſoſtris* (*n*), who reigned in *Egypt*, and who had conquered many Kingdoms. The Wealth they had amaſſed by Trade, and the Strength of the impregnable *Tyre*, ſituate in the Sea, had ſo ſwelled their Hearts with Pride, they refuſed to pay to *Seſoſtris* the Tribute he had impoſed on them in his Return from his Conqueſts: And not only ſo, but had furniſhed Troops to his Brother, who had attempted to murder him amidſt the Rejoycings of a ſolemn Feſtival.

Seſoſtris therefore, in order to take down their Pride, reſolved to ruin their Trade, and attack them wherever he met them. His Ships were ſent out in all Parts in queſt of the *Phœnicians*. One of his Squadrons met us, juſt as we had loſt Sight of the Mountains of *Sicily*, when the Harbour and the Land ſeemed to fly from behind us, and loſe themſelves in the Clouds. Then it was we ſaw the *Egyptian* Ships approach us like a floating City. The *Phœnicians* perceived them, and would have avoided them, but they had not time to do it: Their Ships were in better Condition for Sailing than ours; the Wind favoured them, and they were far better manned; they boarded us, took us, and carried us Priſoners into *Ægypt*.

In vain I repreſented to them that we were no *Phœnicians*; they hardly deign'd to hear me, but conſidered

(*n*) *Seſoſtris* was a Prince equally qualified to regulate his Kingdom and aggrandize it. The Author has the Art to introduce in his Poem the greateſt Men of Antiquity, without making any of them act a Part unſuitable to their true Character.

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us as Slaves, a Merchandize the *Phœnicians* uſed to deal in, and only conſulted how to make the beſt Advantage of their Prizes. We now perceived the Waters of the Sea to have a whitiſh Caſt, from their mixing with thoſe of the *Nile*; and now we begin to ſee the Coaſt of *Egypt* almoſt as low and level as the Sea. At length we reach the Iſle of *Pharos*, not far from the City of *No* [*Alexandria*.] From thence we are carried up the *Nile* to *Memphis*.

If the Grief ariſing from our Captivity had not rendered us inſenſible to every Thing that reliſhed of Pleaſure, our Eyes had been charmed with the Sight of the fruitful Country of *Egypt*, which, like a delicious Garden, was watered with an infinite Number of Canals. Wherever we caſt our Eyes, on either Side of the River, we diſcovered wealthy Cities, well-ſituated Pleaſure-Houſes, Lands productive every Year of a Golden Harveſt, without ever lying fallow; Meadows full of grazing Cattle, Huſbandmen bending beneath the Weight of the Fruits which the Earth had poured forth from her Boſom, and Shepherds that made their Echoes on every Side repeat the melodious Sound of their warbling Flutes and Pipes.

Happy, (*o*) ſaid *Mentor*, are the People, who are ruled by a wiſe King: They flow in Plenty, are happy, and love the Author of their Happineſs. Thus, O *Telemachus!* added he, ought you to reign, and make your Subjects joyful, if ever, by the Favour of the Gods, you obtain Poſſeſſion of your Father's Kingdom: Let your People be to you as your Children, do you enjoy the Pleaſure of being beloved by them, and ſo conduct yourſelf, that they may not feel the Delights of Peace, with-

(*o*) This is exactly the Sum of all *Plato*'s and *Xenophon*'s Politicks. They looked upon the Prince's mutual Love of his Subjects, and of the Subjects Affection to the Prince, as the ſtrongeſt Support and the fineſt Harmony of the Monarchical State. Thoſe great Men were not refined enough, and had not the Subtilty, to diſcover in a Kingdom two oppoſite Intereſts, that of the Prince, and that of the People. The *Italian* Politician (*Machiavel*) who has ſeparated Points ſo ſtrictly united, is as bad a Philoſopher as a Citizen.

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out at the ſame Time remembring, That 'tis to a good King they owe that precious Boon. Kings, who are only ſtudious how to make themſelves dreaded, and oppreſs their Subjects in order to render them the more ſervile, are the Scourges of Mankind; they are feared as they deſire to be; but they are hated, deteſted, and have more Reaſon to fear their Subjects, than their Subjects have to fear them.

Alas! replyed I to *Mentor*, it's now no Time to talk of Maxims of State! *Ithaca* is ours no more, nor ſhall we ever reviſit our Country, or *Penelope*; and even tho' *Ulyſſes* ſhould return, laden with Glory, to his Kingdom, he'll never have the Pleaſure to ſee me there, nor I that of learning the Rules of Government under his Tuition. Dear *Mentor!* let us die, ſince there is no room for any other Thought; let us die, ſince the Gods are void of Pity towards us.

In ſpeaking thus, each Word was interrupted with deep-fetched Sighs; but *Mentor*, who was not ſtupidly unapprehenſive of Evils before they arrived, was fearleſs in the midſt of them, when they did happen. O thou unworthy Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes!* cry'd he, Doſt thou ſuffer thyſelf to be vanquiſhed by thy Misfortunes? Know that you ſhall one Day ſee again both *Ithaca* and *Penelope*; nay, you ſhall ſee too, in his priſtine Glory, him whom you never knew; the invincible *Ulyſſes*, whom Fortune cannot humble, and who, amidſt far greater Hardſhips than yours, is a Leſſon for you never to deſpair. O! could he come to know, in thoſe diſtant Regions, where the Storm has driven him, that his Son can neither imitate his Patience nor his Courage, the News would ſink him down with Shame, and prove leſs tolerable than all the adverſe Strokes he has long ſuffered from his wayward Fortune.

After this, *Mentor* pointed out to me the Tranquillity and Plenty that were ſpread over all the Country of *Egypt*, wherein there were reckoned two and twenty thouſand Towns: He admired the excellent Form of Government in thoſe Towns; the Juſtice that was exerciſed in

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Favour of the Poor againſt the Rich; the good Education of Children, who were betimes inured to Obedience, and made familiar with Labour, Sobriety, the Love of Arts and Literature; the exact Obſervation of all the Ceremonies of Religion; the Diſintereſtedneſs of Spirit; the Deſire of Reputation; the Fidelity towards their Fellow Subjects, and the Reverence for the Gods, which every Father carefully cultivated in his Children. He put no Bounds to his admiring this beautiful Oeconomy; inceſſantly would be ſaying, O how happy are the People who have ſuch a King to govern them! But yet, more happy the King, who cauſes the Happineſs of ſo great a People, and finds himſelf happy in his own Virtue! He ties his Subjects to him by a Band an hundred times ſtronger than that of Fear; namely, that of Love. Men not only obey him, but take Pleaſure in obeying him. His Empire is ſeated in his Subjects Hearts, and every Man, inſtead of wiſhing to part with him, is rather afraid of loſing him, and would exchange his own Life for his.

I carefully attended to what *Mentor* ſaid, and found my Courage revive within me at every Word my wiſe Friend uttered. When we were arrived at *Memphis*, that rich and magnificent City, the Governor ordered we ſhould be carried to *Thebes*, to be preſented to King *Seſoſtris*, who had reſolved to examine Things himſelf, and was very much exaſperated againſt the *Tyrians*. So we proceeded up the *Nile*, till we arrived at the famous *Thebes*, which has a hundred Gates, and is the Reſidence of that mighty King. This City we found to be of an immenſe Extent, and fuller of People than the moſt flouriſhing Cities of *Greece*. The Adminiſtration is exquiſite, as to the Neatneſs of the Sreets, the Convenieneies of the publick Waters and Baths, the Propagation of Arts and Sciences, and Security of the Inhabitants; the open Places of the City are embelliſhed with Fountains and Obeliſks; the Temples are of Marble, the Architecture ſimple but majeſtick. The Prince's Palace is itſelf as big as a great Town, and nothing is to be ſeen but Marble Columns,

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Pyramids, Obeliſks, Coloſſus-like Statues, with Moveables of ſolid Gold and Silver.

Thoſe who had taken us informed the King, that they had found us on board a *Phænician* Ship. It was his conſtant Cuſtom, every Day, at certain Hours, to admit to his Preſence all his Subjects, who had either Complaints to make, or Advice to give. He neither ſcorned nor rejected any Man, and thought himſelf a King for no other End but to be an Inſtrument of Good to his People, whom he loved as his own Children. Strangers he received with (*p*) Kindneſs, and would always ſee them himſelf, becauſe he thought it a Thing of no ſmall Uſe and Advantage, to be inſtructed in the Manners and the Maxims of remote Nations; it was this Curioſity of the King that occaſioned our being brought before him. He was now ſeated upon an Ivory Throne, holding a Golden Sceptre in his Hand; he was in Years, but agreeable, full of Sweetneſs and Majeſty; he daily diſtributed Juſtice to his People with ſuch Patience and Diſcretion, as made him, without Flattery, the Object of their Admiration: After he had diligently employed the whole Day in ſettling the publick Affairs, and rendering exact Juſtice, he would

(*p*) It fares with Wiſdom as with Nature, it extends to the whole Univerſe; and it is a Miſtake to fanſy that it is confined to one People alone. The truly wiſe Man is he that knows how to make his own Advantage of another Man's Wiſdom, and who reaps Inſtruction to himſelf from every Thing that he ſees. *Homer*, who certainly was an excellent Judge of what was Praiſe-worthy, beſtows on *Ulyſſes* no mean Encomium, in ſaying that he was acquainted with the Genius and Diſpoſition of many Nations. We have, in our Days, ſeen a great Prince, in Imitation of the antient Philoſophers, travelling in ſearch of Wiſdom and the Arts, among the moſt civilized Nations; and afterwards, by himſelf alone, give a new Turn to the Face of Affairs of a vaſt Empire; animating, as it were, with a new Soul, a powerful Monarchy, which knew not its own Strength.

(*q*) in

(*q*) in the Evening, by Way of Relaxation, converſe with the Wiſeſt and Beſt of his People, whom he knew how to make Choice of for that Purpoſe. He could not be blamed for any Thing during his whole Life, except for triumphing with too much Statelineſs, over the Kings he had vanquiſhed, and confiding too much in one of his Subjects, whoſe Picture I ſhall by and by draw. When he ſaw me, he compaſſionated my Youth and my Diſtreſſes; he enquired my Country and my Name: We were amazed at the Wiſdom which flowed from his Mouth. O mighty King, ſaid I, you cannot but have heard of the Siege of *Troy*, which laſted ten Years, and the Ruin of that City at the Expence of ſo much *Grecian* Blood. *Ulyſſes*, my Father, was one of the chief Kings who deſtroyed that City: He is now wandering thro' all the Seas, without being able to reach *Ithaca*, which is his Kingdom; I am in ſearch of him, and by a Misfortune not unlike his own, have been taken Priſoner: Reſtore me to my Father and my Country. So may the Gods preſerve you to your Children, and make them feel the Joy of living under ſo good a Father.

Seſoſtris looked on me all the while with an Eye of Compaſſion, but being willing to know if what I ſaid was true, he referred us to one of his Officers, who was commanded to inform himſelf of thoſe who took our Ship, whether we were really *Greeks* or *Phœnicians*. If they are *Phœnicians*, ſaid the King, (*r*) they muſt be

(*q*) This was what *Francis* the Firſt delighted to do, and the Fruit he gathered from converſing with learned Men, was to purge his Kingdom from Ignorance, and that Sort of Barbarouſneſs which is its inſeparable Companion. It belongs only to the Muſes to give to Kings ſuch Recreations as are worthy of them, and it belongs only to great Men to recreate themſelves with the Muſes.

(*r*) One of the greateſt Weakneſſes of Princes is to ſuffer their Favours to be as it were wreſted from them by the importunate Demands of Falſhood and Deluſion, and to ſuffer Impoſture to harbour at the Foot of the Throne.

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doubly puniſhed, for being our Enemies, and more for endeavouring to deceive us by a diſingenuous Falſity; but if they are *Greeks*, they ſhall be favourably dealt with, and ſent back into their own Country in one of my Ships; for I love the *Greeks*; they received many Laws from the *Egyptians*; I am no Stranger to the Virtue of *Hercules*, nor has the Glory of *Achilles* eſcaped our Hearing, and I admire what is told concerning the Wiſdomof the unhappy *Ulyſſes*. My whole Pleaſure conſiſts in ſuccouring diſtreſſed Virtue.

The Officer who was intruſted by the King with the Examination of our Affair, was as corrupt and crafty as *Seſoſtris* was ſincere and generous: His Name was *Metophis*. He try'd to enſnare us by crafty Queſtions, and finding that *Mentor* anſwered more diſcreetly than I, he looked upon him with Averſion and Jealouſy; for wicked Men always take Offence at the Good. He cauſed us to be ſeparated, and from that Time I knew not what became of *Mentor*. This Separation was a Thunder-clap to me. *Metophis* ſtill hoped, that by ſeparately examining us, we might be drawn to ſay contrary Things: He particularly endeavoured to ſurprize me with his flattering Promiſes, and ſo to make me own what he could not get out of *Mentor*. To conclude, his real Purpoſe was not to come at the Truth, but only to obtain a Pretext to tell the King that we were *Phœnicians*, that he might keep us for his own Slaves: And, accordingly, notwithſtanding our Innocence, and the King's Wiſdom, he found Means to deceive him. Alas! to what Inconveniencies are Kings expoſed! Even the moſt penetrating are often impoſed upon by artful ſelfiſh Men that are about them. Thoſe that are really good, withdraw from Court, becauſe they are neither forward in their Addreſſes, nor flattering in their Speeches; they wait till they are ſought for, and Princes rarely do ſeek for them. On the contrary, ill Men are bold, deceitful, importunate, forward to inſinuate themſelves into Favour, dextrous at Diſſimulation, ready to do any Thing againſt Honour and Conſcience,

to gratify the Paſſions of him who reigns! O! how unhappy is a King, to be obnoxious to the Artifices of ill deſigning Men! He is (*s*) loſt if he does not repel Flattery, and love thoſe who dare to ſpeak the Truth. Such Reflections as theſe did I make in my Misfortunes, and revolved in my Mind the Things that I heard from *Mentor*.

Metophis, in the mean Time, ſent me towards the Mountains of the Deſart of *Oaſis*, with others of his Slaves, to look after his Flocks, which were numerous. Here *Calypſo* interrupted *Telemachus*. Well, ſaid ſhe, and what did you then; you, who in *Sicily* had preferred Death to Servitude? *Telemachus* anſwered, My Misfortune received continual Addition: I had no longer the wretched Conſolation of chuſing between Slavery and Death; I was compelled to be a Slave, and to exhauſt, as it were, all the Severities of Fortune. There remained no Glimpſe of Hopes for me, nor could I ſpeak one Word, in order to my Deliverance. *Mentor* has ſince told me, that they ſold him to certain *Ethiopians*, whom he followed into that Country.

As for me, I was led into a frightful Deſart: There was nothing to be ſeen but burning Sands upon the Plains, and on the Mountain-tops perpetual never-melting Snows, that make eternal Winter. No Paſture to be found, but what was ſcatter'd up and down among the Rocks. Towards the Middle of the Declivity of theſe ſteep Mountains, the Valleys are ſo deep, that the Sun's Rays can hardly reach them.

The only Men I found in theſe Places were Shepherds as wild and ſavage as the Country itſelf. I paſt the

(*s*) There is but little Flattery at Court, when once it is perceived that the Prince delights in nothing but Truth. *Henry* IV. was hardly ever flattered, becauſe he hated the Fulſomeneſs of Praiſes. He well knew that his Reputation ſtood in no need of Panegyriſts to eſtabliſh it. But when a Prince is fond of Incenſe, he need not fear having enough of it; every Poet-taſter is ready to rank him among the Gods; and thus all the Kings of *Greece* were the Deſcendants of *Jupiter*.

Nights

Nights in deploring my Calamity, and the Days in following my Flock, to avoid the brutal Rage of a Slave, who was my Overſeer; and who, in Hopes of obtaining his Liberty, was inceſſantly accuſing the others, to make a Show of Zeal and Affection to his Maſter's Service. This Slave's Name was *Butis*. Under theſe Circumſtances I began to loſe all Patience; in the Anguiſh of my Soul I one Day forgot my Flock, and laid me down upon the Graſs near a Cave, in Hopes of Death to relieve me from my inſupportable Misfortune. In that Moment I obſerved the whole Mountain to tremble, the Oaks and Pines ſeemed to deſcend from the Mountain's Height, the Winds kept in their Breath, and a deep-ſounding Voice came out of the Cavern, pronouncing theſe Words: O Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes!* thou, like him, muſt become great by Patience. Thoſe Princes who have been continually happy, are ſcarce worthy to be ſo at all: They are corrupted by effeminate Pleaſures, and inebriated by Proſperity. O how happy wilt thou be if thou ſurmounteſt thy Misfortunes, and never forgetteſt them! Thou ſhalt again ſee *Ithaca*, and thy Glory ſhall aſcend to the Skies. When thou ſhalt come to command other Men, remember that thou haſt been like them; weak, poor, and obnoxious to Pain: Take Pleaſure in relieving them; be a Lover of thy People; abhor Flatterers, and know that thou ſhalt be no otherwiſe great, than as thou ſhalt moderate thy Paſſions, and exert thy Fortitude in overcoming them.

Theſe divine Words went to the inmoſt Parts of my Heart; they renewed my Joy, and inſpired me with freſh Courage: I had none of that Terror upon me which makes Mens Hair ſtand upright, and which congeals the Blood in the Veins, when the Gods reveal themſelves to Mortals. I aroſe from the Ground with Tranquillity; then falling on my Knees, with Hands extended towards Heaven, I worſhipped *Minerva*; who, I doubted not, had ſent me this Oracle. In the ſame

Inſtant (*t*) I found myſelf a new Man; Wiſdom irradiated my Mind; I perceived a gentle Force curbing all my Paſſions, and checking the Impetuoſity of my Youth. I gained the Love of all the Shepherds in the Deſart: My Mildneſs, Patience, and Diligence, did at length move even the cruel *Butis*, who was in Authority over the Reſt of the Slaves, and who had made it his Buſineſs at firſt to torment me.

The better to ſupport the Irkſomeneſs of my Captivity and Solitude, I endeavoured to procure ſome Books; being overwhelmed with Melancholy, for want of ſome Inſtruction to nouriſh and ſuſtain the Faculties of my Soul. Happy are they, ſaid I, who have a Diſtaſte for violent Pleaſures, and can take up with the Sweets of an innocent Life! Happy are they who take Delight in Inſtruction, and pleaſe themſelves in cultivating their Minds with Knowledge! Wherever they are thrown by adverſe Fortune, they ſtill carry about them wherewithal to entertain themſelves; and the Uneaſineſs which gnaws upon other Men in the Midſt of a flowing Fortune, is unknown to thoſe who can employ themſelves with a Book. Happy (*u*) they who love Reading, and are not, like me, deprived of the Means! Revolving ſuch Thoughts as theſe in my Mind, I wandered into the thickeſt of the Foreſt, and ſuddenly perceived an aged Man holding a Book in his Hand: He had a large Forehead, diſmantled of

(*t*) No Man can be ſaid to be truly great, but he that is ſuperior to Fortune; who laughs at her Caprices, and who without loſing any Thing of his Dignity, can ſee himſelf reduced to the loweſt Conditions of Life. *Cæſar* was taken by Pirates; but even when he was their Slave, he knew how, ſays *Plutarch*, to ſtrike an Awe into thoſe Barbarians, as much as if he had been their King.

(*u*) This Maxim ought to be reſtrained now more than ever. Such as love Reading, and have a Taſte for Trifles and Falſhood, intirely ſpoil their Heads by the Peruſal of the Works of ſo many ſecond Rate Authors, who have no Idea of the Virtues, and who aim at nothing but to amuſe the Imagination. An Author deſerves not to be read, that does not write to make Men better and wiſer.

Hair

Hair, and ſomewhat wrinkled; his white Beard hung down to his Girdle, his Stature was tall and majeſtick, his Complexion freſh and ſanguine, his Eyes lively and piercing, his Voice agreeable, and his Diſcourſe plain, but delightful. So venerable an old Man my Eyes had never beheld: His Name was *Termoſiris*; he was a Prieſt of *Apollo*, officiating in a Temple of Marble, dedicated in the Foreſt to that God by the Kings of *Egypt*. The Book he held in his Hand was a Collection of Hymns in Honour of the Gods.

He accoſted me in a friendly Manner, and we fell into Converſation together: He talked with ſuch Perſpicuity of Things paſt, that they ſeemed preſent. But he did it in a compendious Way, ſo that his Narratives never tired me: He foreſaw Things future by Means of his profound Wiſdom, which thoroughly let him into the Knowledge of Men, and the Deſigns they were capable of forming. With all this Prudence he was chearful and complaiſant, and the moſt jocund Youth was not ſo agreeable as this old Man. He loved young Men if he found them docile, and if they had any Taſte for Virtue.

He ſoon took a liking to me, and gave me Books for my Conſolation: He would call me his Son; and I uſed often to ſay to him, Father, the Gods who deprived me of *Mentor* have taken Pity on me, and given me, in you, another Support. This Man, like *Orpheus*, or *Linus*, was moſt certainly inſpired by the Gods. He would often recite to me Verſes of his own Compoſition, and give me frequently Pieces that were written by excellent Poets, and ſuch as were moſt favoured by the Muſes. When he veſted himſelf in his long Robe of the pureſt White, and took his Ivory Harp in his Hand, the Tigers, the Bears, the Lions, came fawningly to him, and licked his Feet. The Satyrs thronged out of the Wood to dance round him; the Trees themſelves ſeemed to move, and you would have thought that the ſoftened Rocks were going to deſcend

from the Tops of the Mountains, charmed with his melodious Accents. He ſung nothing (*x*) but the Grandeur and Majeſty of the Gods, the Virtues of Heroes, and the Wiſdom of thoſe Men, who prefer Glory before Pleaſure.

He often bid me take Courage, for that the Gods would not forſake either *Ulyſſes* or his Son. Laſtly, he exhorted me to follow the Example of *Apollo*, and try to perſuade the Shepherds to cultivate the Muſes. *Apollo*, ſaid he, conſidering with Indignation, that *Jupiter*'s Thunder did oftentimes diſturb the brighteſt Days, reſolved to be revenged on the *Cyclopes*, who forged the Bolts; and in order thereto, he took up his Bow, and pierced them with his Arrows. Hereupon Mount *Ætna* ceaſed to diſgorge Hurricanes of Fire; no longer did Men hear the terrible Hammers ſtriking upon the Anvil, and ecchoing in Groans from the profound Caverns of the Earth, and the Depths of the Sea. The Iron and the Braſs, being no longer poliſh'd by the *Cyclopes*, began to gather Ruſt. *Vulcan*, enraged, quits his Forge; lame as he was, he haſtens to *Olympus*; ſweating and covered over with grimy Duſt, he comes into the Aſſembly of the Gods, and makes a grievous Complaint. *Jupiter*, offended with *Apollo*, drives him from Heaven, and throws him down to Earth. His empty Chariot of itſelf performed its uſual Courſe, giving to Mankind Night and Day, and a due Change of Seaſons. *Apollo*, ſpoiled of his radiant Beams, was conſtrained to turn Shepherd, and keep the Flocks of King *Admetus*: He played on his Flute, and all the

(*x*) The Author here decides the great Queſtion that has lately been moved, Whether the End of Poeſy be to *inſtruct*, or to *pleaſe*. The firſt Poets pretended to be inſpired by the Gods, only becauſe they believed it belonged to their Art to make Men perfect; they only made uſe of Harmony to engage the Ear the more to their divine Leſſons; their *Sentiments* were calculated for Inſtruction, and their *Muſick* for Pleaſure.

other

other Shepherds reſorted to the ſhady Elms and limpid Streams, to liſten to his Songs: Till then they had lived a ſavage brutal Life, ignorant of every Thing but how to lead their Sheep, to ſheer them, milk them, and make Cheeſes: The whole Country was one dreadful Deſart.

Soon did *Apollo* teach all the Shepherds the Arts which render a rural Life agreeable. He ſung the Flowers with which the Spring is crowned, its rich Perfumes, and all its beauteous Greens. He ſung the ſweet delicious Nights of Summer, when gentle *Zephyrs* cool the World, and pearly Dews refreſh the thirſty Earth. He mingled in his Songs the Golden Fruit, with which the Autumn recompenſes the toiling Huſbandman. He forgot not the Winter's diverting Reſpite, when the buxom Youth dance before the glowing Fire. Sometimes he repreſented the gloomy Foreſts that cover the Mountains Steepneſs, and then the hollow Vales; where the Rivers, by a thouſand Windings, ſeem to ſport amidſt the laughing Meadows. He thus taught the Shepherds what are the Charms of a Country Life, when Men know how to reliſh the Bounties of pure untainted Nature. Soon did the Shepherds with their Flutes find themſelves more bleſſed than Kings, and each Man's Cottage was filled with innocent Delights, which fly the gilded Palace. The Sports, the Smiles, the Graces, accompanied the innocent Shepherdeſſes whereſoever they went (*y*).

Every Day was a Feſtival; nothing was heard but the Warbling of the Birds, or the ſoft Whiſpering of the *Zephyrs*, ſporting amidſt the trembling Boughs; or the Murmur of a tranſparent Stream, deſcending from ſome Rock, or Songs, which the Muſes in-

(*y*) In order to divert Men from Luxury, you muſt put them in mind of the pure and eaſy Pleaſures of Nature. The wiſe Man makes a Compariſon between the one and the other, but does not waver in the Choice of them.

ſpired into the Shepherds who followed *Apollo*. This God taught them alſo to win the Prize in Racing, and transfix the Hinds and Stags with their unerring Shafts: The Gods themſelves grew jealous of the Shepherds, whoſe Way of Living they thought more raviſhing than all their Glory; ſo they recalled *Apollo* back to Heaven.

My Son, this Story may ſerve you for a Leſſon, ſince your Condition is the ſame as was *Apollo*'s. Manure this ſtubborn Soil; make, as he did, a Deſart flouriſh, and teach the Shepherds what are the Charms of Harmony; ſoften their ſavage Hearts, ſhew them the Amiableneſs of Virtue, and make them feel how ſweet it is to enjoy, in Retirement, the innocent Delights that nothing can deprive a Shepherd of. A Time will come, my Son, a Time will come, when the Toils and anxious Cares that compaſs kingly State, will make you think with Envy on the paſtoral Life.

This ſaid, *Termoſiris* gave me a Flute, of ſuch Sweetneſs, that the Ecchoes of the Hills, which carried the Sound on every Side, ſoon drew each neigbouring Shepherd round about me. My Voice was endued with a divine Harmony: I found myſelf tranſported, and moved, as by a ſuperior Power, to ſing the Favours which Nature has conferred upon the Country. We employed the Days, and Part of the Nights, in ſinging together. All the Shepherds, forgetting the Cottages and their Flocks, ſtood attentive, and fixed in Amazement round about me, whilſt I was giving forth to each his Leſſon. The Deſarts ſeemed no longer rude; all Things looked gay and pleaſant. This Politeneſs of the Inhabitants ſeemed to have an Effect upon the Earth itſelf, and to ſoften its Ruggedneſs.

We often met to ſacrifice in *Apollo*'s Temple, whereof *Termoſiris* was Prieſt: The Shepherds uſed to go thither, crowned with Lawrel, in Honour of the God; and the Shepherdeſſes followed likewiſe after them, dancing along with Garlands of Flowers, and bearing on

on their Heads Baſkets loaden with the ſacred Gifts. After the Sacrifice, we made a Country Banquet; our greateſt Delicacies were the Milk of our Goats and Sheep, with Fruits freſh gathered by ourſelves, ſuch as Dates, Figs, and Grapes; our Seats were the verdant Turf; the ſpreading Trees afforded us a Shade more pleaſant than the gilded Roofs of Royal Palaces. But that which raiſed my Reputation moſt, among the Shepherds, was; One Day an hungry Lion ruſhed upon my Flock; already he began a dreadful Havock: I, tho' I had nothing in my Hand except my Crook, boldly advanced; the Lion briſtles up his Mane, grinds his Teeth, unſheaths his Claws, opens his Throat, parched and inflamed; his Eyes ſeemed full of Blood and Fire, and with his ample Tail he beats his Sides, and laſhes up his Courage; I ran in upon him, threw him to the Ground; the little Coat of Mail that I wore, according to the Cuſtom of the *Egyptian* Shepherds, prevented his tearing my Body. Three Times I overturned him, and three Times he reared himſelf again. He roared ſo loud he made the Foreſt ring. At length, I got the better of him, and ſtrangled him with my Hands. The Shepherds, who were Witneſſes of the Victory, deſired me to wear the Skin of that terrible Beaſt.

The Fame of this Action, together with the mighty Improvement made among the Shepherds, was ſpread throughout *Egypt*, and even reached the Ear of *Seſoſtris*. He was told, that one of thoſe two Captives that had been taken for *Phœnicians*, had reſtored the golden Age to his almoſt uninhabitable Deſarts. He reſolved to ſee me, for he loved the Muſes; and whatever might derive any Benefit to Mankind, his mighty Heart was touched with. He ſaw me, he heard me with Pleaſure, and found that *Metophis* had thro' Avarice deceived him: He condemned him to perpetual Impriſonment, ſeized all the Treaſures he unjuſtly had amaſſed. Oh, ſaid he, how unhappy is the Man who ſits exalted

above other Men! Rarely, (z) very rarely can he ſee the Truth with his own Eyes; none are about him but ſuch as make it their Buſineſs to keep Truth from coming at him: It is their Intereſt to deceive him; under the Cloke of Zeal each hides his own Ambition; they make a Shew as if they loved the King, whereas, indeed, they only love the Riches he can give: Nay, they love him ſo little, that to obtain his Favours, they flatter and betray him.

Seſoſtris, after this, treated me with a tender Friendſhip, and reſolved to ſend me back to *Ithaca*, with ſome Ships and Troops, to free *Penelope* from the Importunity of her Suitors. The Fleet was now ready, and we had nothing to do but to embark. I could not help admiring the Turns of Fortune, who on a ſudden exalts thoſe ſhe had moſt depreſſed; and this Experience gave me Hopes, that *Ulyſſes* might at laſt return to his Kingdom, after all his Sufferings; nor did I think it impoſſible but I might ſee *Mentor* once again, tho' he had been carried into the remoteſt and moſt unknown Parts of *Ethiopia*. Whilſt I delayed my Departure, to enquire a little after him, *Seſoſtris*, who was very aged, died ſuddenly, and his Death threw me back again into all my Misfortunes.

All *Egypt* was inconſolable for this Loſs; every Family looked upon it that they had loſt their beſt Friend, their Protector, their Father: The old Men, lifting their Hands to Heaven, cried out, lamenting, Never had *Egypt* ſo good a King; never will ſhe have one like him. O ye Gods! you ſhould never have ſhewn him to Mankind, or never have taken him away. Why ſhould we ſurvive the great *Seſoſtris*? The young Men

(z) The *Perſians* uſed to call the Grandees of the Kingdom, and the Miniſters of State, *the King's Eyes*. The very Expreſſion ſhewed the Prince, that one ſingle Man's Application and Inſpection, were too weak to ſpread over a vaſt Empire; and that a King is either blinded or enlightened by ſuch as are about him. How many Princes have died, after a long Reign, and never were acquainted with their Kingdom!

ſaid,

ſaid, the Hope of *Egypt* is no more; our Fathers were happy to live under ſo good a King. But as for us, we only ſaw him to be ſenſible of the Loſs of him. His Domeſticks wept Night and Day. And when the King's Funeral Rites were performed, for forty Days together came Multitudes of People from the remoteſt Parts. Every one was deſirous once again to ſee the Body of *Seſoſtris*; every one was deſirous to preſerve an Idea of him, and many to be buried with him.

But what ſtill aggravated their Grief was, that his Son *Boccharis* neither had Humanity for Strangers, nor Curioſity for the Sciences, nor Eſteem for virtuous Men, nor a Love for Glory. His Father's Greatneſs had contributed to render him unworthy to reign: He had been bred in an effeminate Softneſs and brutal Pride; he accounted Men as nothing, believing them to be only made for his Uſe, and that he was of a different Nature from them. He minded nothing but how to gratify his Paſſions, to ſquander away the immenſe Treaſures his Father had with ſo much Care preſerved, to vex the People, and ſuck the Blood of the Unfortunate; and, in ſhort, to give himſelf up intirely to the flattering Counſels of young Fools that kept about him, whilſt he contemptuouſly turned away all the antient Sages who had been in Confidence with his Father. To make ſhort, he was a Monſter inſtead of a King; all *Egypt* groaned under him; and tho', out of Reſpect to the Memory of *Seſoſtris*, which was ſo dear to the *Egyptians*, they bore with Patience the ungenerous and cruel Conduct of his Son, yet he every Day haſtened to his Ruin; and a Prince ſo unworthy of the Throne, could not poſſibly long continue on it.

As for me, I loſt all Hopes of returning to *Ithaca*; I remained in a Tower that ſtands by the Sea near *Peluſium*, from whence I was to have embarked, had not *Seſoſtris* died: *Metophis* had the Cunning to obtain his Enlargement, and to be taken into Favour with the new King: It was he that cauſed me to be confined in that Tower, to revenge the Diſgrace I had brought upon

upon him. I paſt the Days and Nights in the profoundeſt Melancholy; all that *Termoſiris* had foretold, and the Words that I had heard from the Cavern, I looked upon now to be mere Dreams. I was buried in an Abyſs of Grief. I ſaw the Billows beating at the Foot of the Tower where I was Priſoner. I often ſpent my Time in obſerving the Ships that were toſſed about by Storms, and in Danger of being ſplit upon the Rocks on which the Tower was built. Inſtead of pitying, I envied thoſe Men who were threatened with Shipwreck: Their Misfortunes, ſaid I to myſelf, will ſoon have an End by Death, or they will arrive in their own Country; but I, alas! can hope for neither.

Whilſt thus I was conſuming myſelf in fruitleſs Lamentations, I perceived as it were a Foreſt of Shipmaſts; the Sea was covered with Sails, which were ſwollen by the Winds. The Waters foamed beneath the Strokes of innumerable Oars: I heard a confuſed Noiſe on all Sides: I ſaw on the Shore one Part of the *Egyptians* terrified and running to their Arms, whilſt others ſeemed going to welcome the Fleet that was making towards them. I ſoon perceived that theſe Ships were partly *Phœnicians*, and partly *Cyprians*; for my Misfortunes had now given me ſome little Inſight into Matters of Navigation. The *Egyptians* appeared to me to be divided among themſelves: I doubted not that the unthinking King *Bocchoris*, had by his Violences ſtirred up his Subjects to revolt, and raiſed a Civil War: I was Spectator of a bloody Battle from the Top of my Tower.

The *Egyptians*, who had invited theſe Foreigners to their Aſſiſtance, after they had facilitated their Deſcent, fell upon other *Egyptians*, headed by their King. I ſaw this King animating his Men by his own Example: He appeared like *Mars* the God of War. Streams of Blood flowed round him. His Chariot-Wheels were ſtained with black, thick, foamy Gore, and could hardly paſs for the Heaps of Dead that lay in the Way. This young King, robuſt of Body, of a fierce and inſolent

lent Mien, ſhewed all the Marks of Rage and Deſpair in his Eyes. He was like a beautiful Horſe, that will not obey the Bridle: His Courage puſhed him on to Danger, nor had he Prudence to govern his Valour: He knew neither how to repair what was amiſs, nor to iſſue out regular Orders, nor to foreſee the Miſchiefs that threatened him, nor to ſpare his Men, tho' he ſtood in the utmoſt Need of them: Not that he wanted Genius; for his Underſtanding was equal to his Courage; but he had never been inſtructed by Adverſity. His Tutors had poiſoned his natural good Diſpoſition by their Flattery. His Head was turned with his Power and Felicity. He thought every Thing muſt give Way to his violent and unbounded Deſires; the leaſt Reſiſtance put him in a Flame, and then he conſulted his Reaſon no longer; he was as it were beſide himſelf; his furious Pride transformed him into a wild Beaſt; his natural Goodneſs and Rectitude of Will forſook him in an Inſtant; his moſt faithful Servants were obliged to fly from him, and he no longer loved any but thoſe who fed and fomented his Paſſions. And thus he continually ran into Extremes againſt his true Intereſt, and forced all worthy Men to deteſt his irrational Conduct. His Valour, for a conſiderable Time, ſupported him againſt the Multitude of his Enemies, but at length he was overpowered with Numbers. I ſaw him periſh. A *Phœnician* Dart pierced his Breaſt; the Reins dropped out of his Hands thro' Inability to hold them, and he fell from his Chariot, and was trampled under the Horſes Feet. A Soldier of *Cyprus* cut off his Head, and holding it up by the Hair, he ſhewed it, as it were in Triumph, to the victorious Army. I ſhall never forget how I ſaw the Head ſmeared with Blood, the Eyes cloſed and extinguiſhed, the Face pale and disfigured, the Mouth half open, and ſeeming to offer at concluding ſome Words it had begun; and ſuch a haughty threatening Air, that Death itſelf could not alter it. This Spectacle will, to the laſt

Day

Day of my Life, be freſh in my Memory; and if ever the Gods permit me to reign, I ſhall never forget, after ſo diſmal an Example, that a King is ſo far unworthy to command others, and unhappy in his own Power, as he departs from the Government of right Reaſon. Alas! how unhappy is it for a Man who is created for the publick Good, to be Maſter of ſo many Subjects for no other End but to make them miſerable.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *relates, that the Succeſſor of* Bocchoris *reſtoring all the* Tyrian *Priſoners, he himſelf was carried with them to* Tyre *in* Narbal's *Ship, who commanded the* Tyrian *Fleet; that* Narbal *gave him the Character of* Pygmalion *their King, whoſe cruel Avarice he told him would be dangerous to him, and that he was afterwards inſtructed by* Narbal *in the* Tyrian *Maxims of Trade; that he was juſt going to embark in a* Cyprian *Ship, to go by the Way of* Cyprus *to* Ithaca, *when* Pygmalion *found out that he was a Stranger, and ordered him to be ſeized; that then he was upon the Brink of Deſtruction, but that* Aſtarbe, *the*

the Tyrant's Miſtreſs, preſerved him, in order to put to Death in his Stead, a young Man that had enraged her by his Contempt.

CALYPSO was ſurprized to hear ſuch wiſe Obſervations, and what charmed her (*a*) moſt, was to ſee how ingenuouſly the young *Telemachus* related the Overſights he had committed, either thro' Precipitation, or Want of Tractableneſs towards the ſage *Mentor*: She was aſtoniſhed at the Grandeur and Generoſity of his Mind, who accuſed himſelf, and made ſuch Improvements of his own Faults, as to become wiſe, provident, and temperate. Go on, ſaid ſhe, my dear *Telemachus*; I am impatient to hear how you got out of *Egypt*, and where you recovered the wiſe *Mentor*, whoſe Loſs you had ſo much Reaſon to lament.

Telemachus thus continued his Diſcourſe. Thoſe of the *Egyptians* who were moſt virtuous, and loyal to the King, finding a great Majority againſt them, and ſeeing their King dead, were conſtrained to yield to the Reſt; and another King, called *Termutis*, was ſet up in his Room: The *Phœnicians*, as likewiſe the Forces which came from *Cyprus*, went home again, after they had entered into an Alliance with the new King, who reſtored all the *Phœnician* Priſoners, among whom I paſſed as ſuch. I was releaſed from the Tower, and embarked with the Reſt, and my Hopes began to revive within my Heart. And now a propitious Wind filled every Sail; our Oars cut through the foaming Waves, the vaſt Sea was covered with our Ships, the Mariners ſent forth Shouts of Joy, the Shores of *Egypt* fled from us, the Hills and Mountains leſſened to our Eyes: We began to have no Sight of any Thing but Heaven and Water, whilſt the riſing Sun ſeemed to ſtrike his ſparkling Flames out of the Boſom of the Sea;

(*a*) It is for want of Eyes that a Man does not ſee his own Faults, and for want of Senſe, if he is afraid to own them. *All Men are liable to commit Miſtakes, but only great Men confeſs they are miſtaken,* ſays a certain Wit of this Age.

his

his Beams gilded the Summit of the Mountains, which we could ſtill diſcover in ſome Meaſure upon the Horizon, and the whole Face of Heaven, painted with a deep Azure, promiſed us a happy Voyage.

Tho' I had been diſmiſſed as one of the *Phœnicians*, yet none of the *Phœnicians* in the Ship knew me. *Narbal*, the Commander of the Ship that carried me, aſked me my Name and Country. Of what City in *Phœnicia* are you, ſaid he? I am no *Phœnician*, replied I; but the *Egyptians* took me at Sea on board a *Phœnician* Ship: I have been a long Time captive in *Egypt* as a *Phœnician*; under that Denomination I have ſuffered a long Impriſonment, and under that Denomination I am now delivered. Of what Country are you then, replied *Narbal?* I am, ſaid I, *Telemachus*, Son to *Ulyſſes*, King of *Ithaca* in *Greece*. My Father has acquired a mighty Name among thoſe Kings who beſieged the City of *Troy*; but the Gods have denied him the Favour of returning to his Country: I have ſought him in many Climates, and I myſelf, like him, am toſſed about by adverſe Fortune. You ſee before you an unfortunate Perſon, who languiſhes only for the Happineſs of returning to his Country, and to find his Father again.

Narbal looked upon me with Aſtoniſhment, and thought he perceived in me ſome particular Tokens of a future good Fortune, which are imparted to the Favourites of Heaven, and are not in the Reſt of Mankind. He was by Nature frank and generous; he was concerned for my Misfortunes, and diſcourſed me with a certain Confidence, which Heaven had inſpired him with for my Preſervation.

Telemachus, ſaid he to me, I neither do, nor can doubt the Veracity of what you tell me: The Goodnature and Virtue ſo viſible in your Looks will not permit me to diſtruſt you; nay, I even perceive that the Gods, whom I have always ſerved, do love you, and will have me too to love you, as if you were my Son I will give you wholeſome Advice; and, in Return: I aſk nothing of you but to be ſecret. Fear not, ſaid I

to him; for I can, without Difficulty, keep ſecret whatever you ſhall intruſt me with. As young as I am, I have been acquainted with Taciturnity (*b*), eſpecially when it concerns another's Intereſt. How have you been able, ſays he, to accuſtom yourſelf, in ſuch tender Years, to keep a Secret? I would fain know by what Means you have acquired this Quality, which is the Foundation of the wiſeſt Conduct, and without which all other Talents are of no Uſe.

When *Ulyſſes*, ſaid I, ſet out upon the Expedition for *Troy*; he took me in his Arms and ſet me upon his Knee (as I have been told) and after he had kiſſed me in the moſt paſſionate Manner, he ſaid theſe Words to me, tho' I could not then underſtand them: O my Son, may the Gods preſerve me from ever ſeeing thee fail in thy Duty! Rather let the fatal Siſters cut the Thread of thy early Life before it be well ſpun, as the Reaper with his Sickle cuts down the tender Flower that begins to blow; let my Enemies daſh thee in Pieces, in mine and thy Mother's Preſence, if ever the Day is to come that ſhall ſee thee turn to Evil, and abandon Virtue. O my Friends, continued he, to you I leave this Son who is dear to me; be watchful over his Infant Years; if you love me, remove far from him all pernicious Flatterers, teach him to overcome himſelf, let him be like a green Plant that Men bend in order to make it ſtrait. More particularly, apply yourſelves to render him juſt, beneficent, ſincere, and inviolably faithful in keeping a Secret. Whoever is capable of a Lye is unworthy to be numbered among Men, and he that knows not how to keep a Secret, is unworthy to govern Men.

I am the more exact in the Repetition of theſe Words,

(*b*) Some Men, tho' they do not diſcloſe a Secret, yet they let it, as it were, *perſpire* through them. How difficult a Thing is it to be impenetrable without ſeeming to be cloſe, and to wrap up our Secrets under other Veils than thoſe of Diſſimulation and Hypocriſy!

becauſe

becauſe Care was taken to repeat them often to me (*b*); and they have taken deep Root in my Heart. I often repeat them to myſelf. My Father's Friends uſed great Diligence in exerciſing me early in keeping of Secrets; I was yet in my Infancy when they truſted me with all their Uneaſineſſes and Diſturbances of Mind, to ſee my Mother expos'd to the vexatious Perſecutions of thoſe who made love to her; even then they carry'd themſelves towards me as a reaſonable and a ſecure Perſon; they diſcours'd with me privately concerning their moſt important Affairs, and inform'd me of every Step that was taken to remove thoſe Pretenders.

I was tranſported with Joy at the Confidence they repos'd in me; for thereby, I even then looked upon myſelf as an adult Perſon, rather than a Child. I never abus'd the Truſt they placed in me, nor did let a ſingle Word eſcape that might diſcover the leaſt Secret: The Pretenders often went about to make me ſpeak, thinking that a Child who had heard or ſeen any Thing remarkable, could not have been able to have conceal'd it. But I knew how to anſwer them without Lying, and without letting them into any Thing that I ought not to mention.

Hereupon *Narbal* ſaid to me; You ſee, *Telemachus*, the Power of the *Phœnicians*; they are dreaded by all the Neighbouring Nations on account of their mighty Fleets: The Commerce which they carry on, as far as the Pillars of *Hercules*, procures them Riches greatly ſurpaſſing all thoſe of the moſt flouriſhing Nations. The great King *Seſoſtris*, who could never have got the better of them by Sea, had no eaſy Task of it to conquer them by Land; but at length he did it by the Help of thoſe Ar-

(*b*) The Minds of Children of a generous Birth are ſuſceptible of the nobleſt Sentiments. *Hamilcar*, being reſolved to make his Son *Hannibal* an implacable Enemy to the *Romans*, made him even when a Child take a ſolemn Oath at the Altar, that he would wage eternal War with the *Roman* People. And accordingly, that Hero never ſuffered that Reſolution to be blotted out of his Mind.

mies

mies that had ſubdued all the Eaſt: After this he impos'd a Tribute upon us, which has not long continu'd to be paid by us.

The *Phœnicians* were too rich and too potent to wear the Yoke of Servitude with Patience. We recover'd our Liberty: *Seſoſtris* was prevented by Death from finiſhing the War againſt us. It is true, we had Reaſon to fear the Conſequences of it, and that much more on account of his Wiſdom than his Power; but when we ſaw his Power deriv'd into the Hands of his Son, who was unfurniſh'd with his Father's Wiſdom, we then concluded we had no farther Cauſe to fear any thing at all. And accordingly the *Egyptians*, inſtead of returning into our Country, to make a compleat Conqueſt of us, have been neceſſitated to call us to their Relief, to free them from that wicked and outrageous King. We have been their Deliverers, and have added an Increaſe of Glory to the Liberty and Opulence of the *Phœnicians*.

But whilſt we deliver others, we ourſelves are Slaves. O *Telemachus!* take heed how you fall into the cruel Hands of *Pygmalion* our King; he has already ſtained them with the Blood of *Sichæus*, his Siſter *Dido*'s Huſband. She, full of Horror and Revenge, is fled from *Tyre* with many Ships. Moſt of thoſe who are Lovers of Virtue and Liberty, followed her: She has founded on the Coaſt of *Africa* a ſtately City called *Carthage*. *Pygmalion*, urged with an inſatiable Thirſt after Riches, becomes more and more wretched and odious to his Subjects (*c*): It is a Crime at *Tyre* to have any great

(*c*) *Pygmalion* is the Picture of a bad Politician. A Prince that is tottering upon his Throne cannot have a ſtronger Support than thoſe who have enriched themſelves by lawful Methods. Every one knows the crafty Courſe which *Comines* ſo much boaſts of in a King of *England*, who, fearing leſt the Parliament ſhould declare for his Competitor, borrowed ſecretly conſiderable Sums of Money from the chief Members of that Aſſembly; who, when they ſaw that they could not loſe their King without loſing Part of their Fortunes, laid aſide all farther Thoughts of changing their Maſter.

Wealth;

Wealth; his Avarice renders him diſtruſtful, ſuſpicious, cruel; the Rich he perſecutes, and the Poor he is afraid of. It is ſtill a greater Crime at *Tyre* to have Virtue, than it is to have even Riches; for *Pygmalion* concludes, that good Men cannot endure his Unjuſtneſs and Baſeneſs: As Virtue condemns him, ſo he is incenſed and exaſperated againſt Virtue. Every Thing ruffles him, diſquiets him, gnaws upon him: He ſtarts at his own Shadow; he ſleeps neither Night or Day; the Gods, for his Puniſhment, heap up Treaſures upon him which he dares not enjoy. What he ſeeks in order to his Happineſs, is the very Thing that hinders it. Whatever he beſtows he repines at; he is continually in fear of loſing what he poſſeſſes, and continually tormenting himſelf with lucrative Expectations: He is hardly ever to be ſeen; he ſhuts himſelf up in the remoteſt Corner of his Palace, ſolitary, ſad, and dejected. Even his Friends are afraid to come near him, for fear he ſhould ſuſpect them; a frightful Guard continually ſurrounds his Palace with naked Swords and Pikes erected; a Range of thirty Chambers, with each an Iron-Door, and ſix ponderous Bolts, is the Place where he hides himſelf; no Man knows in which of theſe Chambers he lies; but it is affirmed, he never lies two Nights together in the ſame, for fear of being murdered. He knows no gentle Joy, is a Stranger to the Pleaſures of Friendſhip; if any one adviſes him to purſue Diverſion, he is ſenſible it flies from him, and will have no Commerce in his Heart: His haggard Eyes are full of fierce and ſavage Fire, inceſſantly ſtaring about on every Side; at every Thing that ſtirs he (*d*) rouſes his Ears, is all over in a Sweat, is pale and dejected, and his black and deſperate Thoughts are legible on his ever-wrinkled Face. He ſighs, ſays nothing, fetches deep Groans from the Bot-

(d) This Deſcription is not at all ſtrained, but ſeems to be exactly copied from what the *Greek* Hiſtorians relate concerning *Dionyſius* of *Syracuſe*. As Guilt is always accompanied with Terror of Mind, ſo is Innocence with a perfect Serenity. No Tyrant ever ſate eaſy on his Throne.

tom

tom of his Heart, and is unable to conceal the Remorſe that tears his Soul to Pieces. The moſt exquiſite Diſhes are to him taſteleſs; his Children, inſtead of being the Delight of his Eyes, are the Objects of his Fear; he looks on them as his moſt dangerous Enemies; he never had one quiet Moment during his whole Life, and thinks there is no other Way of preſerving himſelf, but by deſtroying every one he has the leaſt Apprehenſion of. Senſeleſs Man, who ſees not that the Cruelty, which he thinks is his Security, will be the Cauſe of his Ruin! Some domeſtick Servant, as diffident as himſelf, will 'ere long purge the Earth of this Monſter.

As for me, I fear the Gods, and will continue faithful to the King whom they have ſet over me, let the Conſequence be what it will.

I would ſooner ſuffer Death myſelf than touch his Life, or even omit to defend him. For your Part, O *Telemachus*, let him not know that you are *Ulyſſes*'s Son; for he would ſurely detain you in Priſon, in Expectation of a conſiderable Ranſom, when *Ulyſſes* returns to *Ithaca*.

Being arrived at *Tyre*, I followed *Narbal*'s Advice, and found every Thing he ſaid was true. I thought it impoſſible for a Man to make himſelf ſo miſerable as *Pygmalion* appeared to be.

Surprized with a Thing ſo ſhocking and ſo new to me, I ſaid to myſelf, Here is a Man who only ſought how to make himſelf happy, which he thought could not be done but by Riches and abſolute Power; and accordingly, he exerts his Faculties to arrive at both. He poſſeſſes all he can deſire, and yet is made miſerable by thoſe very Riches and Power. If he had been a Shepherd, as I, not long ſince, was, he would be as happy as I have been; he would enjoy the innocent Pleaſures of his Country; nay, enjoy them without Remorſe; he would neither fear Steel or Poiſon. He would love Men, and be beloved by them. He would not indeed be Maſter of thoſe mighty Treaſures, which are as inſignificant to him as the Sand, ſince

ſince he dares not touch them; but he would freely enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, and not be in the leaſt real Want.

This Man ſeems to do whatever he pleaſes; whereas it is not ſo: For he does whatever his violent Paſſions put him upon; he is continually forced away where-ever his Avarice, Fears, or Suſpicions drag him: He ſeems to be Maſter of all other Men, but he is not Maſter of himſelf; for he has as many Maſters and Tormentors as he has inordinate Deſires.

Thus reflected I upon *Pygmalion*'s Condition without ſeeing him, for that was impoſſible for human Eyes to do: Men might indeed behold thoſe lofty Towers, incompaſſed Night and Day by Guards, where he had confined himſelf, as in a Priſon, with his beloved Treaſures. I could not forbear comparing together this inviſible King and *Seſoſtris*, who was ſo good, ſo eaſy of Acceſs, ſo affable, ſo deſirous to ſee any Stranger, ſo careful to give Audience to every Body, and to come at the Truth, a Thing which is always hidden from Kings. *Seſoſtris*, ſaid I, feared nothing, and had nothing to fear: He was as viſible to all his Subjects as to his own Children. This Man fears every Thing, and has every Thing to fear. This wicked King is perpetually in Danger of a violent Death, even amidſt his own Guards in his inacceſſible Paſſage: Whereas the good King *Seſoſtris* was always ſecure in the Midſt of the greateſt Crowds of his People; like a gentle Father in his own Houſe, ſurrounded by his own Family.

Pygmalion gave Orders for diſmiſſing the Forces of *Cyprus*, which had joined his by Virtue of an Alliance between the two Nations: *Narbal* took this Opportunity to ſet me at Liberty; he cauſed me to paſs muſter among the *Cyprian* Soldiers; for the King was jealous even in the minuteſt Things. The common Fault of too eaſy indolent Princes, is blindly to ſurrender themſelves up to the Guidance of crafty and corrupt Favourites; whereas, on the contrary, it was this Man's Failing, to diſtruſt his beſt and honeſteſt Subjects; he knew not

not how to diſtinguiſh Men of Probity and Simplicity, who act without Diſguiſe; he never had ſeen a virtuous Man, for ſuch will always avoid a vicious King.

He had, moreover, found ever ſince his Acceſſion to the Crown, in thoſe whom he had made uſe of to ſerve him, ſo much Deceit, Treachery, and other abominable Vices, cloked under a virtuous Outſide, that he looked upon all Men without Exception, as mere Diſſemblers, and from thence ſuppoſed there was no ſuch Thing as real Virtue in the World: And therefore he looked upon all Men to be much alike. When he (*e*) found a Servant falſe and corrupt, he would not look out for another; taking it for granted, that another would be as bad. He had a worſe Opinion of good Men, than thoſe who were openly wicked; becauſe he thought the former full as bad as the latter, and much more deceitful.

But to return to myſelf, I was mingled with the *Cyprians*, and ſo eſcaped the ſharp Diſtruſtfulneſs of the King. *Narbal* trembled for fear I ſhould be found out, for ſuch a Diſcovery would have coſt us both our Lives. He was under the greateſt Uneaſineſs and Impatience to ſee me embark; but contrary Winds ſtill obliged me to ſtay at *Tyre*.

I made Uſe of this Opportunity to inform myſelf of the Cuſtoms and Manners of the *Phœnicians*, ſo celebrated throughout all the known Nations of the Earth. The happy Poſition of this mighty City, which is built upon an Iſland in the Sea, was not a little admired by me. The neighbouring Coaſt is famed for its Fertility, the exquiſite Fruits it produces, its Towns and Villages, which are ſo numerous, they ſeem to be contiguous to each other; and laſtly, the Mildneſs of its Climate,

(*e*) A bad Prince can meet with no Miniſters but what are worſe than himſelf. A Man of Probity cannot connive at, much leſs be an Accomplice in Wickedneſs, and of all Wickedneſs, the greateſt is to be a Tool to the Wickedneſs of another.

for

for the Mountains ſcreened that Coaſt from the ſcorching Southern Winds: It is refreſhed by the North Wind that blows from the Sea. The Country is at the Foot of Mount *Libanus*, whoſe Summit penetrates the Clouds, and touches the Sky: Its Top is covered with an eternal Ice, and Rivers, full of melting Snow, deſcend like Torrents from the ſteep Rocks that ſurround its Head.

Beneath is ſeen a vaſt Foreſt of aged Cedars, which coæval ſeem with the Earth on which they grow, and ſhove their ſpreading Branches to the Clouds. At the Foot of this Foreſt are rich Paſtures on the Declivity of the Mountain. Here one beholds the bellowing Bulls wandering up and down, and bleating Ewes with their Lambkins ſkipping upon the verdant Carpet: There a thouſand Streams of pureſt Water run down amidſt the Meadows: Next to theſe we ſee a Tract of Ground, which ſeems a perfect Garden; the Spring and Autumn there reign both together, and join their Flowers and Fruits. Never did the peſtilent Breath of the burning South, or the chilly North, dare to blot out the lively Colours which adorn this Garden.

Hard by this beautiful Coaſt an Iſland riſes in the Sea, whereon is built the City of *Tyre*. This mighty City ſeems to ſwim above the Waves, and be the Miſtreſs of the Sea. Merchants land there from every Corner of the Earth, and its own Inhabitants are the moſt famous Merchants of the Univerſe.

When one firſt enters into this City, one would not take it to be a Place belonging to any particular People, but rather to be a City common to all Nations, and the Center of their Commerce: It has two large Moles, which, like two ample Arms advancing in the Sea, form a vaſt Port impervious to the Winds. In this Harbour you ſee a Foreſt of Maſts, and the Ships are ſo numerous, that the Sea whereon they ſail can hardly be deſcried, they ſtand ſo thick.

All the Citizens betake themſelves to Trade, nor do their vaſt Poſſeſſions ever make them relax in the

Purſuit of more. There, in all Quarters, you may ſee the fine *Egyptian* Linen, and the *Tyrian* Purple twice dyed, and of a marvellous Luſtre. This double Tincture is ſo ſtrong, that Time itſelf can never efface it: It is uſed upon the fineſt Cloth, ſet off with Gold and Silver Embroidery. The *Phœnicians* drive a Trade with all the World, as far as the Strait of *Gades*; nay, they have proceeded into the vaſt Ocean that ſurrounds the whole Earth; they have likewiſe made long Voyages on the *Red-Sea*, and thither they go in Queſt of Gold, Perfumes, and various unknown Animals, in Iſlands never ſeen by others.

I thought I could never enough admire this great City, where every Thing was in Motion. I did not ſee there, as in the Towns of *Greece*, idle inquiſitive Men, going about in publick Places in queſt of News, and to gaze upon Strangers who land in their Port. The Men are continually employed in unlading their Veſſels, in carrying Home or ſelling their Commodities, in ordering their Store-Houſes, in keeping exact Accompts of what is due to them by foreign Traders: The Women are inceſſantly buſied in ſpinning the Wool, or in forming various Patterns of Embroidery, or in folding up the richeſt Stuffs.

Whence comes it, ſaid I to *Narbal*, that the *Phœnicians* have made themſelves Maſters of all the Trade in the World, and enrich'd themſelves thus at the Expence of all other People? You ſee, ſaid he to me, how conveniently the City lies for Commerce; our Country has the Honour of having invented Navigation. The *Tyrians* were the firſt (if we may give Credit to the Relations of the moſt obſcure Antiquity) who curb'd the headſtrong Waves, long before the Age of *Typhis* and the *Argonauts*, ſo boaſted of in *Greece*. They were, I ſay, the firſt who in a feeble Ship adventured forth to Sea, ſounded the Depths thereof, and obſerved the Stars at Diſtance from the Land, according to the Knowledge they had borrowed from the *Egyptians* and *Babylonians*; and, in ſhort, conjoined ſo many Nations whom the Sea had

had otherwiſe ſeparated from each other. The *Tyrians* are ingenious, patient, induſtrious, laborious, cleanly, ſober, frugal, exact in their civil Adminiſtration, and perfectly unanimous; never was Nation more conſtant, more undiſguiſed, more faithful, and more indulgent to Strangers.

This, without ſeeking any other Cauſe, is what gives them the Dominion of the Sea, and makes ſo advantageous a Commerce to flouriſh in their Port. Should Diviſion and Jealouſy creep in among them, ſhould they enervate themſelves with Sloth and Pleaſure, ſhould the principal Citizens deſpiſe Labour and Oeconomy, ſhould they ceaſe to (*f*) honour Arts and Sciences, ſhould they fail in their Faith to Strangers, ſhould they, tho' ever ſo little, alter the Rules of a free Trade, ſhould they neglect their Manufactures, and ceaſe to give due Encouragement to their Artificers, to enable them to make their Goods perfect, each in its kind, you would ſoon ſee the Fall of that Power you now ſo much admire.

But pray, ſaid I to him, inſtruct me in the Methods how I may hereafter eſtabliſh the like Commerce at *Ithaca*. Do as we do here, ſaid he: Give a kind Reception to all Strangers; let them find Safety, Commodiouſneſs, and entire Liberty in your Ports; let not Avarice or Pride predominate over you: The true Way to gain a great deal is, not to aim at gaining too much, and to know the fit Seaſons when and how to loſe to Advantage: Make yourſelves beloved by all Foreigners, and bear with them, even tho' they do you ſome little

(*f*) The barbarous Nations deſpiſe Trade and the Arts, and it is, doubtleſs, owing to *our* being deſcended from thoſe Nations that *We* [*French* Folks] likewiſe think them incompatible with Gentility. Nothing degrades a Man leſs than Labour; but when the Mind is as much concerned therein as the Body, and the Head has an equal Share with the Hand, ſuch Labour illuſtrates, and, in ſome meaſure, ennobles a great Artiſt. The *Myrons*, the *Polycletes*, the *Phidias's*, will always be mentioned with Honour by the Hiſtorians from Generation to Generation.

Wrong; be cautious how you occaſion them to be jealous by your own proud Behaviour; never depart from the ſettled Rules of Trade, which muſt be plain and eaſy; accuſtom your Subjects to purſue them inviolably; puniſh Fraud ſeverely, nay, even Negligence or ſtately Pride in Merchants (*g*), which ruin Trade in ruining the Men that carry it on: Be ſure you don't endeavour to cramp or conſtrain Commerce, by forcing it out of its ordinary Channel, according to your own private Fancy. The Prince ſhould never meddle with Trade, for fear of ſpoiling it; and he ought to leave all the Profit of it to his Subjects, who take all the Pains; otherwiſe he would diſcourage them: He will find ſufficient Advantages by the vaſt Import of Riches into his Territories: Commerce is like certain Springs, which if you divert from their natural Courſe, you dry them up.

It is only Profit and Conveniency that attract Strangers to you. If you render Trade leſs eaſy and leſs beneficial to them, they will inſenſibly withdraw themſelves, and return no more; becauſe other Nations, taking Advantage of your Indiſcretion, invite them thither, and accuſtom them to do without you. I muſt own that for ſome Time the Glory of *Tyre* has been much clouded: O my dear *Telemachus!* had you ſeen it before *Pygmalian*'s Reign, your Surprize had been much greater than now it is. You now ſee nothing here, but the ſad Remains of Grandeur that is tending to its Ruin.

O unhappy *Tyre*, into what Hands art thou fallen! In Time paſt the Sea was uſed to bring thee the Tribute of all the Nations of the Earth.

(*g*) A great Trade always introduces Luxury, and Luxury, by ſpreading among the People, almoſt always deſtroys that great Trade. The *Roman* Policy thought to have guarded againſt this Inconvenience by ſumptuary Laws, but no Laws were ever worſe executed, or worſe obſerved. The *Romans* had not always *Cato's* for Cenſors.

Pyg-

Pygmalion dreads both Strangers and Subjects: Inſtead of opening, according to our antient Cuſtom, his Ports, with an entire Freedom to all Nations how remote ſoever, he will have an Account of what Number of Ships come in, and from what Country, the Names of the Men on Board, what Commodities they deal in, with the Valuation of them, and the Time they deſign to ſtay; nay, he does worſe, for he uſes all Manner of Artifice to circumvent the Merchants, and bring them under a Forfeiture of their Goods. Such of them as he thinks abound moſt in Wealth, he contrives to enſnare under various Pretences; he loads Trade with new Impoſts, will be a Merchant himſelf, while every Body is afraid to have Dealings with him.

Thus Commerce ſickens; Foreigners forget, by little and little, the Way to *Tyre*, which was once ſo well known to them; and if *Pygmalion* goes on thus, our Glory and our Power will ſoon be transferred to ſome other People, who are under a better Government.

I then aſked *Narbal* by what Method the *Tyrians* came to make ſuch a Figure at Sea; for I was unwilling to be ignorant of any Thing that might be ſerviceable in the Adminiſtration of a State. We have, ſaid he, the Foreſts of *Libanus*, which furniſh us with Timber for Shipping, and we carefully preſerve them for that Purpoſe: We never fell the Trees but for the publick Occaſions; and as for the Building of Ships, we are provided with very able Shipwrights. Where did you meet with theſe Artiſts, ſaid I? They were trained up, ſaid he, by Degrees in the Country: When thoſe who excel in Arts are ſuitably rewarded, Men will never be wanting to carry them to the utmoſt Perfection; for Men of the beſt Talents and Underſtanding never fail to apply themſelves to thoſe Arts which are attended with great Recompences.

(*h*) In this City we honour all thoſe who are ſucceſsful in the Arts and in the Sciences relating to Navigation. We value a Man that underſtands Geometry; we ſhew a very great Eſteem for an able Aſtronomer; and we liberally gratify a Pilot who ſurpaſſes others in his Function: We do not deſpiſe a good Carpenter; on the contrary, we pay him well, and uſe him handſomely: Even Men that are expert at Rowing, are ſure of a Recompence equal to their Service; they are well clothed and dieted (*i*), Care is taken of them in their Sickneſs, nor in their Abſence are their Wives and Children neglected; if they periſh by Shipwreck, we make their Family amends for the Loſs of them; and it is our Cuſtom to give our Mariners the Liberty of going Home, when they have ſerved a certain Number of Years. By theſe Means we have as many in our Service as we pleaſe; Fathers rejoice in bringing up their Children in ſo good a Profeſſion, and therefore begin early to teach them to handle an Oar, to manage the Tackle, and deſpiſe a Storm.

And thus, by Means of theſe Rewards and good Order, we lead Men without compelling them: Authority alone never did any Good; the Submiſſion and outward Behaviour of Inferiors is not enough; their Hearts muſt be gained, and Men ought to find their own Account in ſerving the State.

After this Diſcourſe, *Narbal* carried me to ſee the Store-houſes, the Arſenals, and the ſeveral Trades that

(*h*) *Cicero* ſays, that Glory is the Nurſe of Arts; but we may venture to ſay, that in this Point Rewards go Hand in Hand with Glory, if they go not before it. Ordinary Men will never be ſo fond of Virtue, as to be contented with empty Praiſe alone, and with a Merit that brings them no Profit.

(*i*) At *Athens*, ſuch as excelled in any Art, or who rendered any eminent Service to the Republick, and had deſerved well of the Commonwealth, were maintained at the publick Charge in the *Prytaneum*; which was looked upon as the moſt honourable Recompence they could make them.

con-

contribute to the Building and Fitting out of Ships. I was very inquiſitive into all the moſt minute Particulars, and took down in Writing all that I had learned, for fear of forgetting any uſeful Circumſtance.

Mean while, *Narbal*, who knew *Pygmalion*'s Temper, was impatient for my Departure, (tho' he loved me) fearing leſt I ſhould be diſcovered by the King's Spies, who were upon the Watch Night and Day, for Matter of Information; but the Winds did not as yet allow us to embark. While we were thus taken up in viſiting the Port, and asking Merchants divers Queſtions, we ſaw an Officer of *Pygmalion*'s coming to us. He accoſting *Narbal*, ſaid, The King is juſt now informed, by a Captain of one of thoſe Ships which returned with you from *Egypt*, that you have brought a certain Stranger who paſſes for a *Cyprian:* 'Tis the King's Pleaſure to have him ſeized and examined, that he may know who he is; and for this you are to anſwer with your Head.

Whilſt this was paſſing, I was at ſome ſmall Diſtance from *Narbal*, in order to take a narrower Obſervation of the Proportions which the *Tyrians* kept in the Building of a Ship that was upon the Stocks, which was, by Reaſon of the Mathematical Exactneſs of its Parts, the beſt Sailor that ever went out of that Harbour. I was aſking the Builder who it was that had drawn the Plan of that Ship.

But to return to *Narbal:* He, under the utmoſt Conſternation and Surpriſe, anſwered the Meſſenger, that he would make it his Buſineſs to find out that *Cyprian* Stranger. But as ſoon as the Officer was gone clear away, he ran to me, and told me the Danger I was in. I too well foreſaw what would happen (ſaid he) my dear *Telemachus!* We are both undone: The King, whom Day and Night his Diffidence torments, ſuſpects that you are not a *Cyprian*, but will have you ſeized and put into his Hands, on Forfeiture of my Head. What Courſe ſhall we take? O Gods inſpire us with Wiſdom to deliver ourſelves from this Danger!

You ſhall go with me, *Telemachus*, to the King's Palace; there you ſhall affirm that you are a *Cyprian*, of the City of *Amathus*, and Son to a Statuary of *Venus*: I will aver that I formerly was an Acquaintance of your Father's; and perhaps the King, without any further Enquiry, may ſuffer you to depart: I ſee no other way to ſave your Life and mine. I anſwered him, O *Narbal*, ſuffer a miſerable Wretch to periſh, ſince Fate will have it ſo! I know how to die, and am too much obliged to you to involve you in my Misfortune. I cannot reſolve with myſelf to be guilty of a Lie; I am no *Cyprian*, nor can I call myſelf ſuch: The Gods are Witneſſes to my Sincerity; 'tis for them to preſerve my Life, if they pleaſe, by their Power, (*k*) but I will not go about to ſave it by an Untruth.

Such an Untruth, replied *Narbal*, has nothing criminal in it: The Gods themſelves cannot diſapprove of it; it does no Man any Injury; it ſaves the Lives of two innocent Perſons, and deceives the King only to prevent him from committing a great Crime. Let me tell you, *Telemachus*, you carry the Love of Virtue too far, and are too ſcrupulous in your Fears of offending Religion.

But, ſaid I, ſtill it is Falſhood, and conſequently unworthy of a Man, who ſpeaks in the Preſence of the Gods, and who ought to prefer Truth before all other Conſiderations. He that offends the Truth, offends the Gods, and wrongs himſelf, becauſe he ſpeaks againſt his Conſcience. Forbear, O *Narbal*, to propoſe to me what is unworthy of us both. If the Gods have any Pity for us, they will know how to deliver us; if it is their Pleaſure we ſhould periſh, we ſhall fall the Victims of Truth, and leave an Example to Mankind to prefer ſpotleſs Virtue before long Life. My own is al-

(*k*) Men of truly great Spirits will not find this Piece of Morality beyond their Capacity. It is ſetting too great a Value upon Life, ſays an ancient Author, to preſerve it at the Expence of Virtue.

ready

ready too long, ſince it is thus unhappy; 'tis for you alone, my dear *Narbal*, that my Heart is melted; why ſhould your Kindneſs for an unhappy Stranger be attended with ſuch fatal Conſequences to yourſelf!

We continued for ſome Time in this Kind of Conflict, but at laſt we ſaw a Man running to us till he was quite out of Breath; he was one of the King's Officers, and was ſent to *Narbal* by *Aſtarbe*. This Woman was beauteous as a Goddeſs; to the Charms of her Body were added thoſe of a refined Wit; ſhe was gay, inſinuating, and knew how to flatter. Under a ſmooth Appearance, ſhe, like the *Syrens*, had a Heart filled with Cruelty and Malice, yet ſhe could conceal her corrupt Deſigns with the deepeſt Diſſimulation. She had made herſelf Miſtreſs of *Pygmalion*'s Heart by her Beauty, by her Wit, her enchanting Voice, and her exquiſite playing on the Lute; and *Pygmalion*, blinded by the violent Paſſion he had for her, had abandoned *Topha*, his lawful Conſort. He made it his ſole Study to indulge the ambitious *Aſtarbe* in all her Deſires. The Love of this Woman was well nigh as fatal to him as his ſordid Avarice: But tho' he had ſo great a Fondneſs for her, ſhe deſpiſed and loathed him in her Heart, yet ſo artfully covered her true Sentiments, that ſhe ſeemed unable to live without him, at the ſame Time that ſhe could not endure him.

There was at *Tyre* a young Man of *Lydia*, named *Malachon*, of marvellous Beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and ſwallowed up in Pleaſure; his only Study was how to preſerve the Delicacy of his Complexxion, to comb his flaxen Locks, which waved about his Shoulders, to perfume himſelf, to adjuſt his Robe in the niceſt Manner, to ſing amorous Songs to the Muſick of his Lute. *Aſtarbe* ſaw him, and became enamoured of him to Diſtraction; he deſpiſed her, being in Love with another Woman; beſides, he was afraid of expoſing himſelf to the cruel Jealouſy of

the King. *Aſtarbe*, finding herſelf ſcorned, looſed the Reins to her Reſentment; in her Deſpair ſhe fancied it poſſible to make *Malachon* paſs for the Stranger that the King had required of *Narbal*; and accordingly ſhe quickly perſuaded the King as ſhe deſired, and bribed all thoſe that had it in their Power to undeceive him; for he, having no Kindneſs for virtuous Men, and not knowing how to diſtinguiſh them, was always ſurrounded by ſuch only as were mercenary, crafty, ready to execute his unjuſt and bloody Orders: Theſe Men ſtood in fear of *Aſtarbe*'s Authority, and concurred with her to deceive the King, for fear of diſpleaſing this haughty Woman, who engroſſed him entirely to herſelf.

Thus the young *Malachon*, tho' known by all the City to be a *Lydian*, paſſed for the young Stranger whom *Narbal* had brought from *Egypt*, and accordingly was hurried away to Priſon. *Aſtarbe*, fearing leſt *Narbal* ſhould go to the King and diſcover the Impoſture, had ſent this Officer to him, with the following Meſſage: *Aſtarbe* forbids you to diſcover your Stranger to the King; ſhe requires nothing of you but Silence, and will ſo manage the Affair, that the King ſhall be ſatisfied with your Conduct. Mean while, uſe all Expedition to embark, among the *Cyprians*, the young Stranger, whom you brought from *Egypt*, that he may no more be ſeen in the City. *Narbal*, overjoyed to ſave his own Life and mine, promiſed to be ſilent: And the Officer, pleaſed that he had obtained what he was diſpatched about, returned forthwith to give *Aſtarbe* an Account of his Succeſs.

Narbal and I admired the Goodneſs of the Gods, who had rewarded our Sincerity, and had taken ſuch remarkable Care of thoſe who had hazarded all for the Sake of Virtue. We reflected with Horror upon a King ſo enſlaved with Avarice and Voluptuouſneſs. He who ſo exceſſively fears to be deceived, ſaid we, deſerves to be deceived; and he is ſo almoſt always, and in the groſſeſt Manner; for he is diſtruſtful of Men of Honour, and is governed only by Villains: He is

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the only Perſon who is ignorant of the Truth of Things.

See how *Pygmalion* is made the Sport of a ſhameleſs Woman! Mean while the Gods make Uſe of the Deceit of the Wicked to ſave the Good, who chuſe to part with Life, rather than to be guilty of Deceit.

In the Midſt of theſe Reflections, we perceived the Wind begin to change, and to become favourable to the *Cyprian* Fleet. The Gods declare themſelves, ſaid *Narbal*; they reſolve, my dear *Telemachus*, to watch over your Welfare, and provide for your Security. Fly from this cruel, this accurſed Land. Happy he who could follow you to the remoteſt Parts of the World! happy he who might live and die with you! But my hard Fate has chained me down to this unhappy Country: I muſt ſuffer with her, perhaps be buried in her Ruins; no matter, provided I may always ſpeak the Truth, and my Heart cleave to what is juſt. As for you, O my dear *Telemachus*, I pray the Gods, who lead you as it were by the Hand, may grant you the moſt valuable Gift they have to beſtow, namely, a Virtue pure and unblemiſhed to the laſt Breath of Life! Live, O *Telemachus!* return to *Ithaca*, be a Comfort to *Penelope*, deliver her from the Torment of thoſe who ſolicit her; may your Eyes ſee, and your Arms embrace the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, and may he find in you a Son equal to him in Wiſdom: But in the midſt of your good Fortune, beſtow a Thought on the unhappy *Narbal*, and never ceaſe to love me.

When he had concluded theſe Words, Torrents of Tears ran down my Cheeks, nor could I anſwer him by reaſon of the Sighs I fetched from the Depth of my Heart. We embraced each other in Silence; he brought me to the Ship; he tarried on the Shore; and when the Ship put off, we continued looking towards each other, till it was in vain, by reaſon of the Diſtance.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

CALYPSO *interrupts* Telemachus's *Story, that he may take ſome Repoſe.* Mentor *blames him, when alone, for entering upon a Relation of his Adventures; but however adviſes him to finiſh it ſince he has begun.* Telemachus *relates, That in his Voyage from* Tyre *to the Iſle of* Cyprus, *he had a Dream, wherein he ſaw* Minerva *protecting him againſt* Venus *and* Cupid; *that afterwards he alſo thought he ſaw* Mentor *exhorting him to fly the Iſle of* Cyprus; *that when he awoke, a Tempeſt muſt have caſt away the Ship, if he himſelf had not taken the Rudder in Hand, the* Cyprians *being ſo overcome with Wine they could not work: That*

at

at his Arrival in the Iſland, he ſaw with Horror moſt contagious Examples of Debauchery; but that the Syrian Hazael, *whoſe Slave* Mentor *was now become, happening then to be in the ſame Place, once more brought together the two* Greeks, *and took them in his Ship to carry them to* Crete; *and that in this Paſſage they ſaw the glorious Spectacle of* Amphitrite *drawn in her Car by Sea-Horſes.*

CALYPSO, who till this Moment had continu'd motionleſs, and ſuſpended with Pleaſure in hearing the Adventures of *Telemachus*, now interrupted him, that he might take ſome Repoſe. 'Tis Time for you, ſaid ſhe, after ſo many Labours, to taſte the Balſamick Cordial, Sleep; you have nothing here to fear; every Thing ſmiles on you; then give a Looſe to Joy; indulge in Peace, and all the other Bleſſings which Heaven is going to ſhower down upon you. To-morrow, when the roſy-finger'd *Aurora* has unbarr'd the golden Gates of the Eaſt, and the Horſes of the Sun, mounting from the brackiſh Deep, ſpread abroad the Torches of the Day, and drive before them every Star of Heaven, we will reſume, my dear *Telemachus*, the Hiſtory of your Misfortunes. (*l*) Never did your Father equal your Wiſdom and Courage: Neither *Achilles*, who conquer'd *Hector*, nor *Theſeus*, who returned from Hell, nor even the great *Alcides*, who purg'd the Earth with numberleſs Monſters, did ever ſhew ſo much Fortitude and Virtue as you. May a profound Sleep make this Night ſeem ſhort to you; but alas! how long will it be to me! how impatient I am to ſee you again, to hear your Voice, to make you repeat the Things you have already told me, to aſk of you all that is yet untold! Go, my dear *Telemachus*, with the ſage *Mentor*,

(*l*) There is no Praiſe more odious than that which is beſtowed at the Expence of another. It is downwright Adulation, or Sterility of Genius, to praiſe any one by the Way of Compariſon.

whom

whom the Gods have reſtor'd to you: Go into that private Grotto, where every Thing is prepar'd for your Repoſe. May the God of Sleep pour forth his gentleſt Charms on your cloſing Eye-Lids; may he inſtil an Ambroſian Vapour thro' every harraſs'd Limb, and ſend you tender Dreams, which lightly flutt'ring round you, may ſooth your Senſes with the moſt pleaſing Images, and drive far from you whatever might abruptly diſcontinue your Reſt!

The Goddeſs herſelf conducted *Telemachus* to this Grotto, which was ſeparated from her own, but not inferior to it for an agreeable Ruſticity: One Corner of it is waſh'd with a Fountain, which with a grateful Murmuring invited calm Repoſe; the Nymphs had prepared in it two Beds of the ſofteſt Greens, on which they had thrown two ample Skins; of a Lyon for *Telemachus*, and of a Bear for *Mentor*.

Before they ſuffer'd Sleep to ſeal their Eye-Lids, *Mentor* ſpoke thus to *Telemachus*: The Pleaſure of relating your Hiſtory, tranſported you beyond due Bounds; you have charm'd the Goddeſs, by relating to her the Dangers which by your Courage and Dexterity you have ſurmounted. This has only ſerved to inflame her Heart the more, and to bring on yourſelf a yet more dangerous Captivity. How can you expect that ſhe will now ſuffer you to depart from her Iſland, you who have enchanted her with the Recital of your Adventures? (*m*) A vain-glorious Levity has cauſed you to ſpeak without Prudence. She had promiſed to make you acquainted with the Fate of *Ulyſſes*; ſhe found Means of ſpeaking a great deal without ſaying any Thing, and got out of you every Thing that ſhe wanted to know.

(*m*) It is no difficult Thing to deceive ſuch as are fond of ſhewing their Wit. *Budæus* was commiſſioned to tranſact an important Affair with *Leo* the Tenth. This Pope, to amuſe him, or rather to befool him, was continually propoſing to him, in all his Audiences, ſome Point of Antiquity to clear up and unfold: *Budæus* diſplayed his Erudition, but forgot the Buſineſs of his Embaſſy.

Such

Such is the Artifice of flattering and luſtful Women. When will you, O *Telemachus*, be ſo wiſe as not to ſpeak any Thing out of Oſtentation, and ſo modeſt as to conceal what is for your own Glory, when there is no Neceſſity to mention it? While others admire your Wiſdom, at an Age which may very pardonably want it, I can forgive you nothing; 'tis I alone who know you, and love you enough to obſerve to you all your Faults. How far, how very far does your Father diſtance you in Point of Wiſdom! But, ſaid *Telemachus*, could I refuſe to give *Calypſo* an Account of my Diſaſters? No, ſaid *Mentor*; there was no avoiding it; but then you ought to have managed it in ſuch a Manner, as to have omitted every Thing that could have raiſed in her any Paſſion, except that of Pity: You ſhould have told her, that you have been ſometimes bewilder'd in Deſarts, at another Time a Priſoner in *Sicily*, and afterwards a Captive in *Egypt*: This had been enough; all beyond has only ſerved to encreaſe the Poiſon that had already ſcorch'd her Heart. The Gods preſerve you from the like Infection!

But what would you have me do now, ſaid *Telemachus*, in a modeſt and ſubmiſſive Manner? 'Tis now too late, reply'd *Mentor*, to conceal from her the reſt of your Adventures; ſhe knows too much of them already to be deceived in what's to come; any Reſerve on your Part would but provoke her: Conclude therefore your Relation To-morrow; let her know every Thing that the Gods have done for you, and learn another Time to ſpeak more ſparingly of Things that may tend to your own Commendation. *Telemachus* kindly received this good Advice, and ſo they betook themſelves to Sleep.

Phœbus had no ſooner ſpread his earlieſt Beams on the Earth, but *Mentor*, hearing the Goddeſs call her Nymphs in the Woods, awaken'd *Telemachus*. It is Time, ſaid he to him, to ſhake off Sleep; come, let us return to *Calypſo*; but be cautious how you truſt to her bewitching Tongue; keep your Heart faſt ſhut againſt her, and dread the ſpecious Poiſon of her Praiſes. Yeſterday

terday ſhe ſet you above your wiſe Father, above the invincible *Achilles*, above the renowned *Theſeus*, nay *Hercules* too, who is now crown'd with Immortality for his glorious Actions. Could you not ſee thro' theſe exceſſive Encomiums? Did you believe what ſhe ſaid? Know that ſhe believes it not herſelf: She would not thus praiſe you, but that ſhe takes you to be weak and vain enough to be impoſed upon in that Manner, with Elogiums diſproportioned to your Actions.

After this, they went to the Place where the Goddeſs waited for them: She ſmiled when ſhe ſaw them, and under an Appearance of Joy ſhe cover'd the Fear and Inquietude that diſturbed her Heart; for ſhe foreſaw that *Telemachus*, influenc'd by *Mentor*, would eſcape her Hands, as *Ulyſſes* had done. Go on, ſaid ſhe, my dear *Telemachus*, and ſatisfy my Curioſity. Methought I ſaw you all the Night on your Voyage from *Phœnicia*, and ſeeking a new Deſtiny in the Iſland of *Cyprus*: Give me then ſome Account of this Voyage without a Moment's Delay. And immediately they ſat down in a ſhady Grove, upon a green Tuft, thick ſown with Violets.

Calypſo could not forbear looking inceſſantly upon *Telemachus* in the moſt tender and paſſionate Manner, nor ſee without Rage that *Mentor* took Notice of the leaſt Glance of her Eye.

Mean while, the Nymphs in Silence lean'd forward to liſten, and formed a Semi-circle, that they might hear and ſee with the greater Advantage. The Eyes of the whole Aſſembly were immoveably nail'd on the young Man. *Telemachus*, looking down, and gracefully bluſhing, thus reſum'd the Thread of his Diſcourſe.

Scarce had the propitious Wind filled our Sails, when the Coaſt of *Phœnicia* was entirely vaniſhed from our Eyes. And becauſe I was in Company with the *Cyprians*, whoſe Manner I was a Stranger to, I reſolved to be ſilent, and obſerved every Thing that paſs'd, not in the leaſt tranſgreſſing the Bounds of Prudence, that ſo I might

might win their Eſteem. But, during my Silence, I fell into an agreeable and profound Sleep; my Senſes were tied up and ſuſpended, my Heart was environ'd with Serenity and Joy. On a ſudden, methought I ſaw *Venus* deſcending from the Clouds in her flying Chariot, drawn by a Pair of Doves. She had the ſame radiant Beauty, the ſame lively Youth, the ſame ſoft Graces appeared in her, when ſhe ſprung from the Foam of the Ocean, and dazzled the Eyes of *Jupiter* himſelf.

She flew down with extreme Rapidity, and alighted juſt by me; and ſmilingly placed her Hand upon my Shoulder: Then calling me by my Name, Young *Greek*, ſaid ſhe, thou art going into my peculiar Empire; thou ſhalt ſoon arrive at that fortunate Iſland where Pleaſures, Sports, and jocund Mirth abound; there thou ſhalt burn Perfumes upon my Altars, there will I overwhelm thee in a River of Delights: Open thou thy Heart to the gayeſt Hopes, and beware thou reſiſt not the moſt potent of all the Goddeſſes, who is pleaſed to make thee happy.

At the ſame Time I ſaw her Son *Cupid*, who, with his little Wings, kept fluttering round his Mother. Tho' he had in his Viſage the tender Grace and Prettineſs of Infancy, yet there was ſomething ſo piercing in his Eyes, it made me afraid: He ſmil'd when he looked upon me, but his Smiles were malicious, ſneering, and cruel: He took from forth his Golden Quiver the ſharpeſt pointed Arrow; he bent his Bow, and aimed at my Heart, when *Minerva* on a ſudden appeared, and covered me with her immortal Shield.

The Face of this Goddeſs had not that childiſh Beauty, nor that affected Langour, which I had obſerved in the Face and Mien of *Venus*. On the contrary, her Beauty was ſimple, negligent, modeſt; all was grave, heroic, noble, full of Efficacy and Majeſty. The Arrow, unable to pierce the Shield, fell down upon the Ground. *Cupid* with Indignation fetched a deep Sigh, aſhamed to ſee himſelf defeated. Away, cried *Minerva*; away raſh Boy; be gone; thou ne'er canſt conquer

conquer any but unworthy Souls, who love diſhonourable Pleaſures more than Wiſdom, Virtue, and Glory.

Cupid, incens'd at theſe Words, flew away, and *Venus* aſcended again towards *Olympus*; I long beheld her Chariot, with her two Doves, dancing in a Cloud of Gold and Azure; at laſt ſhe diſappeared. When I turned my Eyes towards the Earth, *Minerva* too was miſſing.

Methought I was carried into a delicious Garden, ſuch as the *Elyſian* Fields are painted out. There I met with *Mentor*, who ſaid unto me, Fly from this cruel Land, this contagious Iſland, whoſe Inmates breathe nothing but Pleaſure; where the moſt impregnable Virtue ought to tremble, and cannot ſecure itſelf, but by flying. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I offered to throw my Arms about his Neck to embrace; but I found my Feet had loſt their Motion, my Knees fail'd me, and my Hands attempting to lay hold on *Meneor*, followed an empty Shadow, that ſtill mock'd my Graſp.

In this Purſuit I awaked, and found that this myſterious Dream was a divine Admonition. (*n*) I felt myſelf ſtrongly fortify'd againſt the Temptations of Pleaſure: I perceived within me a Diffidence of my own Conduct, and a juſt Deteſtation of the luxurious Life of the *Cyprians*. But what pierc'd me to the Heart, was, that I ſaw *Mentor* dead, and having paſs'd the *Stygian* Lake, he was become an Inhabitant of thoſe happy Manſions of the Juſt.

This Thought made me ſhed a Torrent of Tears. The *Cyprians* aſked me why I wept. Theſe Tears, ſaid I, do but too well befit the Condition of an unhappy

(*n*) Thoſe who are inebriated, as one may ſay, with the Love of Glory, are ſuperior to all the Charms of Senſuality. 'Tis well known with what a noble Indifference the Hero of *Greece* looked upon *Darius*'s Wife and Daughters. *Scipio Africanus*, chaſte even in his Looks, would not ſo much as ſee the greateſt Beauty of King *Indibilis*'s Court; but after he had given her her Ranſom for her Dower, he reſtored her to him to whom ſhe was betrothed.

Stranger

Stranger, who deſpairs of ever ſeeing his Country again. Mean while, all the *Cyprians* that were in the Ship gave themſelves up to the moſt wanton Joys; the Rowers, Enemies to Labour, fell aſleep upon their Oars; the Pilot, with a Garland of Flowers upon his Head, left the Rudder, and held in his Hand a vaſt Goblet of Wine, which he had almoſt emptied. He and all the reſt, poſſeſſed with the Fury of *Bacchus*, ſung ſuch Verſes in Honour of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as ought to ſtrike a Horror into all who love Virtue.

Whilſt they thus overlook'd the Dangers of the Sea, a ſudden Storm began to diſcompoſe the Face of Heaven; the Winds unchain'd, made a dreadful Rattling among the Shrouds; the Waves beat furiouſly againſt the Sides of the Ship, which groan'd again with Labouring: One while we rode upon the Back of the ſwol'n Billows; another while the Sea ſeemed to ſlip from under the Veſſel, and to throw us into a bottomleſs Pit; we ſaw the Rocks cloſe by us, and the angry Surges daſhing againſt them with a dreadful Noiſe. Then I experienced the Truth of what I had heard *Mentor* often ſay, that Men who lead diſorderly Lives, and were Slaves to Pleaſure, always want Courage in Time of Danger: (*o*) All our *Cyprians* were frighted, and wept like Women; nothing was heard but piteous Cries, bitter Reflections upon the Pleaſures of Life, idle Promiſes to the Gods to offer them numberleſs Sacrifices, if they arrived ſafe in Harbour; no one had Preſence of Mind enough either to know how to work the Ship himſelf, or to give Directions to others. In theſe Circumſtances, I thought it my Duty to ſave the Lives of

(*o*) The *Cyprians* were the moſt effeminate of all the *Greeks*, and whilſt the other Nations gallantly defended their Liberty againſt the Emperor of *Perſia*, they ſordidly paid Tribute to that Prince. All the Politicians of Antiquity have look'd upon a State wherein Pleaſure is preferred to Glory, to be pretty near its Fall. There is not, perhaps, in Hiſtory, any one Maxim that is better vouched by Frequency of Examples.

others

others as well as my own: I took the Rudder in Hand, becauſe the Pilot, diſordered with Wine, like a raving *Bacchanal*-Prieſteſs, was uncapable of judging of the Danger the Ship was in. I chear'd the aſtoniſhed Mariners, I made them take down the Sails; they ply'd their Oars vigorouſly; we ſteer'd by the Side of Rocks and Quick-Sands, and ſaw all the Horrors of Death ſtaring us in the Face.

This Eſcape ſeemed like a Dream to all thoſe who were beholden to me for the Preſervation of their Lives; they look'd upon me with Amazement. We arrived at *Cyprus* in that Month of the Spring which is conſecrated to *Venus*. The vernal Seaſon, ſay the *Cyprians*, is the moſt ſuitable to that Goddeſs, becauſe it ſeems to re-animate the whole Frame of Nature, and to give Brith to Pleaſures and Flowers at the ſame Time.

From my firſt touching the Iſland, I perceived an unuſual Temperament in the Air, emaſculating the Body, and infuſing a wanton toying Humour. I obſerved the Country, tho' naturally fertile and delightful, was in a Manner quite uncultivated; ſuch a ſtrong Averſion had the Inhabitants to Labour. Wherever I went I ſaw Multitudes of Maids and young Women finically dreſs'd out, vainly ſinging the Praiſes of *Venus*, and going to devote themſelves to the Service of her Temple. Beauty, Graces, Joy and Pleaſure, were equally conſpicuous in their Aſpects; but their Graces were too much affected, devoid of that noble Simplicity, that amiable Baſhfulneſs, which makes the greateſt Charm of Beauty. A certain Air of Diſſoluteneſs, a ſtudied Adjuſtment of the Muſcles of their Faces, their fantaſtick Ornaments, their mincing Gait, their Eyes which ſeemed to lie in wait for thoſe of the Men, their mutual Jealouſy of each other's Charms; in a Word, all that I ſaw in theſe Women appeared vile and deſpicable to me; by too much endeavouring to pleaſe me, they rais'd my Averſion.

I was

I was conducted to the Temple of the Goddeſs: She has ſeveral in that Iſland; ſhe is particularly ador'd at *Cythera*, in *Idalia*, and *Paphos*; 'twas to that of *Cythera* I was carried: The Temple is all of Marble; 'tis a perfect *Peryſtilium*; the Pillars are ſo lofty and ſo large, that they gave a majeſtick Air to the whole Building. At each Face of the Fabrick there are large Pediments, on which are repreſented the moſt agreeable Adventures of that Goddeſs, in *Baſſo-Relievo:* At the Gate there are perpetually vaſt Crouds of People, attending to make their Offerings. No Victim is ever ſlain within the Circuit of the ſacred Place; the Fat of Bulls and Heifers is not burnt here as in other Countries. No Blood is ever ſhed there; they only preſent before the Altar the Victims that are to be offer'd, and no Beaſt may be offered but what is young, white, without Spot or Blemiſh: They are covered with purple Fillets edg'd with Gold; their Horns are gilded and garniſh'd with Noſegays of the moſt odoriferous Flowers: After they have been preſented at the Altar, they are led to a private Place without the Precinct, where they are ſlain for the Repaſt of the Goddeſs's Prieſts.

Here alſo are offer'd up all Sorts of perfum'd Liquors, and Wines more ſweet than Nectar. The Prieſts are clothed in long white Robes, with Girdles of Gold, and Fringes of the ſame round the Bottom of their Garment: They burn Night and Day upon the Altars the moſt exquiſite Perfumes of the Orient, aſcending to Heaven in curling Clouds of Smoke. Every Pillar is adorn'd with Garlands of Flowers; all the Vaſes that are uſed for the Sacrifice are of Gold; a ſacred Grove of Myrtle encompaſſes the Edifice: None but Boys and Girls of a ſuperlative Beauty may preſent the Victims to the Prieſts, or kindle the Fire upon the Altars: But yet this magnificent Temple is diſhonoured by Impudence and Diſſolution (*p*). At firſt I was ſtrangely ſhock'd at

(*p*) All theſe Deſcriptions are copied after antient Hiſtorians. *Strabo* relates, that there were upwards of twelve hundred Courtezans in one Temple of *Venus*.

what

what I saw, but it insensibly began to grow familiar to me: I was no longer afraid of Vice; all Companies inspired me with I know not what Inclination for Intemperance; they ridiculed my Innocence; my Reservedness and my Modesty became the Sport of this shameless People.

They omitted nothing to excite all my Passions, to lay Snares for me, and to awaken in me a Taste for Pleasure: I found myself warping every Day: The good Education I had received could scarce support me any longer; all my virtuous Resolutions vanished away; I no more found in myself an Ability to resist Temptations which assaulted me on all Sides; I even began to be ashamed of Virtue (*q*). I was like a Man swimming in a deep and rapid River; at first he dashes the Waves aside, and rises vigorously against the Torrent; but if the Banks are so steep that he can find no Place to rest himself, he tires by Degrees, and at length his Strength forsakes him; his Limbs quite spent grow stiff, and the Stream carries him away: So my Eyes began to be clouded, my Heart failed me, I could no longer recal either my Reason, or the Remembrance of my Father's Virtues. The Dream which I had of the sage *Mentor*'s Descent into the *Elysian* Fields utterly discouraged me. A secret Luke-warmness seized upon me; I already began to be in Love with the gilded Poison that insinuated itself into all my Veins, and even penetrated to the Marrow of my Bones. Yet, for all this, I would sometimes fetch deep Sighs, shed scalding Tears, and roar like a Lion in his Rage. O unhappy State of Youth, said I! O Gods, who make Mankind your cruel Sport! why cause you them to pass through that Age which is a Time of Folly, or rather a burning Fever? O why am I not covered with grey Hair, depressed with Years, and bending towards my

(*q*) This is a lively Image of a virtuous Mind struggling against Voluptuousness. Of all the Labours of *Hercules*, this is that which the Antients have the most extolled; thereby to teach us, that the most glorious Victory a Hero can obtain, is the Conquest over himself.

Grave

Grave, like my Grandfather *Laertes*. Death would be more pleaſing to me than the opprobrious Weakneſs I now feel.

Scarce had I thus ſpoke, when my Grief began to grow leſs; and my Heart, intoxicated with a fooliſh Paſſion, ſhook off almoſt all Shame. After this, I found myſelf plunged into an Abyſs of Remorſe. During this Trouble, I ran up and down in the ſacred Wood, like a Fawn that is wounded by the Huntſman: She flies through vaſt Foreſts to appeaſe her Pain; but ſtill the Arrow that pierced her, ſticks in her Side, and follows her throughout: Wherever ſhe goes, ſhe carries with her the murderous Shaft. Thus I endeavoured to forget my Troubles, by running away as it were from myſelf; but nothing allayed the Wound of my Heart.

In that Moment I ſaw at ſome Diſtance from me, in the thick Shade of the Wood, the Figure of the ſage *Mentor*. But his Viſage ſeemed ſo pale, and ſo auſtere, that I felt not the leaſt Joy in ſeeing him. Is it you then, O my dear Friend? my only Hope, is it you? Is it you yourſelf, or is it a deceitful Image come to abuſe my Eyes? Is it you, O *Mentor*, or is it your Ghoſt, ſtill ſenſible of my Misfortunes? Are you not among thoſe bleſſed Spirits who enjoy the Reward of their Virtue, on whom the Gods beſtow a calm and undiſturbed Peace, and Pleaſures unallayed, in the *Elyſian* Fields? Speak, *Mentor*, do you yet live? Am I ſo happy as to poſſeſs you, or is it not rather the Shadow of my Friend? Saying theſe Words, I ran to him with ſo much Tranſport that I was quite out of Breath: He ſtood ſtill, unmoved, without ſtepping in the leaſt towards me. O Gods, you are Witneſſes with what Joy I felt him in my Arms! No, it is not an empty Shadow, I hold him faſt, I embrace him, my dear *Mentor!* Thus I cried out; I bedewed his Face with a Flood of Tears; I was locked faſt to his Neck, without being able to ſpeak. He looked ſorrowfully at me, with Eyes full of tender Compaſſion.

At laſt I ſaid to him, Alas! where have you been? To what Dangers have you expoſed me by your Abſence?

ſence? And what ſhould I now do without you? But he, interrupting me, ſaid with a frightful Voice, Fly, fly without Delay: This Soil is productive of nothing but Poiſon; the very Air is peſtilent: The Men are contagious, and only converſe together to communicate to each other the fatal Venom. A baſe and infamous Voluptuouſneſs, the moſt terrible of all thoſe Evils that iſſued from *Pandora*'s Box, enervates all the Inhabitants, and ſuffers no ſuch Thing as Virtue in this Iſland. Away, why tarry you? Look not once behind you, and as you haſte away caſt from you the Remembrance of this execrable Iſland.

He ſpoke, and I inſtantly perceived as it were a thick Cloud breaking from about my Eyes, and admitting a pure and beautiful Light; a ſweet Serenity, accompanied with a noble Reſolution, ſprang up within my Heart. This Joy was very different from that looſe and diſſolute one which had poiſoned my Senſes: The firſt is a Joy of Drunkenneſs and Diſorder, intermixed with furious Paſſions and tormenting Remorſe: The ſecond is a Joy of Reaſon, attended with a Kind of celeſtial Happineſs. 'Tis always pure and equal; nothing can hurt or exhauſt it; the deeper we drink of it, the more agreeable is the Taſte; it raviſhes the Soul without diſcompoſing it. Then I began to pour forth Tears of Joy, and found that nothing was more ſweet than to weep in this Manner. Happy, ſaid I, are thoſe Men to whom Virtue diſplays herſelf in all her Beauty! Can any one ſee her and not love her? and can we love her without being happy? Here *Mentor*, breaking in, ſaid, I muſt leave you; I muſt depart this Moment, I am not allowed to ſtay any longer. Where, ſaid I, are you going? Into what uninhabitable Deſart will I not follow you? Don't think you can get from me; I will rather die in the Purſuit of you. Saying theſe Words, I graſped him with all my Strength. It is in vain, ſaid he, for you to hope to detain me. The cruel *Metophis* ſold me to certain *Æthiopians* or *Arabs*, who going to *Damaſcus* in *Syria* upon Account of Trade, reſolved to part with me, for a Sum of Money, to one *Hazael*,

Hazael, who wanted a *Greek* Slave to inform him of the Cuſtoms of *Greece*, and inſtruct him in our Arts and Sciences. In fine, *Hazael* purchaſed me at a great Price. What he has learn'd of me concerning our Manners, has given him a Curioſity to go into the Iſland of *Crete*, to ſtudy the wholeſome Laws of *Minos*. During our Voyage, the Weather has forced us in here at *Cyprus*; and in Expectation of a favourable Wind, he is come to make his Offerings in the Temple; ſee there, that's he that's coming from it: The Winds call us, our Sails are hoiſted: Adieu, dear *Telemachus*: A Slave that fears the Gods ought faithfully to ſerve his Maſter: The Gods no longer leave me at my own Diſpoſal; if they did, they know it, I would be entirely yours. Farewell. Remember the Sufferings of *Ulyſſes*, and the Tears of *Penelope*. Let the juſt Gods be ever in your Mind. O Heaven, that protecteſt Innocence, in what a Country am I forced to leave *Telemachus!*

No, no, ſaid I to him, my dear *Mentor*, it ſhall not be in your Power to leave me here; I'll rather die than ſee you depart without me. Is this *Syrian* Maſter ſo void of Pity? Did he in his Infancy ſuck the Milk of a Tygreſs? Will he tear you from my Arms? He muſt either kill me or ſuffer me to follow you: You bid me fly, and yet will not ſuffer me to fly after you: I'll go to *Hazael*; perhaps he may compaſſionate my Youth and Tears. Since he is a Lover of (*s*) Wiſdom, and goes ſo far in Search of it, he cannot have a ſavage and obdurate Heart. I will caſt myſelf at his Feet, embrace his Knees, nor let him go till he has given me Leave to follow you. My dear *Mentor*, I can be a Slave with you; I will offer myſelf to him for ſuch: If he refuſes me, my Doom is decreed, and I'll tug no more at the Oar of Life.

In this Inſtant *Hazael* called *Mentor*: I went and threw myſelf at his Feet; he was ſurpriſed to ſee an unknown Perſon in that proſtrate Poſture. What is it you

(*s*) The firſt Fruit of Wiſdom is *Humanity*. There is nothing in the Univerſe more valuable than *Man*, and it is in that Point of View that the Sage conſiders him.

desire of me, said he? Life, replied I; for I cannot live if you do not suffer me to follow *Mentor* who belongs to you. I am Son to the great *Ulysses*, the wisest of all the Kings of *Greece*, who subverted the haughty Town of *Troy*, so renown'd throughout all *Asia*. 'Tis not out of Ostentation that I repeat the Particular of my Birth, but only to create in you some Pity of my Misfortunes. I have sought my Father in all the Seas, having with me this Man, who was to me a second Father: Fortune, to fill up the Measure of my Unhappiness, has deprived me of him, and made him your Slave; and I beg you would let me be so too. If it be true, that you are a Lover of Justice, and are going to *Crete*, to learn the Laws of the good King *Minos*, harden not your Heart against my Sighs and Tears. You see before you the Son of a King, who is reduced to beg to be made a Slave of, as his only Refuge. Heretofore I would have chosen Death in *Sicily*, in Exchange for Servitude; but my first Disasters were but the feeble Essays of Fortune's Outrages: And now I tremble for fear I should not be received into Servitude. O Gods, behold my Calamity! O *Hazael*, remember *Minos*, whose Wisdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the Kingdom of *Pluto*.

Hazael, looking upon me with Mildness and Humanity, put forth his Hand and raised me up. I am no Stranger, said he, to the Wisdom and Virtue of *Ulysses*. *Mentor* has often told me what Glory he acquired among the *Greeks*; nor has swift-winged Fame omitted to sound forth his Name among all the Nations of the East. Follow me, thou Son of *Ulysses*; I will be your Father, till you meet again with him that gave you Life. Nay, though I were not touched with the Glory of your Father, nor moved at his and your Misfortunes, yet the Kindness I have for *Mentor* would engage me to take care of you. It is true, I bought him as a Slave; but I keep him as a faithful Friend: (*t*) The Money he cost has

(*t*) The noblest Use that Princes can make of their Treasures, is to engage eminent Men in their Interest. This

has acquir'd me the deareſt and moſt valuable Friend I have in the World. In him I have found a Treaſure of Wiſdom; and all the Love I have for Virtue I am beholden to his Inſtructions for. From this Inſtant he is free, and you ſhall be ſo too; all I ask of either of you is your Heart.

In a Moment I paſſed from the ſevereſt Grief to the moſt ſprightly Joy that Man can feel. I ſaw myſelf delivered from a dreadful Precipice; I was drawing near to my own Country; I met with one to aſſiſt me in my Return; I had the Comfort of being with a Man who already loved me for the Sake of Virtue alone: In a Word, I found every Thing in finding *Mentor* again, whom I truſted I never more ſhould loſe.

Hazael advances to the Sea-Shore; we follow him; we embark with him. Our Oars cleave the peaceful Waves; a gentle *Zephyr* wantons in our Sails; it animates the whole Ship, and gives an eaſy Motion to it. The Iſland of *Cyprus* ſoon diſappears. *Hazael*, impatient to know my Mind, aſked me what I thought of the Manners of that Iſland. I told him ingenuouſly to what Dangers my unripe Years had been expoſed, and the Conflict I had ſuffered within me.

He was pleaſed with my Abhorrence of Vice, and ſaid theſe Words: O *Venus*, I acknowledge yours and your Son's Power. I have burnt Incenſe on your Altars; but be not diſpleaſed at me if I deteſt the diſhonourable Luxury of the Inhabitants of your Iſland, and the brutal Impudence with which they celebrate your Feſtivals.

After this he diſcourſed *Mentor* concerning that Supreme Being which formed the Heavens and the Earth; that pure, infinite, unchangeable Light, which communicates itſelf to all, without being divided or impoveriſhed; that ſovereign, univerſal Verity, which enlightens all Spirits, as the Sun does Bodies. He who has never ſeen that pure Light, adds he, is as dark as one that is

This was the brighteſt Part of the Character of *Alexander*, *Auguſtus*, and *Lewis the Great*.

born blind; he paſſes his Life in a diſmal Obſcurity, like that of thoſe Regions where the Sun never appears for many Months of the Year; he thinks himſelf wiſe, and is a Fool; fancies he ſees every thing, and ſees nothing, and dies without having ever ſeen any Thing; at moſt, he perceives only obſcure Glimmerings or falſe Glarings, empty Shadows and Phantoms that have no Reality. Thus are all Men borne away by ſenſual Pleaſures, and the Witchcraft of Fancy. There are no right Men upon the Earth, but thoſe who conſult, who love, and adhere to this eternal Reaſon. When we think well and juſtly, it is ſhe that inſpires us; when we think otherwiſe, it is ſhe that reprehends us. The Underſtanding of Man, as well as his Life, is owing to her, and is her Gift. She is, as it were, a boundleſs Ocean of Light; the Minds of Men are like little Rivulets which flow from her, and which return and loſe themſelves in her again.

(*u*) Though I did not as yet perfectly comprehend the Wiſdom of this Diſcourſe, I nevertheleſs taſted in it ſomething that was pure and ſublime; my Heart grew warm with it, and Truth ſeemed to ſhine out in every Word he uttered. They went on, and ſpoke of the Origin of the Gods, of the Heroes, of the Poets, of the Golden Age, of the Deluge, of the firſt Accounts of Mankind, of the River of Forgetfulneſs, wherein the Souls of the Dead are plunged, of the eternal Pains that are ſtored up for the Wicked in the black-mouth'd Gulf of *Tartarus*, and of that bleſſed Tranquillity enjoyed by the Juſt in the *Elyſian* Fields, without any Apprehenſions of ever loſing it.

Whilſt *Hazael* and *Mentor* were converſing together, we obſerved Numbers of Dolphins, whoſe Scales ſeemed Gold and Azure. With their wanton playing in the

(*u*) We ought not to be fearful of bringing up Children in Sentiments and Notions above their Age. The firſt Play of *Hercules*, in his Cradle, was ſtrangling of Serpents. The Children of Heroes are Men before their Time.

Sea

Sea they worked the Waves into a Foam. After them came the *Tritons*, ſounding their wrythed Trumpets made of Shells; they encompaſſed *Amphitrite*'s Car, drawn by Sea-Horſes whiter than Snow; they cleft the briny Flood, and left far behind them vaſt Ridges in the Sea. Their Eyes flaſhed Fire; and Smoke iſſued from their Mouths and Noſtrils. The Chariot of the Goddeſs was a Shell of a wonderful Figure; it had a Whiteneſs exceeding the fineſt Ivory, and the Wheels were all of Gold. This Chariot ſeemed to fly upon the Surface of the gentle Waves. A Shoal of Sea Nymphs, crowned with Garlands, came ſwimming behind the Chariot; their lovely Locks hung looſe upon their Shoulders, and played in the Wind. In one Hand the Goddeſs held a Golden Scepter to command the Waves; with the other ſhe held upon her Knees the little God *Palæmon* her Son, who was ſucking at her Breaſt: Her Face was ſo ſerene, ſo ſweetly awful, it drove away ſeditious Winds and all tempeſtuous Blaſts. The *Tritons* conducted the Horſes, and held the golden Reins; an ample Sail of the richeſt Purple was flutt'ring in the Air above the Chariot, while Crowds of little *Zephyrs* were continually filling it with their Breath to puſh the Goddeſs forward. In the Midſt of the Air appeared *Æolus*, buſy, reſtleſs, and full of vehement Ardor; his wrinkled and uneaſy Face, his threatening Voice, his thick down-hanging Eye-brows, his Eyes full of a dusky and angry Fire, repell'd the Clouds, and kept the fierce and boiſterous Winds in Silence. The Whales immenſe, and all the Monſters of the Sea, iſſued in Haſte from their profound Receſſes to gaze upon the Goddeſs, ſpouting ſuch Stores of Water from their Noſtrils, as made the Sea to ebb and flow alternate.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *relates, That at his Arrival in* Crete, *he heard that* Idomeneus, *the King of that Iſland, had ſacrificed his only Son to fulfil an indiſcrete Vow; that the* Cretans, *in Revenge of the Son's Blood, had forced the Father to leave their Iſland; that after long Uncertainties what to do, they were now actually met together to elect another King.* Telemachus *adds, That he was admitted into this Aſſembly; that he bore away the Prize in ſeveral Games, and explained the Queſtions left by* Minos *in the Book of his Laws; that the old Men, who were Judges of the Iſland, and all the People, ſeeing his Wiſdom, would have made him their King.*

A F-

AFTER we had for ſome Time been wondering at this Spectacle, we began to deſcry the Mountains of *Crete*, tho' we could as yet hardly diſtinguiſh them from the Clouds of Heaven, and the Billows of the Sea. We ſoon ſaw the Top of *Ida*'s Mount, which riſes above the other Heights of the Iſland, as an old Stag in the Foreſt bears his branching Head above the young Fawns that follow after him. (*x*) By degrees we ſaw more diſtinctly the Coaſts of the Iſland, which ſeemed to repreſent an Amphitheatre. As the Land of *Cyprus* lay entirely neglected and uncultivated, ſo that of *Crete* was the reverſe, being every where fertile, and adorned with all Manner of Fruits, through the Labour of the Inhabitants.

On all Sides we obſerved numerous well-built ſtately Cities, Towns, and Villages that looked like Cities. We perceived no Place, either in Hill or Dale, where the Hand of the diligent Husbandman was not viſible. The Plow had left deep Furrows in every Part: Thorns, Briars, Brambles, and all ſuch Shrubs as are only a fruitleſs Cumbrance to the Earth, are here unknown entirely. We contemplated with Pleaſure the hollow Vallies, where Troops of Oxen go lowing in the rich Paſtures, along the Banks of murmuring Rivulets; the Sheep feeding upon the Sides of the Hills; the vaſt Fields covered with golden Grain, the precious Gifts of bounteous *Ceres*. In a Word, the Mountains decked with Vines and Grapes already ſtained with a rich Purple, and promiſing to the Vintagers the ſweet delightful Preſents of *Bacchus*, which charm away and beguile the anxious Cares of Man.

(*x*) 'Twas from the *Cretans* that *Greece* took the two fundamental Sciences of a State, namely that of *Laws* and that of *Arms*. The Author has all the antient Hiſtorians to bear him out in all the wonderful Things that he relates of this Iſland.

Mentor told us he had formerly been in *Crete*; and then went on imparting to us all he knew of it. This Iſle, ſaid he, admired by all Strangers, and renowned for her hundred Cities, is more than ſufficient to nouriſh all its Inhabitants, 'tho they are innumerable. For the Earth never ceaſes to anſwer the Labourer's Care, by a moſt plentiful Return; her teeming Womb can never be exhauſted. The more numerous the Inhabitants are in any Country, the greater Plenty do they find, provided on their Part they be induſtrious. They have no Occaſion to look with jealous Eyes on each other. The Earth, like a kind Mother, multiplies her Gifts according to the Number of her Children, if they merit her Favours by their Diligence. Ambition and Avarice are the only Sources of human Miſery. Men covet all, and make themſelves miſerable, by deſiring more than enough. (*y*) Would they live in a plain ſimple Manner, and content themſelves with what is neceſſary, we ſhould ſee Plenty, Joy, Unanimity, and Peace, flouriſh throughout the World.

This was well underſtood by *Minos*, the wiſeſt and beſt of Kings. All the wonderful Things you ſhall ſee in this Iſland, are the Product of his Laws and Inſtitutions. The Education which he preſcribed for Children, renders their Bodies healthy and vigorous. They are betimes accuſtomed to a plain, frugal, and laborious Life: 'Tis a received Maxim among them, that all Pleaſure enervates both the Body and Mind; (*z*)

(*y*) This is the principal Leſſon given us by the antient Poets, and we may juſtly affirm that *Homer*'s whole Moral turns upon this Hinge. *Horace* likewiſe, who had thoroughly ſifted this Article of Ethicks, does not ſcruple to ſet it above that of *Chryſippus*, *Crantor*, and the ſevere School of *Zeno*.

(*z*) It is feeding the Paſſions of Children to give them that for a Reward which they ſhould be taught to deſpiſe. What the *Lacedæmonians* beſtowed on ſuch of their young Men as diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the *Gymnaſium*, was only the Privilege of Precedence before thoſe they had got the better of.

they

they therefore never propoſe to their Children any other Pleaſure, but that of being invincible by their Virtue, and acquiring all the Glory they poſſibly can. This People do not place Courage only in deſpiſing Death amidſt the Dangers of War, but alſo in contemning ſuperfluous Riches and ignoble Pleaſures. Three Vices are puniſhed here, which go overlooked among all other Nations; Ingratitude, Diſſimulation, and Avarice.

As for ſumptuary Laws for ſuppreſſing Luxury and Extravagancy, they have no need thereof, the *Cretans* being utter Strangers to thoſe Vices. Every Man there takes Pains, yet none ſet their Hearts upon growing rich. They think their Labour ſufficiently repaid with an eaſy and orderly Life, in which they peacefully and plentifully enjoy every Thing that is truly neceſſary for the Suſtenance of Man. They allow of no coſtly Furniture, gorgeous Apparel, delicious Banquetings, nor guilded Palaces. Their Habits are of fine well-coloured Wool, but all plain, and without Embroidery. Their Meals are temperate; they drink but little Wine; good Bread is the principal Part of their Meals, together with the Fruits which the Trees almoſt ſpontaneouſly offer to them, and the Milk of their Cattle (*a*). At the moſt their Meat is plain dreſſed, without Sauce or Ragoût, and they always take care to ſet apart the ableſt of their Oxen for the Advancement of Agriculture. Their Houſes are neat, convenient, pleaſant, but without Embelliſhments; not that they are Strangers to the moſt magnificent Architecture, but then they reſerve it for the Temples of the Gods, nor dare they live in Houſes like thoſe of the immortal Powers.

The great Bleſſings and Poſſeſſions of the *Cretans*, are Health, Strength, Fortitude, Peace, and Union in Fa-

(*a*) 'Tis thus we ſee in the Iliad, that *Agamemnon*'s, *Achilles*'s, and other Heroes Tables were furniſhed. 'Tis eaſy to ſee from whence the Author fetched his Notions.

milies, perſonal Liberty of all the Citizens, Plenty of Things neceſſary, and a Contempt of ſuch as are ſuperfluous, a Habit of Induſtry, and a Deteſtation of Sloth, an Emulation in virtuous Actions, a Submiſſion to the Laws, and a Reverence to the juſt Gods.

I aſked him wherein conſiſted his Authority, and he anſwered me thus: The King is ſuperior to the People, but the Laws are ſuperior to him; he can do any Thing with Them, but the Laws can do anyThing with Him. He has an unlimitted Power to do Good, but his Hands are tied from doing Ill: The Laws commit the Care of the People to him, as the moſt valuable of all Truſts, with this Condition, that he ſhall be the Father of his Subjects. The Intention of theſe Laws is preciſely this, that one Man by his Wiſdom and Moderation ſhall be the Inſtrument of Felicity to a whole Nation, and not that a whole Nation ſhall by their Miſery and abject Slavery ſerve to pamper the Pride and Luxury of one Man. The King's Revenue ought not to be more than is neceſſary, either for his Support in his painful Office, or to infuſe into the People that Reſpect which is due to him who is to inforce the Execution of the Laws. Beſides this, the King ought to be more ſober, more an Enemy to Idleneſs, more free from Pride and Oſtentation than any other Man. He is not to exceed others in Wealth and Pleaſure, but in Wiſdom, Virtue, and Glory. Abroad he is to defend his Country at the Head of its Armies; and at Home he is to diſpenſe Juſtice to his People, to make them good, wiſe, and happy. 'Tis not for his own Sake that the Gods have appointed him King, but for his People's. 'Tis to them he owes all his Time, all his Cares, all his Watchings, all his Affection; and he is no otherwiſe worthy of his Royalty, but in Proportion as he foregoes his own perſonal Intereſts to ſacrifice himſelf to the publick Good. *Minos* ordained that his Children ſhould not reign after him, unleſs they conformed to theſe Maxims; ſo much more did he love his Subjects than his own Family. By ſuch wiſe Conduct has he ren-

rendered *Crete* ſo powerful and ſo flouriſhing. This Moderation of his has effaced the Glory of all thoſe Conquerors who make their People the Tools of their Greatneſs, that is, their Vanity: In a Word, 'tis his Juſtice that has made him worthy of the Office of Sovereign Judge of the Dead in the Regions below.

Whilſt *Mentor* was thus diſcourſing, we arrived in the Iſland. We viewed the famous Labyrinth, the Work of the ingenious *Dædalus*, and which was an Imitation of the great Labyrinth we had ſeen in *Egypt*. As we were conſidering this curious Contrivance, we beheld the Shore covered with People, and Multitudes preſſing towards a Place that was near the Sea. We aſked the Meaning of their Hurry, and received this Account from one *Nauſicrates*, a Native of *Crete*.

Idomeneus, ſaid he, the Son of *Deucalion*, and a Grandſon of *Minos*, went with the reſt of the *Grecian* Kings, to the Siege of *Troy*. After the Deſtruction of that City, he put to Sea, in order to return to *Crete*; but was overtaken by ſo violent a Tempeſt, that the Pilot, and the others who were moſt experienced in Sea Affairs, thought they ſhould be inevitably caſt away. Every one had Death before his Eyes; every one ſaw the watry Gulf opening to ſwallow him up; every one deplored his Misfortune, not having ſo much as the diſmal Hope of that imperfect Reſt which the Souls enjoy that croſs the River *Styx*, after their Bodies have received Burial. *Idomeneus* raiſing his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, invoked *Neptune*: O mighty God, (cried he) thou who ſwayeſt the Empire of the Sea, deign to attend a wretched Mortal's Prayer; if thou permitteſt me to ſee again the Iſland of *Crete*, and reſcueſt me from the Fury of this Tempeſt, I will ſacrifice to thee the firſt Head that ſhall offer itſelf to my Sight.

Mean while his Son, impatient to ſee his Father again, made haſte to meet and embrace him at his Landing: Unhappy Youth, who knew not that he was hurrying to his Deſtruction! The Father, who had eſcaped

ed the Storm, arrives in the desired Port. He returned Thanks to *Neptune* for hearing his Prayers, but soon found how fatal they had been to him. A black Presage of his Misfortune gave him a bitter Regret for his indiscreet Vow; he began to dread coming amongst his own People; he turned his Eyes to the Ground; he trembled for fear of seeing what was most dear to him in the whole World. But the cruel *Nemesis*, inexorable Goddess, who watches for the Punishment of Mankind, and never fails to inflict it, especially upon haughty Kings, pushed on *Idomeneus* with a fatal and invisible Hand. He arrives, hardly daring to lift up his Eyes; he sees his Son; he stares back with Horror; he looks back, but in vain, for some other Head less dear to him to serve as a Victim.

Mean while his Son approaches and throws his Arms about his Father's Neck, and is Thunder-struck to see his Father make so ill a Return to his Tenderness; for he observed him melting into Tears. O my Father, said he, what occasions this Sadness? After so tedious an Absence, are you uneasy at seeing your Kingdom again, and in being the Joy of your Son? What have I done? You turn away your Eyes for fear of seeing me!

The Father, oppressed with Grief, made no Reply. At last, after many deep-fetched Sighs, he said (*b*): Ah *Neptune!* what have I promised thee? At how dear a Rate hast thou saved me from Shipwreck? Restore me to the Waves and to the Rocks, which ought to have finished my wretched Life, by dashing me to Pieces. Let my Son live, O cruel God. Here, take my Blood in lieu of his! With this he drew his Sword to pierce his own Heart, but was with-held from doing it by those about him. The aged

(*b*) One of the greatest Abuses that can be made of Religion, is to make a Bargain with Heaven, and to put a Price on the Benefits we beg for; 'tis driving a sordid Trade, and a most unworthy Traffick in Religion.

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Sophronimus, the Interpreter of the Pleaſure of the Gods, aſſured him that he might ſatisfy *Neptune* without the Death of his Son. Your Promiſe, ſaid he, was raſh and indiſcreet; the Gods deſire not to be honoured by Cruelty: Beware of adding to the Crime of your Promiſe, that of performing it againſt the Laws of Nature: Let an hundred Bulls, whiter than Snow, be offered to *Neptune*; let their Blood ſtream round his Altar crowned with Chaplets; let the ſweeteſt Incenſe, in Honour of that God, aſcend in Rings of rolling Smoke.

Idomeneus, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground, gave Attention to this Diſcourſe, but made no Reply: Fury glared ghaſtly in his Eyes; his pale disfigured Face changed Colour every Moment, and every Limb trembled with very Horror. Mean while his Son ſaid to him, Father, behold here I am; your Son is ready to die to appeaſe the God of the Sea: Incur not his Diſpleaſure. I die contented, ſince my Death will have prevented yours: Strike, O my Father, and be not apprehenſive that you find in me a Son unworthy of you, or afraid to meet Death.

In that Moment *Idomeneus*, grown mad, and as it were puſhed on by the infernal Furies, acted a Thing that aſtoniſhed all about him; he plunged his Sword into the Heart of the Boy; then drew it out again, reeking with the Blood, and attempred to do the like to himſelf; but his Hand was once more ſtayed by thoſe that were about him. The Child ſinks down in his own Blood; his Eyes are clouded with the Shades of Death; he half opens them to the Light, which he had no ſooner gained a Glimpſe of, than being unable to ſupport it, he cloſes them for ever. As a fair Lilly, 'midſt the flowery Field, cut up from the Root by the ſharp-edged Plough-ſhare, it bows down its ſickening Head to the Ground, no farther Nouriſhment it can receive from the Earth, its Life is gone, and yet the Luſtre of its ſnowy White in part remains: So the Son of *Idomeneus*, like a young tender Flower, is cru-

cruelly mow'd down in his Morn of Life. The Father, thro' Exceſs of Grief, grows ſtupid and inſenſible; he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do, but towards the City bends his tott'ring Steps, and all the Way enquires for his Son.

Mean while the People, melting with Pity for the Son, and moved with Horror at the Father's barbarous Action, cry out, that the unjuſt Gods had given him over to the Furies. Their Reſentment furniſhes them with Arms; they lay hold on Sticks and Stones, and what comes next to Hand: Diſcord breathes into every Heart a deadly Venom: The *Cretans*, even the wiſe *Cretans*, forgot the Wiſdom they uſed to be ſo fond of; they will no longer acknowledge the Grandſon of the ſage *Minos*. *Idomeneus*'s Friends are now at a Loſs how to provide for his Safety, otherwiſe than by running him on board his Ship. They embark with him, and commit their Flight to the Mercy of the Waves. *Idomeneus* coming to his Senſes, returns them Thanks for ſnatching him from a Land he had ſtain'd with his Son's Blood, and where he could no longer dwell. The Winds carry them towards *Heſperia*, where they are now laying the Foundations of a new Kingdom in the Country of the *Salentines*.

And now the *Cretans* being without a King to govern them, have taken a Reſolution to chuſe ſuch a one as ſhall preſerve the eſtabliſhed Laws in their full Force and Purity. The Meaſures they have taken for this Purpoſe, are theſe. All the prime Citizens of an hundred Cities, are aſſembled at this Place; they have already begun with offering Sacrifices; they have called together the moſt renowned Sages of the neighbouring Countries, to examine the Wiſdom of thoſe who ſhall be thought worthy of the ſupreme Command; they have prepared publick Games, where all the Candidates are to contend, and they reſolve to give the Crown as a Prize to him, who ſhall be found to excel both as to Strength of Body and Qualifications of Mind; they will have a King whoſe Body ſhall be ſtrong and active, and

and whoſe Soul ſhall be adorn'd with Wiſdom and Virtue; they invite all Strangers to come to this Aſſembly.

Nauſicrates, after having recounted to us this ſurpriſing Story, cries out, Haſte, therefore, O ye Strangers, to come to our Aſſembly; you ſhall enter the Liſts with the reſt, and whichſoever of you the Gods declare the Victory to, he ſhall reign in this Country. We followed him, without any Deſire of being victorious, but only through a natural Curioſity to be preſent at ſo extraordinary a Spectacle.

(c) We arrived at a Place not unlike a vaſt *Circus*, ſurrounded with a thick Wood: The Middle of this *Circus* was an *Arena*, or Pit, prepared for the Combatants, border'd round with a large Amphitheatre of freſh Turf, whereon ſat an infinite Number of People in orderly Rows. When we were arrived there, we were received with much Reſpect; for the *Cretans* excel all Nations of the World in a noble Hoſpitality, which they are religious Obſervers of. They deſired us to take our Places, and invited us to engage in the Combats. *Mentor* excuſed himſelf on Account of his Age, and *Hazael* on Account of his ill State of Health. My Youth and Vigour left me without Excuſe: However, I turned myſelf towards *Mentor*, as if I was firſt of all willing to know his Sentiments, and I perceived he was for my Engaging; ſo I accepted the Offer they made me: I threw off my Clothes, they bath'd my Limbs with Streams of the pureſt Oil, and I join'd Company with the other Combatants. 'Twas nois'd on all Sides that the Son of *Ulyſſes* was come to put in for the Prize; and ſeveral *Cretans*, who had been at *Ithaca* during my Infancy, knew me again.

(c) The great Events of an Epic Poem are apt to ingroſs the Reader's Attention too much; *Homer* and *Virgil* had therefore the Art to divert him by the Deſcription of Games. Our Author by bringing them in here, heightens them, and renders them worthy of the Majeſty of the Epopœa.

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The first Exercise was Wrestling. A certain *Rhodian*, about five and thirty Years of Age, had got the better of all those who durst encounter him: He was now in his full Strength and Vigour; his Arms were nervous and brawny; at his least Motion every Muscle swell'd apparent; he was equally active and robust; he did not think me a Match becoming him: So after looking with Pity on my unripe Age, he was going off, when I challenged him: Hereupon we laid hold on each other; we almost squeezed the Breath out of one another's Bodies; we stood Shoulder to Shoulder, Foot to Foot; every Nerve was distended, and our Arms were interwoven like twining Serpents, each of us straining to heave his Antagonist from the Ground. Sometimes he endeavoured artfully to throw me, by pushing me on the Right Side; at other Times he strove to bend me on the Left; but whilst he was plying me in this Manner, I gave him such a violent Shove, that his Back bent again, and so he tumbled on the Earth: He pulled me after him, but his Endeavours to keep me under were to no Purpose, I still maintain'd myself immoveable upon him. All the People cry'd out, Victory to the Son of *Ulysses!* and then I help'd the confus'd *Rhodian* to get up again.

The Exercise of the Cæstus was more difficult. The Son of a rich Citizen of *Samos*, having acquired a high Reputation in this Sort of Combat, every Body yielded to him, and none but I offered to dispute the Victory with him. At first he dealt such Blows around my Head and Breast, as made me cast up Blood, and spread a thick Cloud over my Eyes; I stagger'd; he followed his Blows, and I grew almost out of Breath, but was reanimated by hearing *Mentor* cry out to me, O Son of *Ulysses*, What! will you be beat? Anger gave me new Strength, and I avoided several Blows which would have crush'd me to the Earth. The *Samian* having made a false Aim at me, whilst his Arm was stretched out in vain, I took the Advantage of that stooping Posture of his: He was now stepping back, and I was lifting up my Cæstus to fall upon him with greater Force; he endeavoured

voured to ſhun me, and whilſt he was in this Equilibrium, he gave me an Opportunity to throw him flat on his Back. He ſcarce had meaſured the Ground with his Length, when I reach'd him my Hand to raiſe him up; but he got up of himſelf, all over Duſt and Blood; he was under the greateſt Diſorder and Shame, but he durſt not renew the Fight.

Then came on the Racings. The Chariots were diſpoſed of by Lot: That which fell to my Share happened to be under ſome Diſadvantages, both as to the Lightneſs of the Wheels and Ableneſs of the Horſes. We ſtart: A Cloud of Duſt flies round, and darkens the Face of Heaven. In the Beginning I ſuffer'd all others to go before me: A young *Lacædemonian*, named *Crantor*, did, at ſetting out, diſtance all the reſt; a *Cretan*, named *Polycletus*, follow'd him cloſe; *Hippomachus*, a Kinſman of *Idomeneus*, and who aſpired to be his Succeſſor, giving a Looſe to the Reins of his reeking Horſes, was now leaning forward on their flowing Manes, and the Motion of his Chariot Wheels was ſo rapid, that they ſeemed to have no Motion at all, like the Wings of an Eagle cleaving the Air. My Horſes being warmed, and having gather'd Breath by Degrees, I out-ſtripped moſt of thoſe who had ſet out with ſo much Eagerneſs. *Hippomachus*, *Idomeneus*'s Kinſman, driving his Horſes too furiouſly, the briſkeſt of them fell down; and by this Fall depriv'd the Maſter of his Hopes to the Crown.

Polycletus, hanging too forward over his Horſes, and having no firm Seat, tumbled down as the Chariot gave a Leap, dropt the Reins, and narrowly eſcaped with Life. *Crantor* ſeeing, with Eyes full of Indignation, that I was up with him, redoubled his Earneſtneſs; ſometimes he invoked the Gods, and promiſed them rich Offerings; then he cheer'd his Horſes with reviving Language: He was afraid I ſhould get between him and the Goal; for my Horſes, which I had favoured at firſt, were now able to out-do his; ſo that the only Remedy he had left, was to block up my Paſſage. In order to this, he reſolved to venture the breaking his Wheel

Wheel againſt the Poſt, and accordingly he did break it. All I had to do was preſently to make a Turn, to avoid his broken Chariot; and in a Moment afterwards he ſaw me at the End of the Courſe. Again the People ſhouted, Victory to the Son of *Ulyſſes!* 'tis he the Gods have deſtined for our King.

Then the moſt illuſtrious and ſageſt of the *Cretans*, conducted us into an old ſacred Wood, remote from the Sight of prophane Men, where the Elders, whom *Minos* had eſtabliſhed to be Judges of the People, and Guardians of the Laws, convened us, who had contended at the Exerciſes, no other being admitted. Theſe Sages opened the Books containing the Laws of *Minos*. As I drew near to theſe old Men, (whom Age had rendered venerable, without leſſening the Strength of their Minds) I felt myſelf ſeized with a reſpectful Shamefacedneſs. They were rang'd decently in Order, and ſat ſteady in their Places; their Hairs were hoary; many of them had hardly any Hair at all. A compoſed and ſerene Wiſdom was impreſſed on their grave Countenances: They did not ſtrive who ſhould ſpeak firſt; they ſpoke deliberately; they ſaid not a Word but what they had weighed before: When they happened to be of different Opinions, they were ſo cool and ſedate in maintaining their Sentiments, that one would have thought they had been all of one and the ſame Mind. Their long Experience of Men and Manners, and their unwearied Application to Study and Labour, furniſh'd them with vaſt extenſive Views in all Things; but what moſt contributed to maturate their Reaſon, was the Tranquillity of their Minds: Freed from the wild Caprices and Ebullitions of Youth, they were actuated by Wiſdom alone; and the Reſult of their long-try'd Virtue was ſo perfect a Maſtery over their Humours, that without any Uneaſineſs they enjoyed the charming and noble Delight of being ruled by Reaſon. As I was admiring them, I wiſh'd my Life could be contracted, that it might, as it were at a Leap, arrive at ſo valuable an old Age: I counted

counted Youthfulneſs unhappy for being ſo impetuous, and at ſo great a Diſtance from ſo calm and ſo enlightened a Virtue.

The Chief among theſe Antients opened the Volume of *Minos*'s Laws: It was a large Book, uſually locked up in a perfumed Caſket of Gold. Each of them kiſs'd it with great Reſpect; for they ſaid, that next the Gods, from whom good Laws proceed, nothing ought to be ſo ſacred among Men, as thoſe Laws which tend to make them good, wiſe, and happy. Thoſe who have in their Hands the Execution of the Laws for governing the People, ought likewiſe to ſuffer themſelves to be governed by thoſe very Laws; it is the Law, and not the Man, that ought to reign: Such was the Diſcourſe of the Sages. Afterwards, he who preſided, moved three Queſtions, which were to be expounded by the Maxims of *Minos*.

The firſt Queſtion was, Who is the freeſt of Men? Some anſwered, that it was a King who had an abſolute Power over his People, and had ſubdued all his Enemies. Others would have it, that it was a Man ſo rich, as to be able to gratify all his Wiſhes. Others maintained, that it was a Man, who being never married, kept travelling all his Life-Time thro' divers Countries, without being ever ſubject to the Laws of any Nation. Others conceived, that it was a *Barbarian*, who living upon Hunting in the midſt of the Woods, was independant upon any Government, and ſubject to no Manner of Want. Others fanſied it was a Man newly ſet at Liberty, becauſe coming out of the Hardſhips of Servitude, he had a livelier Taſte than others of the Sweets of Freedom. Others, at laſt, advanced that it was a dying Man, becauſe Death freed him from all Trouble; and becauſe the whole Bulk of Mankind, put together, had no longer any Power over him.

When it came to my Turn, I made no Heſitation in my Anſwer, becauſe I had not forgot what I had often heard

heard from *Mentor*. (*d*) The moſt free of all Men, replied I, is he who can be free even in Slavery itſelf. In what Condition or Country ſoever a Man is, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the Gods, and none but them: In a Word, the Man that's truly free, is he, who being diſengaged from all Dread, and every ſolicitous Deſire, is ſubject to none but the Gods and his own Reaſon. The Antients looked on each other ſmiling, and were ſurpriz'd to ſee that my Anſwer was exactly the ſame with that of *Minos*.

They then propoſed the ſecond Queſtion, in theſe Words: Who is the moſt unhappy of all Men? Every one anſwered as his Mind ſuggeſted. One ſaid, it is a Man who has neither Eſtate, Health, nor Honour; another ſaid, it is a Man who has no Friend; others maintained, it is a Man who has ungrateful degenerate Children. There came a Sage of the Iſle of *Leſbos*, who ſaid, the moſt unhappy of all Men is he who thinks himſelf ſo; for Unhappineſs does not ſo much depend upon the Things we ſuffer, as upon our own Impatience, which heightens our Misfortunes. Here the whole Aſſembly ſhouted by way of Applauſe, and every Body thought that that ſage *Leſbian* would carry the Prize by this Solution. But when I was aſked my Opinion, (*e*) I anſwered, according to *Mentor*'s Maxims, the moſt unhappy of all Men is a King, who thinks himſelf happy when he makes others miſerable. His Blindneſs doubles his Unhappineſs; for not knowing his Unhappineſs, he cannot apply Remedies to it; nay, he is afraid to know it: Truth cannot pierce thro' the Crowd

(*d*) The moſt free of all Men is he whoſe Freedom comes neareſt to that of the Supreme Being, and, of conſequence, he who obeys nothing but Reaſon. Upon this Principle therefore, the Slave *Epictetus* cannot but be allowed to be freer than his Maſter *Epaphroditus*.

(*e*) Our Author never departs from the Principles of his exalted Philoſophy. The moſt unhappy Man is, according to him, he who is moſt culpable, becauſe his Syſtem knows no other Felicity but Virtue, nor other Miſery but Vice. Pain and Pleaſure he takes to be at moſt but ſubordinately Good and Evil.

of

of his Flatterers to reach him; his Paſſions tyrannize over him; he is unacquainted with his Duty; he never taſted the Pleaſure of doing Good, nor felt the Charms of untainted Virtue. He is unhappy, and deſerves to be ſo: His Unhappineſs is every Day augmenting; he haſtens to his own Deſtruction, and the Gods are preparing an eternal Puniſhment for him. All the Aſſembly acknowledged I had outdone the ſage *Leſbian*, and the old Men declar'd I hit upon the true Senſe of *Minos*.

The third Queſtion they aſked was, Which of the two is to be preferred; (*f*) a King victorious and invincible in War, or a King unexperienced in War, but able to rule his People wiſely in Peace? The Majority anſwered, that a King invincible in War was preferable to the other. What ſignifies it, ſaid they, to have a King that knows how to govern well in Peace, and knows not how to defend his Country when a War breaks out? His Enemies will then overcome him, and reduce his Subjects to Slavery. Others, on the contrary, maintained, that the pacifick King was better; becauſe he would be afraid of War, and conſequently be careful to avoid it. Others ſaid, that a victorious King would procure and advance the Glory of his People as well as his own, and render his Subjects Maſters of other Nations; whereas a peaceful King would keep them immerged in an ignominious Effeminacy. They deſired to know my Opinion, and I anſwer'd thus:

(*f*) *Homer* unites theſe two Qualities in *Agamemnon*. The Scepter, ſays that Poet, was tranſmitted from the Hands of *Jupiter* (into thoſe of that King; as much as to ſay, he governed his People with that Goodneſs as became the Father of Gods and Men) whoſe Arms are more to be dreaded than thoſe of the God *Mars*. We have ſeen *Lewis* the Great, at the ſame Time that he was extending the Frontiers of his Kingdom, raiſe the Arts to a Point of Perfection, which will be a Pattern to all Poſterity, and cauſe the moſt valuable Fruits of Peace to be enjoyed in the Height, and as it were in the very Boſom, of War.

A King

A King who knows not how to govern as well in Peace as in War, and is uncapable of managing his People in both thoſe Circumſtanſtances, is but half a King; but if you compare a King who is only ſkilled in War, to a wiſe King, who without being skilled in War, is capable of carrying it on, if Occaſion requires, by his Generals; I think he is to be preferred to the other. A King whoſe Mind is intirely turned to War, will always be making War; ſo he extends his Dominion and his own Glory, 'tis indifferent to him how it fares with his Subjects. What are the People the better for the Conqueſts their King makes over other Nations, if themſelves are miſerable under his Reign? Beſides, long Wars always occaſion great Diſorders; the Conquerors themſelves grow licentious during thoſe Times of Confuſion. Conſider what it has coſt *Greece* for having triumphed over *Troy*; ſhe was deprived of her Kings for above ten Years. Whilſt every Thing is inflamed by War, the Laws, Agriculture, and Arts, decay and languiſh; even the beſt Princes, while they are ingaged in a War, are forced to commit the greateſt of Evils, namely, to tolerate Licentiouſneſs, and make uſe of wicked Men. How many profligate Villains, who would be puniſhed during a Peace, muſt yet not only be connived at, but their Audaciouſneſs muſt be recompenſed during a War? Never had any Nation a conquering Sovereign, without being expoſed to great Hardſhips on Account of his Ambition. A Conqueror, grown giddy with his Glory, is almoſt as ruinous to his own victorious People, as to the Nations he ſubdues. A Prince who wants the neceſſary Qualifications for Peace, cannot make his Subjects reliſh the Fruits of a ſucceſsful War when ended: He is like a Man who can defend his own Field againſt his Neighbour, and perhaps uſurp that of his Neighbour too; but can neither plough nor ſow his Grounds, in order to reap the Harveſt. Such a Man ſeems born to deſtroy, lay waſte, turn the World upſide-down, and not to render a People happy by a wiſe Government.

Now

Now let us come to the pacifick King: It is true, he is not cut out for great Conqueſts, that is to ſay, his Head is not turned to diſturb the Tranquillity of his People, by endeavouring to ſubjugate other Nations, who owe him no legal Obedience; but if he is truly fit to govern in Peace, he has all the Qualifications that are neceſſary to ſecure his Subjects againſt their Enemies. And the Reaſon is plain: He is juſt, moderate, and eaſy, with reſpect to his Neighbours; he never attempts to do any Thing againſt them that may diſturb the Publick Peace; he is faithful in his Alliances; his Allies love him; they are not indeed in fear of him, becauſe they place an entire Confidence in him. If he chances to have ſome reſtleſs, haughty, and ambitious Neighbour, all the other Kings, who fear that troubleſome and turbulent Neighbour, and in no wiſe diſtruſt the peaceful King, join themſelves in Confederacy with that good King, and keep him from being oppreſs'd: His Uprightneſs, his Probity, his Moderation, make him the Arbiter of all States that border upon his. Whilſt the ambitious, enterprizing King is odious to all the neighbouring Kings, and inceſſantly in Danger of having Leagues formed againſt him, the peaceful Prince has the Honour of being as it were the Father and Guardian of all the other Kings. Theſe are the Advantages he has Abroad. Thoſe he enjoys at Home are ſtill more ſubſtantial. Since he is adapted to govern in Peace, he will certainly govern according to the wiſeſt Laws. He diſcountenances Extravagance, Idleneſs, Luxury, and all thoſe Arts which ſerve for nothing but to propagate Vice: But thoſe that are uſeful and ſubſervient to the real Occaſions of Life, he promotes; more particularly, he cauſes his Subjects to apply themſelves to Agriculture, and thereby procures them Plenty of all Things neceſſary. This laborious People, plain in their Manners, accuſtomed to a moderate Way of living, and gaining an eaſy Livelihood by the Culture of their Lands, are every Day multiplying without End. You behold in this Kingdom an infinite Number of People

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and thoſe ſound of Body, vigorous, and ſtrong: Not unman'd by Pleaſure, but exerciſed and trained up in Virtue; not addicted to the Enjoyments of an effeminate laſcivious Life: A People that can deſpiſe Death; that had rather chuſe to die than loſe the Liberty they enjoy under a wiſe King, who only reigns that he may make Reaſon reign. Let now a neighbouring Conqueror attack this People, perhaps he may find them not ſo expert in pitching a Camp, or drawing up an Army for Battle, or beſieging a Town; but he will find them invincible by their Numbers, their Courage, their unwearied Patience, their Familiarity with hard Living, their Vigour in Battle, and their unſhaken Virtue, which cannot be abated even by ill Succeſs. Moreover, if this King has not Experience enough to command his Armies himſelf, he may command them by his Lieutenants, whom he may make Uſe of without impairing his own Authority. Mean while he will receive Succour from his Allies; his Subjects will chuſe Death rather than the Yoke of another, who is violent and deſpotick; nay, the Gods themſelves will fight for him: Theſe are the Helps and Advantages he will find amidſt his greateſt Dangers. I conclude therefore, that the pacifick King, who is unverſed in War, is a very imperfect King, ſince he cannot acquit himſelf of one of his moſt important Functions, namely that of overcoming his Enemies; but at the ſame Time, I add, he is infinitely ſuperior to a conquering King, who is wanting in the Qualifications neceſſary for governing in Peace, and is only fit for War.

I perceived many in the Aſſembly could not reliſh this Opinion (*g*): For the greateſt Part of Mankind, dazzled by glaring Objects, ſuch as Victories and Con-

(*g*) The People, ſays *Guicciardin*, accuſed *Ferdinand* of Avarice, becauſe they were ſo ſtupid and blind, as to prefer the Pomp and Prodigality of a King who oppreſſes them, before the wiſe Oeconomy of him who husbands their Subſtance.

queſts,

queſts, prefer them to that which is ſimple, quiet, and ſolid, ſuch as the Peace and Well-governing of a Kingdom. But the Antients all declared that I had ſpoken the Sentiments of *Minos*. The firſt of thoſe old Men cried out, Now do I ſee one of *Apollo*'s well-known Oracles fully accompliſhed: For *Minos* had conſulted the God to know how long his Progeny would reign according to the Laws he had newly eſtabliſhed. The God anſwered, Thy Offspring will ceaſe to reign, when a Stranger ſhall come into thy Iſland, and cauſe thy Laws to reign therein. We feared leſt ſome Stranger ſhould come and make a Conqueſt of the Iſle of *Crete*; but *Idomeneus*'s Misfortune, and the Wiſdom of the Son of *Ulyſſes*, who of all Mortals beſt underſtands the Laws of *Minos*, do plainly point out to us the Meaning of the Oracle. Why then do we delay to crown him, whom the Deſtinies appoint to be our King?

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *relates how he refuſed the Kingdom of* Crete *to return into* Ithaca; *how he propoſed to the People to elect* Mentor, *who alſo refuſed the Diadem; that then the Aſſembly preſſing* Mentor *to chuſe for the whole Nation, he related to them the Account he had had of the Virtues of* Ariſtodemus, *who thereupon was proclaimed King that very Moment; that after this,* Mentor *and he embarked for* Ithaca; *but that* Neptune, *to pleaſure* Venus, *raiſed the late Storm, and ſhipwreck'd their Veſſel, after which the Goddeſs* Calypſo *received them into her Iſland.*

HERE-

HEreupon the old Men went out of the ſacred Wood, and the firſt of them taking me by the Hand, declared to the People, who were now grown impatient to know the Reſult, that I had won the Prize. He had ſcarce ſaid the Word, when there was heard a confuſed Noiſe throughout the whole Aſſembly. Every one gives a Shout for Joy. The Shore and all the neighbouring Hills rung again with a general Acclamation, *Let the Son of* Ulyſſes, *who is a ſecond* Minos, *reign over the* Cretans.

I waited a while, and then making a Sign with my Hand, I deſired to be heard: In the mean Time *Mentor* whiſpered me, What! will you renounce your Country? Will your Luſt of reigning make you forget *Penelope*, who now expects you as her laſt and only Hope; and the great *Ulyſſes*, whom the Gods have reſolved to reſtore to you? Theſe Words cut me to the Heart, and oppugn'd my Deſire of a Crown. But now the profound Silence of the tumultuous Aſſembly, gave me Occaſion thus to proceed: O illuſtrious *Cretans!* I am not worthy to command over you: The Oracle you mentioned ſhews indeed that the Race of *Minos* ſhall ceaſe to reign, when a Stranger ſhall come into the Iſland, and cauſe the Laws of that wiſe King to reign therein; but it is not ſaid that that Stranger ſhall reign. I will ſuppoſe I am the Stranger pointed at by the Oracle; I have fulfilled the Prediction, I am come into this Iſland, I have diſcovered the true Senſe of the Laws, and I wiſh my Explanation may contribute to make them flouriſh with the Man whom you ſhall chuſe: As for me, I prefer my own Country, the little Iſland of *Ithaca*, before the hundred Cities of *Crete*, with all their Wealth and Glory. Suffer me to follow where the Fates direct. That I entered your Liſts here, was not in Hopes of a Crown, but only to merit your Eſteem and Compaſſion, and that I might be furniſhed by you with Neceſſaries for my ſpeedy Re-

turn into my native Country (*h*): I much rather chuſe to obey my Father *Ulyſſes*, and comfort my Mother *Penelope*, than command over all the Nations of the Univerſe. O *Cretans*, you ſee my real Sentiments: I muſt leave you, but nothing ſhall ever put an End to my Gratitude but Death alone: Yes, *Telemachus* will love the *Cretans* to his laſt Gaſp of Life, and be no leſs concerned for their Honour than his own.

I had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when there aroſe throughout the whole Aſſembly a murmuring Noiſe, like the Billows of the Sea daſhing againſt each other in a Storm: Some asked, (*i*) Is it not ſome God in human Shape? Others ſaid they had ſeen me in their reſpective Countries, and knew me again: Others cried, let us force him to accept of the Crown. At laſt, I reſumed my Diſcourſe, and every one was preſently ſilent, as not knowing but I was going to accept what I had at firſt refuſed. I ſpoke to them thus.

Suffer me, O you *Cretans*, to tell you my true Thoughts: You are the wiſeſt of all Nations; but methinks Wiſdom requires a Precaution which you ſeem to have forgot; you ought to fix your Choice (*k*), not on

(*h*) A Sentiment very oppoſite to that which *Caſar* drew from *Euripides*: (*How glorious a Thing is it to depart from Equity, and forſake Virtue for a Crown!*) But what can a People expect from a Prince who aſcends a Throne by Methods that ought to exclude him from it?

(*i*) This was the common Opinion of thoſe who beheld any extraordinary Perſon, becauſe, as *Homer* ſays, when the Gods are pleaſed to ſhew themſelves viſibly, they cannot chuſe a Shape more ſuitable to their Majeſty than that of Man. We read in *Herodotus*, that *Piſiſtraſtus* found Means to get into the Citadel of *Athens* by Help of a Woman of more than ordinary Beauty, who paſſed for the Goddeſs *Minerva*, and by that Means procured the Gates to be opened to him.

(*k*) There is a vaſt Difference between a great Philoſopher and a great King. *James* the Firſt, King of *England*, had ſtudied the Art of Reigning from the wiſeſt Politicks of Antiquity: And yet Hiſtory has ranked him among the ordinary Princes. *Plato*, with all his fine Notions of Government, met with but very poor Succeſs at the Court of *Dionyſius* of *Syracuſe*.

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that Man who beſt argues about the Laws, but him who is moſt ſteady and conſtant in the Practice of them. For my Part, I am young, and conſequently unexperienced, obnoxious to the Hurry of Paſſions, and more fit to learn, by obeying, how to command hereafter, than to command at preſent. Therefore ſeek not a Man that has overcome others in thoſe Trials both of Body and Mind, but one that has overcome himſelf: Look out for a Man who has your Laws written upon the Table of his Heart, and whoſe Life is a continued Comment on thoſe Laws: Let his Actions, rather than his Words, influence your Election.

All the old Men, charmed with this Diſcourſe, and ſeeing the Applauſes of the Aſſembly ſtill increaſe, ſaid to me: Since the Gods leave us without Hope to ſee you reign among us, at leaſt be ſo kind as to aſſiſt us in finding out a King that will cauſe our Laws to reign. Do you know any Perſon that can command with that Moderation you ſpeak of? I know a Man anſwered I, to whom I am beholden for all you have valued in me: 'Tis his Wiſdom, and not mine, that has been ſpeaking to you; 'tis his Suggeſtions that have inſpired me with all the Anſwers you heard juſt now.

And now the whole Aſſembly caſt their Eyes upon *Mentor*, whom I ſhewed to them, holding him by the Hand: I recounted to them the Care he had taken of me from my Infancy, the Dangers he had delivered me from, the Misfortunes which came pouring in upon me whenever I began to ſwerve from his Counſels. At firſt the People did not take much Notice of *Mentor*, becauſe of his negligent Dreſs, his unconcerned Countenance, his being ſo very backward to ſpeak, and his cold and reſerved Carriage. But when they viewed him more attentively, they diſcovered in his Countenance ſomething that was unſpeakably great, firm, and elevated; they took notice of the Vivacity of his Eyes, and the Briſkneſs with which he performed the leaſt Action; they asked him ſeveral Queſtions, and were ſtruck with Admiration at the Anſwers he gave; they reſolved to make

him their King; but he excuſed himſelf, without the leaſt Diſcompoſure: He told them that he prefer'd the Sweets of a private Life, before the Pomp of Royalty; that even the beſt Kings were unhappy, in that they hardly ever did the Good they were inclined to do, and often did the Miſchief they never intended, through the Influence and Inſinuation of Flatterers. He added, that if Servitude is miſerable, Royalty is no leſs ſo, ſince it is but a diſguiſed Servitude (*l*). Be a Man (ſaid he) ever ſo much a King, he is ſtill dependant upon all thoſe whom he ſtands in need of to ſupport his own Authority. Happy he who is not obliged to command over others! 'Tis only to one's own Country, when ſhe inveſts us with the Authority, that we ought to ſacrifice our Liberty for the Sake of the publick Good.

The *Cretans*, upon this, not being able to recover from their Surprize, aſked him what Man they ought to chuſe? A Man, replied he, that knows every one of you well, ſince he muſt govern you; and at the ſame Time is ſhy of governing you. The Man that deſires Sovereignty, knows not what it is; and how then will he diſcharge the Duties of it, if he does not know them? He courts a Crown for himſelf, whereas you ought to deſire ſuch a one as only accepts it for your Sake, and not his own.

The *Cretans* were ſtrangely ſurprized to ſee theſe two Foreigners refuſe a Crown, of which ſo many others are ſo fond: They enquired in what Company they came thither? *Nauſicrates*, who had conducted them from the Port to the *Circus*, where the Games were celebrated, ſhewed them *Hazael*, with whom *Mentor* and myſelf were come from the Iſle of *Cyprus*; but their Wonder was ſtill greater, when they heard

(*l*) The moſt imperious Princes muſt bear with a great deal from thoſe who are neceſſary to them; they are obliged very often to keep fair even with the moſt obſcure People. *Lewis* the XI. was expoſed very much to the Ill-humour and odd Fancies of *Coquetier* his Phyſician, whom he did not dare to part with.

that

that *Mentor* had been *Hazael*'s Slave; that *Hazael*, moved with a deep Senſe of his Slave's Wiſdom and Virtue, had made him his Counſellor and chief Friend; that that Slave, who was now ſet free, was the ſame who refuſed to be their King; and that *Hazael* was come from *Damaſcus* to *Syria*, to inſtruct himſelf in the Laws of *Minos*; ſo fond was his Heart to attain Wiſdom.

The Antients ſaid to *Hazael*, We dare not deſire you to rule over us, for we ſuppoſe your Thoughts are the ſame with *Mentor*'s; Men are too deſpicable in your Eye, for you to take the Trouble of conducting them: Beſides, you ſit ſo looſe to the Love of Riches, and the Luſtre of Sovereignty, that you would not purchaſe them at the Expenſe of your Liberty, and with the Fatigues and Painfulneſs that is inſeparable from Rule and Government. *Hazael* anſwered, Do not think, O *Cretans*, that I deſpiſe Mankind; no, I very well underſtand how great and noble a Thing it is to make them good and happy; but that Employment is full of Trouble and Danger; the Luſtre that attends it is but a falſe Glaring, and can dazzle the Eyes of none but the Vain and the Shallow. Life is ſhort; Greatneſs and Exaltation do more provoke the Paſſions than gratify them. My Deſign in coming ſo far was not to purchaſe thoſe falſe Goods, but only to learn to be eaſy without them. Adieu; I have no other Thought than to return to a peaceful and ſequeſter'd Life, where Wiſdom ſhall nouriſh and entertain my Soul, and where the Hopes that reſult from Virtue, in reſpect to another Life after Death, ſhall comfort me under the Chagrins and Uneaſineſſes of old Age. If I were to wiſh for any Thing, it ſhould not be to be a King; it ſhould be, never to be parted from thoſe two Men that ſtand before you.

At laſt the *Cretans* cried out, (directing themſelves to *Mentor*) You, the wiſeſt and greateſt of all Mortals, tell us whom we ſhall chuſe to be our King; for we will not ſuffer you to depart, till you have directed us

where to fix our Choice. To which he anſwered; whilſt I was among the Crowd of the Spectators, I obſerved a certain hail old Man, who ſhewed no Manner of Solicitude or Concern: I aſked him who he was? They told me his Name was *Ariſtodemus*. Afterwards I heard ſomebody telling him that his two Sons were among the Combatants, which did not ſeem to give him any Manner of Joy; but he ſaid, that as for the one, he did not wiſh him the Dangers that attend a Crown; and as for the other, he loved his Country too well ever to give his Vote that he ſhould reign. By this I came to underſtand that the Father had a rational Love for one of his Sons, who is good and virtuous, and that he did not indulge the other in his Irregularities. My Curioſity ſtill encreaſing, I enquired into the old Man's Life and Character: One of your Citizens anſwered me, he has borne Arms a long Time, and his Body is full of Scars; but his Sincerity and Plain-dealing had rendered him troubleſome to *Idomeneus*, which was the Reaſon that King did not employ him in the Siege of *Troy*. He feared a Man, who would give thoſe wiſe Counſels which he could not find in his Heart to follow; he was even jealous of the Glory which that Man in a little Time would infallibly have acquired; he overlooked all his former Services; and has left him here, indigent and obnoxious to the Scorn of thoſe ſordid Souls who value nothing but Riches: But, contented with his Poverty, he lives a chearful Life in a retired Part of the Iſland, where he tills his Grounds with his own Hands. One of his Sons works with him; they have a reciprocal Love for each other, and they are happy by their Frugality; and by their Labour, they ſupply themſelves with Plenty of every Thing that is neceſſary to a plain Way of Living; they are under no Want, but rather abound: This wiſe old Man beſtows on the ſick Poor of his Neighbourhood, all that he can ſpare from his own Exigencies and his Son's. He ſets all young People to work, is their Adviſer, their Inſtruſtor; he determines all the Controverſies

troverſies amongſt his Neighbours; and is, as it were, the Father of all Families: The Misfortune of his own is, that he has a ſecond Son, who would never follow any Advice that he gave him. The Father having borne with him a long while, in Hopes he would reform, has at laſt turned him out; and he, upon this, has given free Reins to Pride, and Ambition, and all Sorts of diſſolute Pleaſures.

This, O ye *Cretans*, is what I have been informed; you can beſt tell how true it is. But if that Man is ſuch as they deſcribed him to me, what need you celebrate any Games? Why do you aſſemble ſo many unknown Perſons? You have among you a Man who knows you, and whom you know; one who underſtands War, who has ſhewn his Courage not only againſt Darts and Arrows, but againſt formidable Poverty; one who has deſpiſed Riches, when purchaſed by Flattery: One who loves Labour, and knows how uſeful Agriculture is to a Nation; who abhors Pomp and State; who ſuffers not himſelf to be ſoftened by an implicit Fondneſs for his Children, but loves the Virtue of the one, and condemns the Vices of the other: In a Word, a Man who is already the Father of the People. This, this is your King, if you truly deſire to have the Laws of the wiſe *Minos* reign among you.

All the People cried out, 'Tis true, *Ariſtodemus* is ſuch as you deſcribe him; 'tis he that deſerves to reign. Upon this the old Men ordered he ſhould be call'd: They fetched him from among the Crowd, where he was mingled with the meaner Sort: He ſeem'd calm and unconcern'd. They declared that they had made him King. He anſwered, I cannot conſent to it, but upon theſe three Conditions; (*m*)

(*m*) The Qualities of Princes are never barren; they never fail of producing Imitators even in their very Virtues. Moſt of our Kings have been true-hearted, humane, and generous; Qualities which have always been oftener found in *France* than elſewhere!

firſt,

firſt, that I ſhall reſign my Dignity in two Years Time, in caſe I cannot make you reform your Lives, and you remain incorrigible and refractory to the Laws; ſecondly, that I ſhall be free to continue in a plain and ſimple Way of Living; and thirdly, that my Children ſhall have no Rank or Precedence, and that after my Death they ſhall be treated with no other Diſtiction than what their Merit entitles them to, like the reſt of the Citizens.

At theſe Words, a thouſand Acclamations of Joy were ſent to Heaven, and rent the very Air. The Diadem was put upon *Ariſtodemus*'s Head by the Antients, who were the Guardians of the Laws. And afterwards they offered Sacrifices to *Jupiter*, and the other great Gods. *Ariſtodemus* made us Preſents, not with that Magnificence which is uſual to Kings, but with a noble Simplicily. He gave to *Hazael* the Laws of *Minos*, written with *Minos*'s own Hand; he likewiſe gave him a Collection of the whole Hiſtory of *Crete*, from *Saturn*, and the Golden Age: He ſent on board his Ship all Kinds of the choiceſt Fruits that grow in *Crete*, that are unknown in *Syria*, and offered him all the Aſſiſtance he had Occaſion for.

Seeing us preſſing to depart, he cauſed a Veſſel to be got ready, well manned, and armed: He gave us alſo Variety of Clothes, and all Manner of Proviſions. At that very Inſtant, the Wind came fair for *Ithaca*; but being contrary for *Hazael*, obliged him to wait longer: He ſaw us to the Ship, and embraced us as dear Friends, whom he was never more to ſee. However, ſaid he, the Gods are juſt; they know that Virtue is the only Cement of our Friendſhip: They will one Day bring us together again in thoſe fortunate Fields, where the Good and the Juſt are ſaid to enjoy an eternal Tranquillity after Death. There ſhall our Souls rejoin, never to be parted more. O that my Aſhes might be gathered up with yours! In pronouncing theſe laſt Words, he poured forth plenteous Tears, and his Voice was ſtifled with interrupting Sighs:

Sighs: We wept no leſs than he, and in this Condition we paſſed on to our Ship. As for *Ariſtodemus*, he ſaid to us, It is you that have been the Occaſion of making me King: Remember what Dangers you have expoſed me to, and therefore beg the Gods to inſpire me with true Wiſdom, and to make me as far ſurpaſs other Men in Moderation, as I am above them in Authority. For my Part, I beſeech them to conduct you ſafe to your own Country, there to put a ſtop to the Inſolence of your Enemies, and bleſs you with the Sight of *Ulyſſes* reigning with his dear *Penelope* in Peace. *Telemachus*, I give you a good Ship, full of able Mariners and Soldiers; they may be of Service to you againſt thoſe unjuſt Men who perſecute your Mother. O *Mentor!* your (*n*) Wiſdom, which ſtands in need of nothing, leaves me no Room to wiſh you any Thing! Go both in Peace, and live together happy. Remember *Ariſtodemus*; and if ever the *Ithacians* have occaſion for the *Cretans*, rely upon me as long as I breathe vital Air. He embraced us, and we could not retain our Tears as we returned him our Thanks.

Mean while the Wind, which filled our bellying Sails, ſeemed to promiſe us a pleaſant Voyage: Already Mount *Ida* was no more in our Sight than as a ſmall Hill; the Shore diſappeared; the Coaſt of *Peloponneſus* ſeemed to advance into the Sea, to meet us in our Way. But of a ſudden, a lowering Tempeſt wrapped up the Face of Heaven, and called forth every Billow of the Sea. The Day was changed into Night, and Death ſtood threatening before us. O *Neptune!* 'tis you have excited all the watry Empire againſt us with your ſtately Trident. *Venus*, in Revenge for our having deſpiſed her, even in her Temple of *Cythera*,

(*n*) Such is the Advantage and Pre-eminence of Wiſdom. She is all-ſufficient of herſelf, nor do the Coffers of the richeſt Kings afford any Thing which ſhe cannot do without. *The Gods ſtand in need of nothing, and the wiſe Man of a very few Things*, ſaid *Socrates*.

had been with that God, and ſpoke to him with Grief; her beauteous Eyes were diſſolved in Tears; ſhe ſpoke with all the inſinuating Charms ſhe was Miſtreſs of, (at leaſt, this is what *Mentor*, who is acquainted with celeſtial Things, has aſſured me.) O *Neptune*, ſaid ſhe, will you ſuffer thoſe impious Wretches with Impunity to mock my Power? The Gods themſelves are ſubject to it; and theſe raſh Mortals have dared to cenſure the Tranſactions of my Iſland; they pride themſelves in a Wiſdom proof againſt all Attacks, and look upon Love as Folly and Madneſs. Have you forgot that I was born in your Dominion? Why haſten you not to bury in your deep Abyſſes thoſe two Wretches, who are grown intolerable to me?

While theſe Words were in her Mouth, *Neptune* uplifted the boiſterous Waves to Heaven, and *Venus* ſmiled, believing our Wreck inevitable. Our Pilot, being at his Wit's-end, cried out, he could no longer withſtand the Violence of the Winds, which drove us upon the Rocks: A dreadful Guſt broke our Maſt, and a Moment after we felt the ſharp-pointed Rocks ſplitting the Bottom of the Ship. The Water enters at ſeveral Places; the Ship begins to ſink; all the Crew ſend forth lamentable Cries up to Heaven. I embraced *Mentor*, and ſaid to him, Behold, Death now preſents itſelf before us, we muſt receive it with Courage; the Gods have delivered us from ſo many Perils only to deſtroy us this Day: Let us die, O *Mentor*, let us die! 'Tis a Comfort to me that I die with you: 'Tis in vain to contend againſt the Tempeſt.

Mentor anſwered, True Courage is never without ſome Reſourſe; it is not enough to be ready to give Death a calm and unconcerned Reception; we ought, without fearing it, to do our utmoſt to keep it off. Let you and I take one of theſe Rowers Seats. Whilſt that Multitude of timorous and diſordered Men lament the Loſs of Life, without uſing the Means to preſerve it, let us not loſe a Moment to ſave ourſelves

ſelves (*o*). Upon this he takes a Hatchet, and cuts off the Maſt that was already broke, which hanging into the Sea, had made the Ship lean on one Side: The Maſt being thus ſevered from the Stump, he ſhoves it out of the Ship, and throws himſelf upon it amidſt the furious Waves; then, calling me by my Name, encouraged me to follow. As a large Tree, which all the conſpiring Winds at once attack, yet remains unmoveable at the deep Root, ſo that the Storm can only ſhake its Leaves; thus *Mentor*, not only reſolute and courageous, but alſo ſerene and unmoved, ſeemed to command the Winds and Sea. I followed him; for who could have forborn it, being encouraged by him? And now we ſteer ourſelves upon the floating Maſt: It proved a mighty Help to us; for we could ſit aſtride on it; whereas if we had been forced to ſwim, our Strength had ſoon been ſpent. But the Storm did often overſet that mighty Piece of Timber, and we were ſunk into the briny Waves; we drank in large Draughts of the brackiſh Element, and returned it thro' our Mouths, our Noſtrils, and our Ears, and were conſtrained to make our Way thro' the Waves, once more to get upon the Maſt; ſometimes a Billow, Mountain-high, came whelming over our Heads; then we held faſt. for fear that violent Shock ſhould deprive us of our only Hope, the maſſy Beam.

Whilſt we were in this dreadful Condition, *Mentor*, as undiſturbed as now he ſits upon this verdant Turf, ſaid to me, Do you think, O *Telemachus*, that your Life is at the Mercy of the Winds and Waves? Do you believe they can deſtroy us unleſs the Gods have appointed it? No, no: The Gods determine and overrule all Things. 'Tis therefore the Gods, and not the Sea, you ought to fear. Were you at the Bottom of

(*o*) By a Stratagem much like this, did *Ulyſſes* eſcape Shipwreck, and get aſhore on the Iſland of the *Phæacians*. *Homer* thereby makes good his grand Maxim, which has framed ſo many Heroes: *The ſureſt Way to eſcape Danger, is not to fear it.*

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theſe Abyſſes, the Hand of *Jupiter* could draw you forth; and were you on *Olympus* Top, treading the Stars beneath your Feet, *Jupiter* could ſink you to the loweſt Abyſs, or caſt you down headlong into the Flames of dreadful *Tartarus*. I liſtened to and admired his Speech, which gave me ſome Conſolation; but I was not ſufficiently Maſter of myſelf to anſwer him. At length he ceas'd to ſee me, and I him. We paſſed a whole Night, ſhaking with Cold, and half dead, without knowing whither the Storm would drive us. And now the Winds began to be appeaſed, and the roaring Sea reſembled one who having been long angry, has almoſt ſpent his Spirits, and felt only the Remains of a ruffled Motion. Thus the Sea, growing weary of its own Fury, made but an hollow rumbling Noiſe, and the Waves were hardly higher than the Ridges of the Land betwixt two Furrows in a Field that is ploughed.

Mean while *Aurora* open'd to the Sun the Gates of Heaven, and gave us Hopes of a fair pleaſant Day. The whole Orient was on Fire; and the Stars, which had been ſo long concealed, began to ſhew themſelves once more; but fled away when *Phœbus* firſt began to unfold his glorious Beams, and gild the Verge of Day. At Diſtance we deſcried Land, and the Wind wafted us towards it. I felt Hope reviving in my Heart, but we ſaw not any of our Companions: In all Likelihood their Courage failed them, and the Tempeſt ſunk them with the Ship. Being come pretty near the Shore, the Sea drove us againſt the craggy Rocks, which were like to have beat us to Pieces; but we were diligent to ſend them off from us with the End of our Maſt, and *Mentor* made the ſame Uſe of it as a wiſe Steerſman does of the beſt Rudder. Thus we eſcaped thoſe dreadful Rocks, and found at laſt a clear and level Coaſt, where ſwimming without any Hindrance, we at laſt touched the ſandy Shore. There it was that you ſaw us, O mighty Goddeſs, who inhabit the Iſland. There it was that you vouchſafed to receive us into your Protection.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

CALYPSO *admires* Telemachus *in his Adventures, and omits nothing that she thinks will keep him in her Island and engage him in a Passion for her.* Mentor *supports* Telemachus *by his Remonstrances against the Artifices of that Goddess, and against* Cupid, *whom* Venus *had brought to her Assistance: Nevertheless,* Telemachus *and the Nymph* Eucharis *soon feel a mutual Passion, which at first stirs up the Jealousy of* Calypso, *and afterwards her Rage against the two Lovers. She swears by the* Stygian *Lake that* Telemachus *shall be gone from her Island;* Cupid *goes and comforts her, and*

and puts her Nymphs upon burning a Ship built by Mentor, *juſt as the latter was dragging* Telemachus *to embark in it.* Telemachus *feels a ſecret Joy at ſeeing the Ship in Flames; which* Mentor *perceiving, puſhes him into the Sea, and throws himſelf in after him, in order to ſwim to another Ship which they ſaw near that Coaſt.*

WHEN *Telemachus* had ended his Speech, all the Nymphs, whoſe Eyes had been immoveably fixed upon him during the Relation, now turning to one another, aſked among themſelves, aſtoniſhed, who are theſe Men ſo cheriſhed by the Gods? Who ever heard ſuch wonderful Adventures? *Ulyſſes*'s Son already outſtrips his Father in Eloquence, in Wiſdom, and in Valour! What a Look! What Beauty! What Sweetneſs! What Modeſty! But withal, what Nobleneſs and Grandeur! If we did not know that he is the Son of a Mortal, we might eaſily take him either for *Bacchus*, *Mercury*, or even the mighty *Apollo*. But who is this *Mentor*, who looks like a plain, obſcure, and ordinary Man? When one views him narrowly, we ſee in him ſomething more than human.

Calypſo liſten'd to this Diſcourſe with a Concern which he could not poſſibly conceal (*p*); her Eyes inceſſantly travelled from *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, and from *Telemachus* to *Mentor*. Sometimes ſhe was for hav-

(*p*) Moſt of our Poets have painted out Love with ſuch Colours as are fitter to recommend it than render it odious; and, to ſpeak their own Language, they have forged the Shafts of that God. Tragedy, which according to the wiſe Rules laid down by *Ariſtotle*, ought to be the Reformer of Manners, and the School of Virtue, is by the Abuſe they have made of it, become the Bait and Incentive of the moſt dangerous Paſſion. Our Author, indeed, repreſents Love with all its Charms; but then it is accompanied with all its Dangers too, ſo that he makes the one ſerve for a Preſervative againſt the other.

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ing *Telemachus* repeat again that long Story of his Adventures; then, on a ſudden, ſhe checked herſelf: At laſt, riſing abruptly from her Seat, ſhe took *Telemachus* aſide into a Grove of Myrtles, where ſhe endeavoured by all Manner of Arts to know from him, if *Mentor* was not a Deity concealed beneath the Form of a Man? *Telemachus* could not inform her; for *Minerva*, who accompanied him under the Shape of *Mentor*, had not revealed herſelf to him, becauſe of his green Years: She did not as yet ſufficiently confide in his Secrecy, to intruſt him with the Knowledge of her Deſign; beſides, ſhe was willing to make a Trial of him in the greateſt Dangers; and had he known that *Minerva* was with him, ſuch a Support had made him too preſuming, and he would, without any Difficulty, have deſpiſed the moſt terrifying Accidents. Thus he took *Minerva* for *Mentor*, and all the Artifices of *Calypſo* could not diſcover what ſhe deſired to know.

In the mean Time, all the Nymphs gathering round *Mentor*, were very eager in asking him Queſtions: One of them enquired concerning the Particulars of his Travels into *Æthiopia*; another wanted to know what he had obſerved at *Damaſcas*; another queſtioned him whether he was formerly acquainted with *Ulyſſes* before the Siege of *Troy*. He anſwered all of them in a complaiſant Manner, and tho' his Words were plain, yet they were very obliging. *Calypſo* did not leave them long in this Converſation, but broke it off by coming up to them; and whilſt her Nymphs betook themſelves to gather Flowers, ſinging all the while, for *Telemachus*'s Amuſement, ſhe took *Mentor* aſide to ſound him, and make him diſcover who he was. The ſoft balſamick Dew of Sleep glides not more gently into the heavy Eyes and weary Limbs of one that is fatigued, than did the flattering Words of the Goddeſs, in order to bewitch the Heart of *Mentor*; but ſtill ſhe met with ſomething that repelled her Efforts, and mocked her Charms: Juſt like a ſteep Rock, which buries its aſpiring Brow in the Clouds, and defies the Rage of the buf-

buffeting Winds, *Mentor*, unſhaken in his wiſe Reſolves, ſuffered the preſſing Importunities of *Calypſo*; nay, ſometimes he gave her Hopes ſhe ſhould enſnare him in her Queſtions, and draw forth the Truth from the Depth of his Heart; but in the Inſtant when ſhe thought ſhe ſhould certainly ſatisfy her Curioſity, her Hopes were diſperſed and vaniſhed quite away; what ſhe fancied ſhe held faſt, did on a ſudden ſlip from her, and one ſhort Anſwer from *Mentor* threw her back into her former Uncertainty.

Thus ſhe ſpent whole Days, now flattering *Telemachus*, and then ſeeking Means to remove him from *Mentor*, from whom ſhe deſpaired of ever getting the Secret: She made Uſe of her faireſt Nymphs to kindle the Flame of Love in young *Telemachus*'s Heart; and a Deity more powerful than herſelf vouchſafed her Aſſiſtance.

Venus, ſtill full of Reſentment for the Contempt which *Mentor* and *Telemachus* had ſhewn of the Worſhip that was paid her in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, could never be pacified ſo long as ſhe ſaw theſe two raſh Mortals ſafe from the Storm excited by *Neptune*. She preferred her Complaints to *Jupiter*: And the Father of the Gods, ſmiling, but not diſcovering to her that *Minerva* under *Mentor*'s Shape had preſerved *Ulyſſes*'s Son, gave her free Leave to revenge herſelf upon thoſe two Men. She quits *Olympus*, neglects the ſweet Perfumes that are burning on her Altars at *Paphos*, *Cythera*, and *Idalia*; flies in her Chariot drawn by Doves, calls her Son *Cupid*, and adorned with new Charms, not in the leaſt leſſened by the Grief ſhe was under, ſhe thus beſpeaks him: Doſt thou not, my Son, behold thoſe two Men, who ſcorn thy Power and mine? Who for the future will pay Adoration to us? Go, and with thy ſureſt Arrows pierce their inſenſible Hearts; deſcend with me into that Iſland; there I will talk with *Calypſo*. She ſpoke, and cleaving the Air with a Golden Cloud, preſented herſelf to *Calypſo*, who, at that Moment,

ment, was alone, ſeated on the Edge of a Fountain, at ſome Diſtance from her Grotto.

Unhappy Goddeſs, ſaid ſhe to her, the ungrateful *Ulyſſes* has contemptuouſly forſaken you; the Son, yet more obdurate than his Father, is preparing the ſame Treatment for you; but *Love* himſelf is come to avenge your Cauſe: I'll leave him with you; he ſhall remain among your Nymphs, as did young *Bacchus* heretofore, when bred amongſt the Nymphs of *Naxos* Iſle. *Telemachus* will look upon him as an innocent Child, will conceive no Diſtruſt of him, but will ſoon feel the Effects of his Power. She ſpoke, and, re-aſcending into the gilded Cloud, ſhe left behind her an ambroſial Odour, perfuming all *Calypſo*'s Woods and Thickets round.

Cupid remained in *Calypſo*'s Arms: She (*q*), though a Goddeſs, felt a ſecret Flame already creeping in her Boſom. To relieve herſelf ſhe preſently gave him to a Nymph who was near at Hand, called *Eucharis*; but alas! how often afterwards did ſhe repent the doing it? At firſt nothing appeared more innocent, more gentle, more amiable, more ingenious, more benign, than this Child. To ſee him always ſprightly, gay, and jocund, one would have thought he could have inſpired nothing but Pleaſure; but as ſoon as one begins to truſt his fond Careſſes, a ſtrange unaccountable Poiſon is preſently felt. The malicious, deceitful Boy, never careſſed any but with Deſign to betray them, and never laughed but at the Miſchiefs he had done, or meant to do. He durſt not approach near *Mentor*, whoſe Severity frightened him away; beſides, he was ſenſible that that unknown Perſon was invulnerable to any of his Arrows. As for the Nymphs, they ſoon

(*q*) Eminence of Degree is no Security againſt the Arrows of Love. *Homer* numbers up a Multitude of Goddeſſes, who felt ſome Weakneſs for ordinary Mortals; but, he adds in the ſame Place, that theſe ill-matched Amours are diſapproved of by the Gods. He is fearful leſt a wrong Uſe ſhould be made of his Fiction.

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felt the Fires this artful Boy had kindled, but they carefully concealed the deep Wounds which rankled in their Breasts.

Mean while *Telemachus*, seeing the Boy thus toying with the Nymphs, was surprised with his innocent Prettiness; he embraces him, takes him sometimes on his Knee, and sometimes in his Arms; he perceives within himself an Inquietude, the Cause whereof he cannot discover; the more he indulges to his Play, the more is he disordered. See you these Nymphs, said he to *Mentor?* How different are they from those *Cyprian* Women, whose very Beauty was offensive because of their Lasciviousness! But these immortal Beauties shew an Innocence, a Modesty, a Simplicity, that is all over charming. He blushed in saying this, but knew not why: He could not with all his Power forbear to speak of them, but scarce could he proceed when once he had begun: His Words were broken, dark, and sometimes without Sense or Meaning.

Mentor says to him, O *Telemachus!* the Dangers of the Isle of *Cyprus* were nothing compared with those which now you don't mistrust. Bare-faced Lewdness strikes Horror, and brutish Impudence creates an Indignation in us; but modest Beauty is yet more dangerous. In loving it we think we love nought but Virtue, and insensibly give way to the fallacious Enticements of a Passion, which we scarce perceive till it is almost too late to extinguish it. Fly, O my dear *Telemachus*, fly those Nymphs, who are only discreet that they may the more effectually decoy you: O shun the Dangers incident to Youth! But, above all, fly from that Boy whom you know nothing of; 'tis *Cupid* himself, brought hither by his Mother *Venus*, to revenge the Contempt you expressed for the Worship which was paid her at *Cythera:* He has smitten the Heart of the Goddess *Calypso*, and she is passionately in Love with you. He has fired all those Nymphs that are round about him, nor have even you escaped. Ill-

fated

fated (*r*) Youth, you burn, and hardly know it.

Telemachus often interrupted *Mentor*, ſaying to him, But why ſhall we not ſtay in this Iſland? *Ulyſſes* no longer lives, and muſt certainly have been buried a long Time beneath the Waves: And *Penelope*, ſeeing neither of us return, can never have been able to withſtand ſo many Pretenders. And without Doubt her Father *Icarus* has conſtrained her to accept ſome new Partner of her Bed. Shall I return to *Ithaca*, to ſee her engaged in other Bonds, in Breach of the Vows ſhe had made my Father? The *Ithacians* have quite forgot *Ulyſſes*; nor can we return thither without running upon certain Death, ſince *Penelope*'s Lovers have ſeized all the Avenues to the Port, to make ſure of our Deſtruction at our Return.

Mentor replied to him, This is the Effect of a blind Paſſion; with Subtlety we hunt for all the Reaſons that favour it, and turn our Eyes away from ſeeing thoſe that make againſt it: We employ all our Wit and Ingenuity only to hood-wink ourſelves, and blunt the ſharp Stings of Conſcience. Have you forgot all that the Gods have done for you, in order to reſtore you to your Country? Which Way got you out of *Sicily?* The Misfortunes you met with in *Egypt*, did they not of a ſudden turn to your Advantage? What unſeen Hand ſnatched you from the Dangers that hung over your Head in the City of *Tyre?* After ſo many Miracles, can you have no Notion of what the Deſtinies have in Store for you? But what do I ſay? You are unworthy of their Favour. As for me, I will leave

(*r*) When a Prince is poſſeſſed with this Paſſion, he hears nothing elſe but it. *Francis* I. is ſaid to have taken upon himſelf the Command of his Army, in his ſecond Expedition againſt the *Milaneſe*, purely for an Opportunity to viſit one of his Miſtreſſes there. King *John* of *France*, 'tis ſaid, was prompted by the ſame Motive, when he took a Turn into *England*, after he had been a Priſoner there.

you,

you, and will ſoon get out of this Iſland: But you, O degenerate Son of ſo ſage and ſo noble a Father, you may ſtay here and lead a laſcivious and ungenerous Life amidſt the Women, and in Spite of Heaven do what your Father thought unworthy of him.

This indignant Language pierced thro' and thro' *Telemachus*'s Heart: He felt himſelf diſſolve away at *Mentor*'s Diſcourſe with a tender Relenting; his Grief was mixed with Shame; he feared both the Indignation and Abſence of ſo wiſe a Man, to whom he was under ſuch great Obligations; but a certain Paſſion that was growing within him, and which he himſelf was unacquainted with, quite altered him, ſo that he was no longer the ſame Man. What! ſaid he to *Mentor*, with his Eyes ſwimming in Tears, do you count as nothing the Immortality the Goddeſs offers me? *Mentor* replied, I count as nothing whatever is contrary to Virtue, and againſt the ſupreme Directions of Heaven. Virtue calls you Home into your own Country, that you may chear *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope* with the Sight of you: Virtue forbids you to make yourſelf a Slave to an extravagant Paſſion. The Gods, who have delivered you from ſo many Dangers, thereby preparing for you a Glory equal to that of your Father; thoſe Gods, I ſay, command you to leave this Iſland. *Love* alone, that baſe Tyrant *Love*, can he detain you here? But what will you do with Immortality without Liberty, without Virtue, without Glory? Immortality would be ſo much the more wretched, in that it is endleſs.

All *Telemachus*'s Anſwers were Sighs. Sometimes he wiſhed that *Mentor* had forced him away from the Iſland in his own Deſpight, and ſometimes he wiſhed that *Mentor*'s Departure had rid him of a troubleſome, ſevere Friend, who was ſtill reproaching him with his Weakneſs. Thus was his Heart torn to Pieces with theſe Thoughts, nor did he continue long in any one of them. His Boſom was like the Sea, which is toſſed by adverſe Winds, that ſport with its inconſtant Waves.

Waves. He would often lye at full Length and motionleſs upon the Sea-ſhore; ſometimes retiring far into a gloomy Wood, he ſhed a Flood of bitter Tears, and cried like a roaring Lion: He was grown perfectly lean; his Eyes were full of a conſuming Fire; ſo pale, dejected, and disfigured was his Face, one could never have thought he had been *Telemachus*; his Beauty, his Gaiety, his noble high Deportment, were fled from him; he was like a Flower, which being blown in a Morning, diffuſes its Fragrancy around the Field, but decays inſenſibly towards the Evening; its fine Colours fade away, it languiſhes, it withers, its beauteous Top drops downward, the feeble Stalk being no longer able to ſupport it. (*s*) Thus was the Son of *Ulyſſes* at the Gates of Death.

Mentor, ſeeing *Telemachus* was not able to reſiſt the Violence of his Paſſion, bethought himſelf of a Stratagem to reſcue him from ſo great a Danger. He had obſerved that *Calypſo* was deſperately in Love with *Telemachus*, and that *Telemachus* was no leſs an Admirer of the young Nymph *Eucharis*. For cruel *Cupid*, the more to torment Mortals, makes them ſeldom love the Perſons by whom they are beloved. *Mentor* took a Reſolution to raiſe a Jealouſy in *Calypſo*: *Eucharis* was one Day to take out *Telemachus* a Hunting; upon this *Mentor* ſays to *Calypſo*, I have taken Notice that *Telemachus* has a mighty Paſſion for Hunting, which I never obſerved in him before: This Sort of Recreation begins to ſuperſede all others; he no longer delights in any thing but Foreſts and wild Mountains. Is it you, O Goddeſs, who inſpire him with this prevailing Ardor?

Calypſo was cut to the Quick at theſe Words, and could no longer contain herſelf. This *Telemachus*, an-

(*s*) *Antiochus* I. was reduced to Extremity by the like Diſtemper, which his Phyſician diſcovered by the quick Motion of that Prince's Pulſe, whenever his Mother-in-Law *Stratonice* came near him. His Fever was cured by that which cauſed it: *Nicanor*, his Father, beſtowed the Queen *Stratonice* upon him.

ſwered

ſwered ſhe, who deſpiſed all the Pleaſures of the Iſle of *Cyprus*, cannot withſtand the ordinary Beauty of one of my Nymphs. How dares he boaſt ſo many marvellous Actions, whoſe Heart ſo baſely is enſlaved by ſhameful and effeminate Pleaſures, and who ſeems to be born only to paſs an obſcure Life among Women? *Mentor*, o'erjoy'd that Jealouſy diſturb'd the Heart of *Calypſo*, ſaid no more of it at that Time, for fear ſhe ſhould diſtruſt him; only he expreſs'd his Concern by a ſad dejected Look. The Goddeſs diſcover'd to him her Uneaſineſs at what ſhe ſaw, and was inceſſantly lamenting. This Hunting-Match, which *Mentor* intimated to her, made her beyond Meaſure furious. She was told that *Telemachus* had no other Deſign in his Sports, than to withdraw from the other Nymphs, in order to converſe with *Eucharis* by himſelf. There was alſo a Talk of a ſecond Hunting-Match, which ſhe ſaw would be attended with the ſame Conſequenees as the firſt. To break *Telemachus*'s Meaſures, ſhe declared ſhe would make one among them; and then of a ſudden, being no longer able to moderate her Reſentment, ſhe ſpoke to him in theſe Words.

Is it for this, raſh Boy, that thou art come into my Iſland, eſcaping the Vengeance of the Gods, and the juſt Fate which *Neptune* had prepared for thee? Didſt thou come into this Place, which is forbidden to all Mortals, only to deſpiſe my Power, and the Love I have expreſſed for thee? O all ye Deities of *Olympus* and *Styx*, attend to the Complaints of an unfortunate Goddeſs! Haſten to confound this perfidious, this ungrateful and impious Man! Since thou art more obdurate and unjuſt than thy Father, may thy Sufferings be more ſevere and more numerous than his! May'ſt thou never ſee thy Country *Ithaca* again, that poor, that deſpicable *Ithaca*, which thou, without a Bluſh, didſt prefer to Immortality! Or, rather, may'ſt thou periſh in Sight of it, ere thou touch the Shore, and may thy Body become the Sport of the Waves, and be thrown on the Sand without Hope of Burial; may my Eyes ſee it devour'd by

by Vultures! She likewiſe whom thou loveſt ſhall ſee it; yes, ſhe ſhall ſee it; the Sight ſhall tear her Heart-Strings, and her Deſpair ſhall be my Happineſs.

Whilſt *Calypſo* was thus ſpeaking, her Eyes darted forth Flaſhes of Fire; her unſteady Looks were thrown at Random round her, they had ſomething gloomy and ſavage in them; black livid Spots diſtain'd her trembling Cheeks; her Colour changed every Moment; a deadly Paleneſs did oft o'erſpread her Face; her Tears did not flow ſo plentiful as before, Rage and Deſpair having, as it were, dry'd up the Source of them, ſo that ſcarce any were ſeen gliding down her Cheeks. Her Voice was hoarſe, broken, and trembling. *Mentor* obſerved all theſe Motions, and ſpoke no longer to *Telemachus*. He treated him as we do a ſick Man that's given over, and only look'd upon him with Eyes of Compaſſion.

Telemachus was ſenſible how much he was to blame, and how unworthy of *Mentor*'s Friendſhip. He durſt not lift up his Eyes for fear he ſhould meet thoſe of his Friend, whoſe very Silence condemned him. Sometimes he had a Mind to throw himſelf about his Neck, and let him ſee how he was concerned for his Fault; but ſtill he was with-held, ſometimes by a wrong Shame-facedneſs, other Times by a Fear of going farther than he was willing; for the Danger now ſeemed pleaſing to him, and he could not as yet reſolve with himſelf to conquer his fooliſh Paſſion. (*t*) The Gods and Goddeſſes of *Olympus* were now aſſembled, and in a profound Silence kept their Eyes faſtened on *Calypſo*'s Iſland, to ſee which would be victorious, *Minerva* or *Cupid*. *Cupid*, by his ſporting and playing with the Nymphs, had ſet all the Iſland on Fire; and *Minerva*, under the Shape of *Mentor*, made Uſe of Jealouſy, ſo inſeparable from Love, and played it againſt Love himſelf. *Ju-*

(*t*) All Eyes are upon a young Prince that is in Danger of being drawn away by Pleaſure. He therefore cannot begin the great Work of his Reputation by a more glorious Victory.

piter reſolved to be a Spectator of this Conteſt, and to remain Neuter.

In the mean while *Eucharis*, fearing ſhe ſhould loſe *Telemachus*, put in practice a thouſand Artifices to retain him her Captive. And now ſhe was juſt ready to go a ſecond Time a Hunting with him; her Dreſs was exactly like that of *Diana*; *Venus* and *Cupid* had pour'd new Charms all o'er her, ſo that on that Day her Beauty eclipſed even that of *Calypſo*'s ſelf. *Calypſo* ſeeing her at a Diſtance, ſhe preſently turned her Eyes down, to view herſelf in one of the moſt tranſparent Fountains; ſhe was aſhamed of her own Face, ſhe run and hid herſelf in the remoteſt Part of her Grotto, where being alone, ſhe utter'd theſe Words.

Shall it then be in vain for me to endeavour to diſturb theſe two Lovers, by declaring that I would accompany them in their Hunting? Shall I go with them? Shall I be the Occaſion of her Triumph, and ſhall my Beauty ſerve only as a Foil to hers? And muſt *Telemachus* at the Sight of me grow ſtill more fond of *Eucharis*? Wretch that I am! What have I done? No, I'll not go, neither ſhall they; I well know how to hinder them: I'll go to *Mentor*; I'll beg him to carry off *Telemachus*, and convey him to *Ithaca*. What ſaid I? Alas! What will become of me when *Telemachus* is gone? Where am I? O cruel *Venus*, what Courſe ſhall I take? O *Venus*, you have deceived me! O what a treach'rous Gift you gave me? Pernicious Boy! Contagious *Cupid!* when I ſet open my Heart to thee, 'twas in hopes to live happy with *Telemachus*, and thou haſt brought into that Heart nothing but Trouble and Deſpair. My Nymp's revolt againſt me, and my Divinity ſerves only to make my Miſeries eternal. O! that I could die, to put an End to my Sorrows! But ſince I cannot deſtroy myſelf, *Telemachus*, thou muſt die: I'll take Vengeance for thy Ingratitude; thy Nymph ſhall be Eye-witneſs of it; I will ſtrike thee to the Heart while ſhe ſtands by. But I rave! Unhappy *Calypſo*, what meaneſt thou? wilt thou deſtroy an innocent Youth, whom thou

thyſelf

thyſelf haſt plung'd into this Abyſs of Misfortunes? 'Twas I myſelf that apply'd the fatal Torch to the Boſom of the chaſte *Telemachus*. How innocent was he before! how virtuous! how averſe to Vice! how reſolute againſt diſhonourable Pleaſures! What made me poiſon his Heart? He would have abandon'd me! Well! ſhall he not leave me now, or ſhall he ſtay to deſpiſe me, and make my Rival happy? No, no, I ſuffer nothing but what I have juſtly deſerved. Go, *Telemachus*, go, croſs the Seas; leave *Calypſo* without Conſolation, ſince ſhe can neither ſupport Life, nor meet Death. Leave her diſconſolate, cover'd with Shame, and full of Deſpair, with thy haughty *Eucharis*.

Thus ſhe ſpoke to herſelf in her Grotto. Then impetuouſly ruſhing out of a ſudden, Where are you, O *Mentor*, ſaid ſhe? Is it thus you ſupport *Telemachus* againſt the Attacks of Vice, to which he is now yielding? You ſleep, whilſt Love is broad awake againſt you for his Undoing. I cannot any longer endure that ſhameful Indifference you ſhew. Will you ſtill calmly look on, and ſee the Son of *Ulyſſes* diſhonour his Father, and neglect the great Things Fate has decreed for him? Is it you or me that his Parents have intruſted with his Conduct? I am endeavouring to find Remedies to cure him, and you will do nothing? There are in the remoteſt Parts of this Foreſt many tall well-grown Poplars, fit for the building of a Ship; there did *Ulyſſes* build that which convey'd him from this Iſland. In the ſame Place you will find a deep Cavern, wherein are all the Tools neceſſary to cut and join together the different Parts of a Ship.

She had ſcarce ſaid theſe Words, but ſhe repented of them. *Mentor* loſt not a Moment; he went to the Cavern, found the Tools, fell'd the Poplars, and in one Day fitted out a Ship with all its Equipments. For *Minerva*'s Power and Ingenuity can diſpatch the greateſt Works in a very ſhort Space of Time.

Calypſo mean while was under the moſt violent Agitation of Mind. On the one Side ſhe was willing to

ſee whether *Mentor*'s Work advanced; on the other, ſhe could not perſuade herſelf to the Hunting-Match, where *Eucharis* would have enjoy'd *Telemachus*'s Converſation in full Liberty. Her Jealouſy never ſuffered her to loſe Sight of thoſe two Lovers; but then ſhe made it her Buſineſs to turn the Game towards the Place where ſhe knew *Mentor* was building the Ship. She heard the Strokes of the Hatchet and the Hammer, and every Blow rouſed her hearkening Ears, and made her ſhake with Horror; but then, in the ſame Moment, ſhe was afraid, leſt thus buſying her Mind on *Mentor*, ſhould make her miſs ſome Wink or Look from *Telemachus* to the young Nymph.

And now *Eucharis* ſaid to *Telemachus*, as it were jocularly, (*u*) Are you not afraid *Mentor* will chide you for going a Hunting without him? O how are you to be pitied that live under ſo harſh a Maſter! Nothing can make him leſs auſtere; he declares himſelf an Enemy to all manner of Pleaſure, nor can he endure that you ſhould enjoy any; the moſt innocent Action is a Crime in his Eye. You might indeed be led by him when you was unable to govern yourſelf; but after you have expreſſed ſo much Wiſdom, you ſhould no longer ſuffer yourſelf to be uſed as a Child.

Theſe crafty Words ſunk deep with *Telemachus*, and filled him with Indignation and Diſtaſte againſt *Mentor*, whoſe Yoke he would no longer bear. He feared to ſee him again, and made no Anſwer to *Eucharis*, he was under ſuch Diſorder. At length, towards the Evening, the Game being paſs'd from one Side to t'other in a perpetual Hurry, they returned Home thro' a Corner of the Foreſt, which was near to the Place where *Mentor* had been working all Day. *Calypſo* ſaw afar off the Ship completely built, and at the Sight her Eyes were

(*u*) The blindeſt Princes are thoſe who ſacrifice their moſt faithful Servants to the capricious Humour of their Miſtreſſes. Several great Men were rendered uſeleſs by the Artifices of the Counteſs *d'Eſtampes*, and the Dutcheſs *de Valentinois*.

ſuf-

ſuffus'd with a thick Darkneſs, like that of Death: Her tottering Knees gave way, and ſunk beneath her Body; a cold damp Sweat invaded every Limb; ſhe was forced to lean upon the Nymphs that were about her, and as *Eucharis* was ſtretching forth her Hand to help her, ſhe daſh'd it aſide, and caſt a dreadful Frown at her.

Telemachus, who ſaw the Ship, but did not ſee *Mentor*, becauſe he was now gone Home, having finiſhed his Work, aſked the Goddeſs who it was that owned that Ship, and for what Uſe it was deſigned. She was at firſt puzzled for an Anſwer, but after a while ſhe ſaid, I cauſed it to be built to ſend away *Mentor*; you'll be no longer troubled with that ſevere Friend, who croſſes your Happineſs, and would grow jealous of you if you ſhould become immortal. *Mentor* forſake me! I am undone, ruin'd! cry'd *Telemachus*. O *Eucharis*, if *Mentor* forſake me, I have no Friend left but you. Theſe Words having broke from him in the Height of his Paſſion, he ſaw preſently how much he was to blame for ſaying them; but he was not at firſt ſufficiently Maſter of himſelf to know what he did. The whole Company were wrapt up in Silence and Amazement; *Eucharis* bluſh'd, and, with her Eyes nail'd to the Ground, ſhe ſtayed behind the reſt perfectly Thunder-ſtruck, not daring to ſhew herſelf; but whilſt her Face was overſpread with Marks of Confuſion, her Heart was dilated with Joy. As for *Telemachus*, his Preſence of Mind had quite forſaken him, nor could he eaſily believe himſelf guilty of ſuch an Indiſcretion; what he had done ſeem'd to him as a Dream, but ſuch a Dream as left him full of Inquietude and Perplexity.

Calypſo, more furious than a Lioneſs that is robbed of her Young-ones, ran up and down the Foreſt without knowing whither ſhe was going. At laſt ſhe found herſelf at the Door of the Grotto, where *Mentor* was expecting her. Go out of my Iſland, ſaid ſhe, you Strangers, who are come to deſtroy my Repoſe: Away

with that young Fool, and you, old Dotard, ſhall feel the Power of an enraged Goddeſs, unleſs you carry him away hence this Moment. I'll ſee him no more, nor ſhall any of my Nymphs either ſpeak to him, or look upon him: I ſwear it by the *Stygian* Lake, an Oath which makes the very Gods tremble. But know, O *Telemachus*, that thy Misfortunes are not at an End: No, ungrateful Wretch! thou ſhalt depart from this Land, only to become a Prey to new Diſaſters: Then ſhall my Revenge be ſated; thou ſhalt lament the Loſs of *Calypſo*, but in vain: *Neptune*, ſtill incenſed againſt thy Father, who offended him in *Sicily*, and ſolicited by *Venus*, whom thou deſpiſedſt in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, is preparing new Storms for thee: Thou ſhalt ſee thy Father; he is not dead; but thou ſhalt ſee him without knowing him. Thou ſhalt not meet him at *Ithaca*, till after thou haſt been the Sport of the moſt cruel Fortune. Away! I conjure the Heavenly Pow'rs to revenge me. May'ſt thou, far off at Sea, hang on ſome Rock's ſharp Point, Thunder-ſtruck, invoking in vain *Calypſo*, who will exult with Joy at thy Puniſhment.

She had ſcarce ſaid theſe Words, but her diſtracted Mind was ready to enter upon contrary Reſolutions, and recal the former: Love reviv'd in her Heart a fond Deſire of keeping back *Telemachus*: Let him live, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, let him ſtay here; perhaps at laſt he may be ſenſible how much I have done for him: *Eucharis* cannot confer Immortality upon him, as I can: O! too too blind *Calypſo!* thou haſt betray'd thyſelf by thy Oath; 'tis now paſt, and thou ſtandeſt engaged, and the *Stygian* Waves, by which thou haſt ſworn, leave thee no Room for Hope. No body heard theſe Words; but on her Face were ſeen the Furies painted, and all the baneful Venom of black *Cocytus* ſeem'd to aſcend from her Heart in peſtilent Exhalations.

Telemachus was ſeiz'd with Horror: She inſtantly perceived it; for what is there that jealous Love cannot divine? *Telemachus*'s Diſorder redoubled the Tranſports

of

of the Goddeſs: Like to a furious *Bacchanal*, that fills the Air with Howlings, and makes the *Thracian* Mountains reſound with her Shrieks; ſo *Calypſo* ranges thro' the Woods with a Dart in her Hand, calling all her Nymphs about her, and threat'ning to transfix any one that ſhould refuſe to follow her. Intimidated by theſe Threats, they crowd after her. Even *Eucharis* advances with Tears in her Eyes, and looking at a Diſtance upon *Telemachus*; but did not dare to ſpeak to him any more. The Goddeſs ſhiver'd when ſhe ſaw her near her; and far from being appeas'd by that Nymph's Submiſſion, her Rage is heighten'd, and ſhe feels a new Acceſſion of Fury, when ſhe perceiv'd that *Eucharis*'s Beauty was encreas'd by Affliction.

Mean while *Telemachus* continued alone with *Mentor*: He graſps his Knees; for he durſt not embrace him in any other Manner, or look upon him: He pours forth a Flood of Tears; he offers to ſpeak, but his Voice fails him; Words fail him yet more. He knows neither what he ought to do, nor what he is doing, nor what he would do. After a while he cries out; O my true Father! O *Mentor*, deliver me from my Miſeries! I cannot leave you, nor can I follow you: O eaſe me of this Load of Woe; rid me of myſelf, and give me preſent Death!

Mentor embraces him, cheers him, encourages him, teaches him how to be Maſter of himſelf, without indulging his Paſſion, and ſays to him; O Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, whom the Gods have ſo much lov'd, and whom they ſtill love; 'tis that very Love makes them expoſe you to ſuch terrible Evils. He that has not been made ſenſible of his Weakneſs, and the Violence of his Paſſions, can never be called wiſe; for he is ſtill unacquainted with his own Heart, and knows not how to be diffident of himſelf. The Gods have led you as it were by the Hand to the very Brink of a Precipice, to ſhew you the Downfal of it, without letting you drop into it. Now therefore conceive what you could never have conceived, if you had not made a Trial of it

yourſelf. You would in vain have been told of the Treacheries of Love, who careſſes in order (*x*) to deſtroy, and who under an Appearance of Sweetneſs conceals the bittereſt Evils. That charming Boy came hither with the Graces and the laughing Joys. You ſaw him; he has robb'd you of your Heart, and you yourſelf was pleas'd with this Robbery. You labour'd for Pretences not to be ſenſible of the Wounds your Heart received: You ſtudied to deceive me and yourſelf too: You fear'd nothing, and now behold the Fruit of your Temerity: You now call upon Death, and it is the only Hope that's left you. The diſtemper'd Goddeſs is like any of the infernal Furies: *Eucharis* feels a more devouring Fire, and ſharper Pangs than thoſe of Death itſelf. All the Nymphs are jealous, and ready to tear one another to Pieces; and this is all owing to that Traitor Love, who appears ſo inoffenſive. Call up all your Courage to your Aid. O how much do the Gods love you, ſince they open you ſo fair a Path to fly from Love, and ſee again your native Country! *Calypſo* herſelf is forced to ſend you away, and the Ship is fully ready. Why ſtay we in an Iſland where Virtue cannot dwell?

Speaking theſe laſt Words, *Mentor* took him by the Hand, and pulled him towards the Shore. *Telemachus* followed with Reluctance, ſtill looking behind him. He kept his Eyes fix'd upon *Eucharis*, as ſhe was going ſtill farther from him; and when he was no longer able to ſee her Face, he ſurvey'd her fine Hair ty'd negligently behind, her Garments wantoning in the Wind, and her noble portly Gait: He would gladly have kiſs'd her Footſteeps; and even, when he loſt Sight of her, he would ſtill be liſt'ning, fancying he heard her Voice. Tho' abſent, he ſaw her. Her Picture was ſtill before

(*x*) There needs no more than a Captive Maid to ſet *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* at Variance, and to make all the Strength of *Greece* miſcarry. By this, *Homer* teaches us, that the greateſt Events are as often the May-game of Love, as thoſe of Fortune.

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his Eyes; nay, he fanſy'd he ſpoke to her, not knowing what he did, nor where he was, nor minding what *Mentor* ſaid to him.

At laſt coming to himſelf, as out of a profound Sleep, he ſaid to *Mentor*, I am reſolved to follow you, but I have not yet taken my Leave of *Eucharis*; I had rather die than thus ungratefully forſake her: Stay, I conjure you, 'till I have ſeen her once more, and taken an eternal Farewel: At leaſt, ſuffer me to ſay to her, O Nymph! the cruel Gods, the Gods, jealous of my Happineſs, force me away; but they may ſooner put a Period to my Life, than ever blot you out of my Memory. O my Father, either grant me this laſt, this reaſonable Conſolation, or tear away my Life from me this Moment! No, I do not deſire either to ſtay in this Iſland, or give myſelf up to Love: Love is not in my Heart; I only feel the Effects of Friendſhip and Gratitude towards *Eucharis*. All I deſire is to bid her once again Adieu, and then I'll follow you without Delay.

How much I pity you, anſwered *Mentor!* Your Paſſion is ſo violent that you are not ſenſible of it. You think you are well, and yet you call upon Death. You ſee nothing but her, you hear nothing but her, you are blind and deaf to every Thing elſe. Thus, ſays a Man grown delirious by a raging Fever, I am not ſick. O blind *Telemachus!* You are ready to renounce *Penelope*, who is expecting you, *Ulyſſes*, whom you ſhall certainly ſee again, and *Ithaca*, where you are to fill a Throne; and, in ſhort, you are ready to relinquiſh and throw up thoſe Great Honours and that High Fortune which the Gods have given you a firm Promiſe of, by thoſe many wonderful Things they have done in your Favour. You renounce all theſe Advantages, to paſs an ignoble Life with *Eucharis!* Will you ſtill ſay, that 'tis not Love that binds you to her? What is it then that diſcompoſes you? Why wiſh you to die? Wherefore ſpoke you with ſo much Tranſport before the Goddeſs?

I do not charge you with Diſſimulation and Treachery; but I lament your Blindneſs. Fly, O *Telemachus*, fly. Love is an Enemy that cannot be conquer'd but by Flight. Againſt ſuch an Enemy, true Courage conſiſts in Fearing and in Flying; but in Flying without deliberating, or once looking behind. You have not forgot the Cares you have coſt me ſince your Infancy, and the Dangers you have eſcaped by my Counſels. Either be govern'd by me, or let me leave you. O! if you knew what Grief it gives me to ſee you ruſh thus on your own Ruin; if you knew how much I have ſuffered during the Time that I durſt not ſpeak to you; the Pangs your Mother felt when ſhe brought you forth were nothing in Compariſon of mine. I held my Tongue; I brooded o'er my own Grief; I ſuppreſſed my Sighs, to ſee whether you would return to me again.

O my Son, my dear Son, eaſe my burden'd Heart, reſtore what is dearer to me than my own Bowels. (*y*) Reſtore to me my loſt *Telemachus*, reſtore yourſelf to yourſelf. If Wiſdom gets the Aſcendant of Love in your Breaſt, I ſhall then live, nay, I ſhall live happy; but if Love drags you away in Spite of Wiſdom, *Mentor* can no longer live.

Whilſt *Mentor* was thus ſpeaking, he went on his Way towards the Sea; and *Telemachus*, who was not yet ſo much Maſter of himſelf as to follow him reſolutely, was yet willing to ſuffer himſelf to be led away without Reſiſtance. *Minerva*, ſtill conceal'd under the Shape of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her inviſible Shield, and diffuſing divine Rays around him, inſpired him with a ſecret Couragiouſneſs, the like of which he had not felt all the Time he was in the Iſland. At laſt they arrived at a very ſteep Rock on the Sea-ſhore, a Place that was continually buffetted by the foaming

(*y*) Great Men have no other Friends but thoſe who are afflicted to ſee them do amiſs, and who freely condemn their Paſſions. We may ſee this Maxim well proved, in *Plutarch*'s excellent Treatiſe upon the Art of diſtinguiſhing a Flatterer from a Friend.

Waves:

Waves: From this Height they look'd to ſee whether the Ship *Mentor* had prepar'd was ſtill in the ſame Place: But behold a diſmal Spectacle!

Cupid was ſtung with Rage, not only at the old Stranger's being invulnerable by his Shafts, but likewiſe becauſe he had robbed him of *Telemachus*. He wept for very Spite, and went to *Calypſo*, who was traverſing the duſky Foreſts. She could not look upon him without Groaning, and felt every Wound of her Heart bleeding afreſh. *Cupid* accoſts her: You are a Goddeſs, and will you ſuffer yourſelf to be vanquiſhed by a feeble Mortal, who is a Priſoner in your Iſland? Why do you let him go? O unlucky Boy, reply'd ſhe, I will no more give Ear to thy deſtructive Counſels; 'tis you who drew me forth from my ſoft Haven of Tranquillity, to caſt me into a bottomleſs Abyſs of Miſery. 'Tis too far gone to be recalled: I have ſworn by the River *Styx* to let *Telemachus* go. Even *Jove* himſelf, the Father of the Gods, with all his Power, dares not act counter to that dreadful Oath. But as *Telemachus* is going out of my Iſland, ſo do thou too, thou miſchievous Diſturber of my Peace: Thou haſt done me more Hurt than he.

Cupid wip'd away his Tears; then with a fleering malicious Smile, Truly, ſays he, a mighty Matter this! Let me alone; keep your Oath, and do not oppoſe *Telemachus*'s Departure: But neither your Nymphs nor I have ſworn by the *Stygian* Lake to let him go. I will inſpire them with a Deſign of burning that Ship which *Mentor* built ſo expeditiouſly: His Diligence, which ſurprized you, will be of no Advantage; he ſhall be himſelf ſurpriz'd in his Turn, nor ſhall there be any Means left him to take away *Telemachus* from you.

This flattering Speech infus'd freſh Hope and Joy to the very Centre of *Calypſo*'s Heart. As a refreſhing Gale, curling the Surface of a Cryſtal Brook, revives a Flock of Sheep fainting with the Summer's ſultry Heat; ſo this Diſcourſe allay'd the Deſperation of the Goddeſs. Her Face reſumed its wonted Serenity; the

Fierce-

Fierceneſs of her Eyes gave way to a gentle Tenderneſs; thoſe cloudy Cares that gnaw'd her Heart departed for a Moment from her; ſhe ſtopp'd her wild Career, ſhe ſmiled, ſhe ſtroaked the wanton *Cupid*, and in careſſing him ſhe hatch'd new Torments for herſelf.

Cupid, well pleas'd with having perſuaded her, went preſently to perſuade the Nymphs, who wander'd here and there among the Mountains, like Sheep diſperſed by famiſhed Wolves at Diſtance from their Shepherd. *Cupid* aſſembles them together, and tells them, *Telemachus* is ſtill in your Hands; haſte then, and burn the Ship which the raſh *Mentor* built for their Eſcape. And now each lights a Torch, they run to the Shore, they foam with Rage, they make loud Howlings, they ſpread abroad their diſhevell'd Hair like the *Bacchanalian* Prieſteſſes. Already flies the Flame; it conſumes the Ship, made of dry Wood, and daub'd all over with Roſin; aſpiring Clouds of Smoke and Flame involve the very Skies.

Telemachus and *Mentor*, from the Top of the Rock, behold the Ship on Fire, and hear the Shoutings of the Nymphs. *Telemachus* was tempted almoſt to rejoice at it, his Heart not being as yet entirely cur'd. *Mentor* obſerved that his Paſſion was like a Fire not well extinguiſhed, which from beneath the Embers breaks out into Fits, and caſts forth living Sparks. Now, ſaid *Telemachus*, I am re-ingaged in my former Chains. We have no Hopes left to quit this Iſland. *Mentor* ſaw well that *Telemachus* was going to relapſe into his Follies, and that he had not one Moment to loſe. He ſpied afar off in the open Sea, a Ship that lay by, not daring to approach the Iſland; for it was well known to all Pilots, that *Calypſo*'s Iſland was inacceſſible to Mortals. Upon this the wiſe *Mentor*, preſently puſhing *Telemachus*, who was ſitting at the Edge of the Rock, caſt him down into the Sea, and himſelf with him. *Telemachus*, dizzy with the Fall, drank deep of the brackiſh Waves, and was for ſome Time toſs'd about by them. But after a while recovering his Senſes, and ſeeing *Mentor*,

tor, who put forth his Hand to help him to ſwim, he baniſh'd all Thoughts but that of flying from the fatal Iſland.

The Nymphs, who reckon'd they ſhould have kept them Priſoners, burſt forth into outragious Cries, ſeeing their Expectations fruſtrated, in not being able to prevent their Flight. The diſconſolate *Calypſo* return'd into her Grotto, which ſhe fill'd with hideous Shrieks. *Cupid*, ſeeing his Triumph chang'd into a ſhameful Defeat, rais'd himſelf on the Wing, and flew into the *Idalian* Grove, where his cruel Mother was expecting him. The Son, ſtill more cruel, comforted himſelf with laughing, together with her, at all the Miſchiefs he had done.

(z) The farther *Telemachus* went from the Iſland, the more he felt his Courage and Love of Virtue ſpringing within him, and cheering his Heart with a ſecret Pleaſure. I now experience, cry'd he to *Mentor*, the Truth of what you told me, and which I could not believe without I had tried it Vice can no otherways be conquer'd, but by flying from it. O my Father, how bounteous were the Gods in giving me your Aſſiſtance! I deſerv'd to be deprived of you, and to be left alone by myſelf. I now no longer fear either Sea, or Winds, or Storms; I now no longer fear any Thing but my Paſſions. Love alone is more to be dreaded than the moſt dreadful Shipwreck that can happen.

(z) Some Climates are contagious to Virtue: *Achilles* was no Hero till he got away from the Iſland of *Scyros*, where the Pleaſures of the Court of King *Lycomedes*, and the Charms of the Princeſs *Deidamia* (of whom he got *Pyrrhus*) had ſoftened him. Moſt of our Cruſaders (thoſe who went to the Holy-War) became voluptuous in *Aſia*.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

ADOAM, *Brother of* Narbal, *happens to command the* Tyrian *Ship; into which* Telemachus *and* Mentor *are favourably received. That Captain knowing* Telemachus *again, gives him an Account of the tragical Death of* Pygmalion *and* Aſtarbe, *and the Acceſſion of* Baleazer, *whom the Tyrant his Father had diſgraced at that Woman's Perſuaſion. During a Repaſt which he gives to* Telemachus *and* Mentor, Achitoas, *by the Sweetneſs of his Voice and Harp, draws round the Ship the* Tritons, *the* Nereids, *and the other Deities of the Sea.* Mentor *taking a Lute, plays on it incomparably better than* Achitoas. Adoam *then relates the Wonders of* Betica; *he deſcribes the mild Temperature of the Air, and the other Beauties of that Country, where the Inhabitants lead a peaceable Life with great Simplicity of Manners.*

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THE Ship they ſaw lying off at Sea, and towards which they ſwam, was a *Phœnician* Ship going to *Epirus*. Theſe (*a*) *Phœnicians*, on board her, had ſeen *Telemachus* in his Voyage to *Egypt*; but could not, as it is reaſonable to believe, know him again in the Midſt of the Waves. As ſoon as *Mentor* was come ſo near the Ship as to be heard by them, he cried with a loud Voice, raiſing his Head above the Water, O you *Phœnicians*, who never turn away your Face from any who deſire your Succour, do not refuſe to give Life to two Men, who expect it from your Humanity. If you are touched with the leaſt Reſpect for the Gods, take us into your Ship: We will go with you where-ever you go. We will take you in moſt gladly, anſwered the Commander; for we are not ignorant how we ought to behave to Strangers that are in your unfortunate Circumſtances. Upon this they were inſtantly received into the Ship.

Scarce were they entered, but for want of Breath, they ſunk down motionleſs; for they had ſwam a long Time, and ſtrove hard to reſiſt the Waves. By little and little they recovered their Strength. They had other Clothes given them, their own being ſoked through by the Water which ran down from all Parts. As ſoon as they were able to ſpea, all the *Phœnicians* crowded eagerly round them, in order to know what Accident had befallen them. The Commander of the Ship ſaid to them, How did you gain Admittance into that Iſland from whence you came? For it is ſaid to be poſſeſſed by a cruel Goddeſs, who never ſuffers any Mortal to land there. It is likewiſe hemm'd in on every Side by fright-

(*a*) The great Art of Epic Poetry is to connect the different Parts of it, ſo as to make up but one Body. Our Author never loſes Sight of this main Rule: We ſee in his Poem no Epiſode foreign to it, no Event that has not an eſſential Relation to the principal Action. The third Book prepares us for this, without at all diminiſhing the Pleaſure of a Surprize.

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ful Rocks, vainly inſulted by the Sea, nor can it be approached without ſplitting againſt thoſe Rocks, and ſuffering Shipwreck.

It is true, replied *Mentor*, for we were wrecked upon that Coaſt; we are *Greeks*, our Country is *Ithaca*, not far from *Epirus*, whither you are bound. If you are unwilling to put in at *Ithaca*, which is in your Way, it will be Satisfaction enough for us to be carried into *Epirus*, where we ſhall find Friends who will take care to furniſh us with Conveniences for the ſhort Paſſage between that and *Ithaca*, and we ſhall be everlaſtingly obliged to you for the Happineſs of ſeeing again what we hold moſt dear in the World.

It was *Mentor* that ſpoke all this, and *Telemachus* kept ſilent; for the Overſights he had been guilty of in *Calypſo*'s Iſland, had made no ſmall Addition to his Wiſdom. He was diſtruſtful of himſelf. He was ſenſible how much he continually wanted the prudent Counſels of *Mentor*: And when he could ſpeak to him to ask his Advice, he conſulted his Eyes, and endeavoured to gueſs at his Thoughts.

The *Phœnician* Commander, with his Eyes ſtill fixed upon *Telemachus*, fanſied he had ſeen him before, but could not well recollect where. Give me leave, ſaid he to *Telemachus*, to ask you whether you remember you ever ſaw me before; for if I miſtake not, my Memory ſuggeſts to me that I have ſeen you elſewhere. Your Face is not unknown to me; it made an Impreſſion on me at firſt Sight; but where I have ſeen you I cannot recollect; your Memory perhaps will help out mine.

Telemachus anſwered him with an Amazement mixed with Joy; The Sight of you has the ſame Effect upon me, as mine has upon you: I have ſeen you, I know you again, but cannot call to mind whether in *Egypt* or at *Tyre*. Thereupon the *Phœnician*, like a Man who wakes in the Morning, and by little and little calls back the fugitive Dream that had vaniſhed away at his waking, cried out on a ſudden, You are *Telemachus*, whom *Narbal* took into his Friendſhip when he returned from *Egypt*:

Egypt: I am his Brother, of whom no Doubt he has often ſpoke to you: I left you with him after the Expedition into *Egypt*; I was under a Neceſſity to go to the fartheſt Seas into the famous *Betica*, near the Pillars of *Hercules*, ſo that I did but barely ſee you, and therefore it is not to be wondered I was at ſo great a Loſs to know you again at firſt Sight.

I perceive, anſwered *Telemachus*, that you are *Adoam*; I had as it were but a Glimpſe of you at that Time, but I was informed by *Narbal* concerning you. O how rejoiced am I to hear News of a Man who ſhall ever be ſo dear to me! Is he ſtill at *Tyre?* Is he ſtill expoſed to the cruel Treatment of the ſuſpicious and barbarous *Pygmalion*. *Adoam* interrupting him, ſaid, Know, O *Telemachus*, that Fortune commits you to a Man who will take all imaginable Care of you: I will carry you to *Ithaca* before I go to *Epirus*, and in *Narbal*'s Brother you will find another *Narbal* to you. In this Moment he obſerved that the Wind which he waited for began to blow; he cauſed the Anchors to be weighed, the Sails to be unfurl'd, and their Oars to cut the paſſive Flood.

After that he took *Telemachus* and *Mentor* aſide. I am going, ſaid he, looking upon *Telemachus*, to ſatisfy your Curioſity. (*b*) *Pygmalion* is no more; the righteous Gods have diſburthened the Earth of him. As he truſted no Man, ſo no Man could truſt him: Good Men did only groan in ſecret, and fly his Cruelties, without finding in their Hearts to do him any Hurt. The Wicked thought they could not otherwiſe ſecure their own Lives, than by putting an End to his. There was not a *Tyrian*, but was every Day expoſed to fall a Sacrifice to his Diſtruſt. His very Guards were more in Danger than any Body elſe; for his Life being in their Hands, he feared them more than all the reſt of Mankind, and upon the leaſt Surmiſe he ſacrificed them to his Safety. Thus by

(*b*) *Pygmalion* unites in his Character the three Vices which render Princes odious; Cruelty, Avarice, and Luſt. It was neceſſary to ſhew the dangerous Precipices into which thoſe Paſſions are ſure to lead thoſe who give way to them.

over

over endeavouring to be ſafe, he became the leſs ſo. Thoſe who were the Truſtees of his Life being in continual Danger from his Diſtruſtfulneſs, could not deliver themſelves from ſo uneaſy a Condition, but by preventing, by the Tyrant's Death, the Effects of his curſed Jealouſy.

The impious *Aſtarbe*, you have ſo often heard of, was the firſt who came into the Reſolution of deſtroying the King: She was paſſionately in Love with a young *Tyrian*, whoſe Name was *Joazar*, a Man of very large Poſſeſſions; him ſhe hoped to place upon the Throne. In order to this, ſhe perſuaded the King, that the eldeſt of his two Sons, named *Phadael*, through Impatience to ſucceed him, had conſpired againſt his Life; ſhe ſuborned Witneſſes to prove the Plot, and ſo the unhappy King put to Death his innocent Son. The ſecond Son, *Beleazar* by Name, was ſent to *Samos*, under Pretence of learning the Manners and Sciences of the *Greeks*; but the Truth was, *Aſtarbe* had given the King to underſtand, that there was a Neceſſity to remove him from Court, for fear he ſhould enter into an Aſſociation with the Malecontents. Scarce had they put off to Sea, but thoſe who commanded the Ship, being corrupted by that cruel Woman, contrived it ſo as to be ſhipwreck'd in the Night-time. They ſaved themſelves by ſwimming to other Ships which waited for them, but threw the young Prince into the Sea.

In the mean while *Aſtarbe*'s Amours were well known to all but *Pygmalion*, who fancied ſhe would never love any but himſelf alone. This diſtruſtful Prince was ſo hood-wink'd by his Paſſion for that wicked Woman, that he repoſed an intire Confidence in her. At the ſame Time his Avarice put him upon hunting for Pretences to make away with *Joazar*, whom *Aſtarbe* was ſo fond of. His ſole Thoughts were bent how to come at the vaſt Wealth of that young Man.

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But whilſt *Pygmalion* was thus a Prey (*b*) to his Diſtruſt, Love, and Avarice, *Aſtarbe* thought it convenient not to be dilatory in diſpatching him out of the World: She feared leſt he might diſcover ſome of her infamous Amours with this young Man; and, beſides, ſhe knew that the King's covetous Diſpoſition, without any thing elſe, was a ſufficient Motive to put him upon exerciſing any Cruelty upon *Joazar*. She concluded therefore, that ſhe ought to deſtroy him firſt, by Way of Prevention: She found the chief Officers of the Houſhold ready to engage in the Murder of the King; ſhe every Day heard of ſome new Conſpiracy carrying on; but ſhe was afraid of truſting any body, leſt ſhe ſhould be betrayed. At length ſhe thought the ſafeſt Way would be to poiſon *Pygmalion*.

He uſed moſt commonly to eat in private with her, and dreſſed all his Victuals himſelf, not daring to truſt any other Hands (*c*). He locked himſelf up in the remoteſt Apartment of his Palace, the better to cover his Diſtruſt, and to avoid obſerving Eyes when he was preparing his Victuals. He denied himſelf all the Delicacies of the Table, being afraid to taſte of any thing that he could not tell how to dreſs himſelf. Thus not only all the Meats that were dreſſed by his Servants, but alſo Wine, Bread, Salt, Oil, Milk, and other common Proviſions, were no longer of any Uſe to him. He would eat nothing but Fruits which he himſelf had gathered from his Garden, or Pulſe and Roots which he had ſowed and

(*b*) Princes have every Thing to fear from ſuch Women as diſhonour their Beds; they cannot have a more dangerous Enemy than a Miſtreſs that is falſe to them. There is ſcarce any Plot wherein an intriguing Woman is not concerned.

(*c*) A Prince who ſhews ſo much Diſtruſt of his Subjects, gives us to underſtand, that as he does not love his People, ſo neither is he beloved by them. *Ceſar* anſwered thoſe who adviſed him to take Guards, that he would have none to defend him againſt the *Roman* People. 'Tis notorious, that our (*French*) Kings would never have had Guards at firſt, had it not been to ſecure themſelves againſt the Attempts of Foreigners: As for their retaining them afterwards, it was rather done for State than for the Security of the Throne.

boiled

boiled with his own Hands. To conclude, he drank nothing but Water, and that he drew himſelf out of a Fountain, which was incloſed within his Palace, and of which he always kept the Key himſelf. Although to outward Appearance he placed ſo entire a Confidence in *Aſtarbe*, yet he failed not to take all Manner of Precaution againſt her. He always made her be his Taſter of every Thing, that ſo he might not be poiſoned without her, and to deprive her of all Hopes of ſurviving him: But to diſappoint his Precaution, ſhe procured an Antidote from an old Woman yet more wicked than herſelf, and who was the Confidante of her Amours: And now ſhe began to ſhake off all Fear, and reſolved, without any more ado, to poiſon him; which ſhe effected in this Manner. Juſt as they were going to ſit down to Table, this old Woman comes on a ſudden, and makes a mighty Buſtle at the Door. The King, who was perpetually afraid of being aſſaſſinated, ſtarts up, and runs to the Door to ſee if it was ſhut. The old Woman makes off; the King remains full of dreadful Apprehenſions, not knowing what to think of the Noiſe he had heard; yet he durſt not open the Door to inform himſelf. *Aſtarbe* cheers him up, and with fond Careſſings perſuades him to eat: She had, whilſt the King was gone to the Door, put Poiſon into his Golden Cup. *Pygmalion*, according to his Cuſtom, made her drink firſt: She did ſo without any Fear, truſting to the Antidote. *Pygmalion* drank next, and a ſhort Space afterwards he ſwooned away. *Aſtarbe*, who knew that he had Cruelty enough to kill her upon the leaſt Suſpicion, began to rend her Clothes, to tear her Hair, and to lament in a moſt diſmal Manner: She claſped and hugged the dying King in her Arms; ſhe bathed him with ſtreaming Tears, which the crafty Woman had ever at Command: At laſt, when ſhe ſaw that the King's Strength was quite exhauſted, and that he was ſtruggling in the Agonies of Death, for fear he ſhould recover, and compel her to die with him, ſhe left off careſſing him, and proceeded to the moſt horrible Fury imaginable. She ruſhed forcibly upon him,

and

and ſtifled him, and afterwards plucked the Royal Signet from his Finger, ſnatched the Diadem from his Head, and called in *Joazar*, to whom ſhe gave them both. She fancied that all thoſe who had been devoted to her before, would not now fail to countenance and abet her Paſſion, and that her Lover would certainly be proclaimed King; but thoſe who had been moſt forward in making their Court to her, were abject mercenary Souls, and conſequently incapable of a true and laſting Affection. Beſides, they wanted Courage and Reſolution; and feared the Enemies that *Aſtarbe* had drawn upon her; and were yet more afraid of the Pride, Diſſimulation, and Cruelty of that impious Woman. So that for their own Security they all wiſhed her Deſtruction.

Mean while the whole Palace was filled with a dreadful Tumult; nothing was heard but *The King is dead, the King is dead.* Some were frightened, others ran to Arms; all ſeemed apprehenſive of the Conſequences (*e*), but yet overjoyed at the News: Fame carries it from Mouth to Mouth throughout the great City of *Tyre*, but not one Man is found that laments the King. His Death is at once the Deliverance and Conſolation of all his Subjects.

Narbal, much concerned at ſo terrible an Event, deplored, like a good Man, *Pygmalion*'s Misfortune, who had betrayed himſelf by truſting the impious *Aſtarbe* with his Safety, and who had made it his Choice to be an inhuman Tyrant, rather than the Father of his People, as every King ought to be. *Narbal* therefore caſt about with himſelf how to advance the publick Good, and haſtened to aſſemble together all ſuch as he knew to be Men of Honour and Integrity, to oppoſe *Aſtarbe*, under whom there was like to be a yet more deſpotick Adminiſtration than that of the late King.

(*e*) Conſequences are always fatal to thoſe who conſpire againſt a good Prince; in which Caſe, the firſt Tranſports of a People, give the Judges no Opportunity of exerciſing the Severity of the Laws. It was not *Laurence de Medicis* that revenged himſelf on thoſe who had conſpired againſt him; it was the People of *Florence* puniſhed them, without any Regard to the moſt ſacred Offices.

Narbal

Narbal knew that *Baleazar* was not drowned when they threw him into the Sea, and thoſe who had affirmed to *Aſtarbe* that he was actually dead, did it only upon a bare Surmiſe: For the Darkneſs of the Night favouring him, he ſwam away, and certain Merchants of *Crete* compaſſionately received him into their Ship. He was afraid to return into his Father's Kingdom, ſuſpecting that it was his Intention to deſtroy him, and fearing no leſs the cruel Jealouſy of *Pygmalion*, than the Artifices of *Aſtarbe*. He continued a long while wandering up and down in Diſguiſe on the Sea Coaſt of *Syria*. where the *Cretan* Merchants had left him; and to get a Livelihood, he was even forced to keep Sheep. After a while he found Means to inform *Narbal* of the Condition he was in, thinking that he might ſafely truſt himſelf to a Man of his approved Virtue. Though *Narbal* had been ill-uſed by the Father, yet that did not hinder him from loving the Son, and keeping a watchful Eye continually to his Intereſts: And this he all along did, to hinder the Son from ever failing in the Duty he owed his Father, and therefore he conſtantly exhorted him to a patient ſuffering of his hard Fortune.

Baleazar had writ to *Narbal*, that if he thought it ſafe for him to come to *Tyre*, he ſhould ſend him a Gold Ring, upon Receipt whereof he would come away and join him. *Narbal* did not think it proper, while *Pygmalion* was alive, that *Baleazar* ſhould come; becauſe that had been expoſing both the Prince's and his own Life to a certain Danger; ſo difficult a Thing was it to guard againſt *Pygmalion*'s rigorous Enquiries. But as ſoon as that unhappy Prince had come to ſuch an End as was ſuitable to his Crimes, (*f*) *Narbal* immediately ſent a Gold Ring to *Baleazar*. Upon which *Baleazar* inſtantly

(*f*) If there be any Glory equal to that of wearing a Crown worthily, it muſt be that of placing it upon the Head of a Prince to whom it lawfully belongs. Few Kings of *England* make that ſhining Figure in the Hiſtory of that Nation as General *Monk* does, who reſtored the Royalty after the Death of the Uſurper *Cromwell*.

came

came away, and arrived at the Gates of *Tyre*, juſt as the whole City was in the Height of Diſorder and Confuſion for Want of a Succeſſor. *Baleazar* was without Difficulty acknowledged by the chief Citizens, and alſo by the whole Populace: They loved him, not for his Father's Sake, who had the univerſal Hatred, but becauſe of his own Moderation and Sweetneſs of Temper. Even his long Sufferings had given him a Sort of an additional Luſtre, which heightened all his good Qualities, and affected every *Tyrian*'s Heart in his Favour.

Narbal called together the leading Men of the People, the old Men of the City Council, and the Prieſts of the great Goddeſs of *Phœnicia*; they ſaluted *Baleazar* as their King, and cauſed the Heralds to proclaim him: The People anſwered with a thouſand Acclamations of Joy. *Aſtarbe* heard them from the farther End of the Palace, where ſhe was entertaining herſelf with her baſe and infamous *Joazar*. All the ill Men whom ſhe had employed to ſerve her, when *Pygmalion* was alive, had now entirely forſaken her; for it is natural for the Wicked to dread and fear one another, and to wiſh never to ſee ſuch in Authority; as well knowing what wrong Uſe they would make of their Power, and how violent they would be in all their Purſuits. As for good Men, the Wicked can bear much better with ſuch, becauſe they expect at leaſt to find in them Moderation, and an indulgent Diſpoſition. And now *Aſtarbe* had none left about her but ſome notorious Accomplices of her flagitious Crimes, and who had nothing to expect but a condign Puniſhment for the ſame. The Gates of the Palace being forced open, thoſe profligate Wretches did not dare to make a long Reſiſtance, and only caſt about how to get away. *Aſtarbe*, diſguiſed like a Slave, endeavoured to make off among the Crowd, but being perceived by a Soldier, ſhe was taken, and was like to be torn in Pieces by the enraged Multitude, who already had begun to drag her along in the Dirt; but *Narbal* took her out of their Hands. In this Extremity ſhe deſired to ſpeak with *Baleazar*, in hopes to bewitch him with her Charms, and fill him with

Expec-

Expectations of learning ſome important Secrets from her. (g) *Baleazar* could not but admit her, to hear what ſhe had to ſay: To her Beauty ſhe added ſuch a Mildneſs of Aſpect and gentle Modeſty, as would have diſarmed the moſt Incenſed. She flattered *Baleazar* with the moſt delicate and inſinuating Encomiums; ſhe repreſented to him how much *Pygmalion* loved her, and conjured him by his dead Father's Aſhes to take Pity on her; ſhe invoked the Gods, as if ſhe had been a ſincere Worſhipper of them; ſhe poured forth Torrents of ſcalding Tears; ſhe clung to the Knees of the new King; but afterwards ſhe uſed all the Craft ſhe was Miſtreſs of to render his beſt deſerving Servants ſuſpected, and odious to him. She accuſed *Narbal* of entering into a Conſpiracy againſt *Pygmalion*, and endeavouring to get himſelf created King, in Prejudice of *Baleazar*: She added, that *Narbal* deſigned to poiſon him. She forged the like Calumnies againſt all the other *Tyrians*, who were Men of Virtue and Integrity. She hoped to have found *Baleazar*'s Heart of the ſame diſtruſtful and ſuſpicious Make his Father's was; but *Baleazar*, no longer able to endure the helliſh Malignity of that wicked Woman, cut ſhort her Speech, and calling his Guards, ordered them to take her away to Priſon. The wiſeſt of the Antients were commiſſioned to examine into her Actions.

They diſcovered, with Horror, that ſhe had poiſoned and ſtrangled *Pygmalion*; and the whole Courſe of her Life was found to be a continued Series of monſtrous Crimes. They were upon the Point of inflicting upon her the ſame Puniſhment as is uſually inflicted upon great Offenders in that Country, namely, to be burnt alive by a ſlow Fire: But when ſhe found ſhe had no Manner of Reſource left, ſhe grew mad like a Fury come from Hell, and in that Condition ſwallowed a Poiſon,

(g) It was by this dangerous Art that *Cleopatra* endeavoured to tempt the young *Auguſtus*. This *Courtezan-Queen*, as *Lucan* calls her, had no other Reſource left but her Beauty and Poiſon.

which

which ſhe always carried about her, to make away with herſelf in caſe of ſuch Sentence as was now paſſed upon her. Thoſe who guarded her, perceived that ſhe ſuffered violent Pangs, and offered to adminiſter to her ſome Eaſe; but ſhe would never return them any Anſwer, and gave them to underſtand, by Signs, that ſhe would have none of their Relief. They put her in Mind of the juſt avenging Gods whom ſhe had provoked; but, inſtead of expreſſing any Concern for her Crimes, ſhe looked up to Heaven with Scorn and Arrogance, as it were to inſult the Almighty Powers.

The very Image of Rage and Impiety was impreſs'd upon her agonizing Countenance; there was not the leaſt Remainder of that ſuperlative Beauty which had cauſed the Deſtruction of ſo many Men; all thoſe Graces were blotted away; her extinguiſhed Eyes rolled about in their Sockets in a wild ſtaring Manner; a convulſive Motion ſhook her Lips, and kept her Mouth gaping hideouſly wide; her Face ſhrunk up, and her Cheeks ſuck'd in, made a moſt ghaſtly Appearance; a livid Paleneſs and a mortal Cold had ſeiz'd the whole Body. Sometimes ſhe ſeem'd to recover ſome Breath, but it was only to exhale it again in frightful Howlings: At laſt ſhe expired, leaving all the Spectators full of direful Ideas. Her impious Ghoſt doubtleſs deſcended into thoſe Seats of Sorrow, where the cruel *Danaids* are eternally employ'd to draw Water in bored Veſſels; where *Ixion* everlaſtingly turns his Wheel; where *Tantalus*, parch'd with Thirſt, can never catch a Drop of that Water which mocks his Lips; where *Siſyphus*, with fruitleſs Toil, rolls up-hill a Stone that inceſſantly falls back again; and where *Tityus* will for ever feel in his freſh-created Bowels, a Vulture preying upon them.

Baleazar, being deliver'd from this Monſter, expreſſed his Thanks to the Gods by numberleſs Sacrifices. He began his Reign by a quite different Sort of Conduct from that of *Pygmalion*: He apply'd himſelf to the retrieving of Trade, which was every Day grown worſe and worſe: He conſults *Narbal* in his moſt momentous Af-

fairs, but yet is not blindly govern'd by him; for 'tis his Reſolution to ſee every Thing with his own Eyes: He hears every Body's Opinion, and afterwards determines according to what he thinks beſt. He is univerſally beloved by the People, and, in poſſeſſing their Hearts, he poſſeſſes more Riches than his Father had ſwept together by cruel Avarice; for there is not a Family in his Dominions but will part with all they have, if he ſhould be reduced to an Exigency. Thus what is in their Coffers is more at his Command, than if by Force he ſhould take it from them. He needs not be ſolicitous for the Safety of his Life; for he has always about him the ſecureſt Guard, namely, the Love of his Subjects, among whom there is not one but dreads of all Things to part with him, and would hazard their own Lives to preſerve that of ſo good a King. He lives happy with his People, and they the ſame under him: He is tender how he burdens them, and they are as timorous leſt they ſhould not give him enough of their Subſtance. He lets them live in Plenty, and yet this Plenty neither makes them unruly nor inſolent: For they are laborious and indefatigable in Trade, and ſtedfaſt in preſerving the Purity of their antient Laws. *Phœnicia* is now again aſcended to the higheſt Pinnacle of her Glory: 'Tis to her young King ſhe owes ſo much Proſperity.

Narbal governs under him. O *Telemachus*, were he now to ſee you, how joyfully would he load you with Preſents! What Pleaſure would it be to him to ſend you back to your own Country in State and Magnificence! O how fortunate am I in doing what he could have wiſhed he had an Opportunity to do himſelf, in going to the Iſle of *Ithaca*, there to place on the Throne the Son of *Ulyſſes*, that he may govern that Iſland as wiſely as *Baleazar* does *Tyre!*

Adoam having thus ſpoken, *Telemachus*, charmed with the Story, and much more with the Marks of Friendſhip he had received from that *Phœnician* in his Misfortunes, threw his Arms round him with the greateſt

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Tenderneſs and Affection. After a while *Adoam* aſked him by what Accident he came into *Calypſo*'s Iſland. *Telemachus* related in his Turn the Story of his Departure from *Tyre*, and his Paſſage to the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and how he met with *Mentor* again; the Voyage into *Crete*; the publick Games for the Election of a King after *Idomeneus*'s Flight; the Reſentment of *Venus*; their Shipwreck; the Pleaſure with which *Calypſo* received them; the Jealouſy of that Goddeſs againſt one of her Nymphs, and *Mentor*'s puſhing him into the Sea, upon ſeeing the *Phœnician* Ship at a Diſtance.

After theſe Diſcourſes, *Adoam* cauſed a magnificent Repaſt to be brought in, and the better to expreſs the Greatneſs of his Joy, he procured all the Diverſion that could be had whilſt they were at Table; during which Time they were attended by young *Phœnician* Boys, with Garlands on their Heads, and dreſt in the pureſt White: They burnt the moſt exquiſite Perfumes of the Orient. All the Rowers Seats were fill'd with Muſicians playing upon the Flute: *Achitoas*, a fine Player on the Lute, now and then made them pauſe, to introduce the ſweet Harmony of his Voice and Lyre, fit to be heard at the Table of the Gods, and to raviſh the Ears of *Apollo* himſelf. The *Tritons*, the *Nereids*, all the Deities, who are ſubordinate to *Neptune*, and even the Monſters of the Deep, ſprung from their humid and profound Grotto's, and came round the Ship in Shoals, charm'd by this divine Melody. A Company of young *Phœnician* Boys, of a ſingular Beauty, and clad in the fineſt Lawn, whiter than the falling Snow, danced for ſome Time the Dances of their own Country, then thoſe of *Egypt*, and laſt of all they danced ſome *Grecian* Dances: At proper Intervals the ſounding Trumpets filled the diſtant Shores with reverberating Echoes. The Silence of the Night, the Calmneſs of the Sea, the trembling Light of the Moon, which danced on the Surface of the Waves, the darkiſh Azure of the Sky, thick ſet with brilliant Stars, ſerved to encreaſe the Agreeableneſs of the Show.

Telemachus, being of a ſprightly, lively Temper, was mightily pleaſed with theſe Entertainments; (*b*) but he durſt not entirely give his Heart up to Pleaſure. Since he had experienced, with ſo much Confuſion and Shame, in *Calypſo*'s Iſland, how apt Youth is to be inflamed, all Pleaſures, even the moſt innocent ones, made him fearful; he ſuſpected every Thing. He look'd upon *Mentor*, in whoſe Face and Eyes he conſulted how to behave himſelf in the preſent Circumſtances.

Mentor was glad to ſee him in that Perplexity, but made as if he did not take notice of it. After a while, mov'd with *Telemachus*'s Abſtemiouſneſs, he ſaid to him, ſmiling, I perceive what you are afraid of, and cannot but commend your Fear; but then you muſt not carry it too far. No Man can wiſh you more earneſtly than I the Enjoyment of Pleaſure; but it muſt be ſuch Pleaſure as will not hurry you away to Exceſs, nor emaſculate your Nature: Pleaſure you ſhould poſſeſs, but not ſuch Pleaſure as ſhall poſſeſs you: I always ſhall be glad to ſee you enjoy the Uſe of innocent well-regulated Diverſions, ſuch as will not deprive you of your Reaſon, and make you like a furious Brute. And at this Time 'tis very fit for you to refreſh yourſelf after all your Fatigues: Go on, and in a grateful Complaiſance to *Adoam* reliſh the Entertainments he offers you; rejoice, *Telemachus*, and be merry. Wiſdom has nothing in it of Auſterity or Affectation; 'tis ſhe yields true Pleaſures; 'tis ſhe knows how to ſeaſon them, in order to make them pure and durable; ſhe knows how to mix Mirth and Sports with the weightieſt and moſt ſerious Affairs; ſhe makes Way for Pleaſure by Labour, and unbends from Labour by Pleaſure. Wiſdom is not aſhamed to be gay upon Occaſion.

After he had ſaid theſe Words, *Mentor* took up a Harp, and played on it in ſo maſterly a Manner, that *Achitoas* let his drop from him in very Spite: His Eyes

(*b*) The moſt prudent Fear is that of Pleaſure, becauſe nothing is more difficult than to uſe it with Moderation.

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ſtruck fire; his troubled Face turn'd pale; every Body would have taken notice of his Diſorder and Confuſion, but that at the ſame Moment *Mentor*'s Harp entirely tranſported the Souls of all the By-Standers; none of them hardly durſt breathe, for fear of breaking in upon the profound Silence, and ſo loſe ſomething of the divine Muſick; all fearing leſt it would be too ſoon over. *Mentor*'s Voice was by no means effeminate, but tuneable, ſtrong, and expreſſive of every Paſſion he turn'd it to.

He at firſt chaunted forth the Praiſes of *Jupiter*, Father and King of Gods and Men, who with a Nod ſhakes the whole Univerſe: Afterwards he ſet forth *Minerva* coming out of his Head, that is, Wiſdom, form'd by that God within himſelf, and iſſuing from him for the Inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to receive it. *Mentor* ſung theſe Truths in ſo pathetick and lofty a Strain, and in ſo religious a Manner, that the whole Aſſembly thought themſelves elevated to the higheſt Pinnacle of *Olympus*, in the very Preſence of *Jupiter*, whoſe Looks are more piercing than his Thunder. Next to this he ſung the Misfortune of the young *Narciſſus*, who becoming fondly enamour'd with his own Beauty, which he was inceſſantly ſurveying in a Fountain, pin'd away with Grief, and was chang'd into a Flower which bears his Name. Laſtly, he ſung the fatal Death of the bright *Adonis*, torn to Pieces by a wild Boar, whom *Venus*, tho' paſſionately in Love with him, could never bring to Life again with all her ſad Complainings to Heaven.

All that heard him broke into reſiſtleſs Tears, and felt a ſecret Pleaſure in weeping. When he gave over Singing, the *Phœnicians* look'd at one another with Amazement: One ſaid, this is *Orpheus*; for thus with his Harp he uſed to ſoften the wild Beaſts, and draw after him both Woods and Rocks; 'tis thus he enchanted *Cerberus*, ſuſpended the Torments of *Ixion* and the *Danaids*, and prevailed upon the mercileſs *Pluto* to

conſent to the Releaſement of the fair *Eurydice*. Another cry'd, No, 'tis *Linus* the Son of *Apollo*: To whom the next By-Stander anſwer'd, You are deceiv'd; 'tis *Apollo*'s ſelf. *Telemachus* was almoſt as much ſurpriz'd as they were, for he did not know that *Mentor* was ſo great a Maſter of the Harp, or could ſing ſo divinely. *Achitoas*, who had leiſure to diſguiſe his Jealouſy, did now begin to beſtow on *Mentor* ſome Commendations; but he bluſhed at the ſame Time, and could not proceed. *Mentor* ſeeing what Confuſion he was in, began to interrupt him, and to comfort him, by giving him the Praiſes he deſerv'd: *Achitoas* did not receive much Conſolation, becauſe he ſaw that *Mentor* ſurpaſs'd him even more by his Modeſty than the Charms of his Voice.

And now *Telemachus* ſaid to *Adoam*, I remember you mention'd to me a Voyage you made into *Betica* after we left *Egypt*. (*i*) *Betica* is a Country of which ſo ſo many Wonders are related, that they are almoſt incredible: Vouchſafe to inform me whether all that is ſaid of it be true. I ſhall with the greateſt Pleaſure, anſwer'd *Adoam*, deſcribe to you that renowned Country, which is ſo deſerving of your Curioſity, and far exceeds whatever is reported of it. Whereupon he thus began.

The River *Betis* glides through a fertile Land, bleſſed with a temperate and ever-ſerene Sky. The Country takes its Name from the River, which diſcharges itſelf into the great Ocean near *Hercules*'s Pillars, and not far from that Place where the furious Sea, breaking its Mounds, heretofore divided the Land of *Tharſis* from the great *Africa*. This Country ſeems to have preſerv-

(*i*) Nothing can come nearer to the Deſcription which *Strabo* gives of *Spain*. Theſe Flowers are not merely the Product of the Poet's Fancy; he had drank deep Draughts at the Spring-Head of Antiquity; he advances nothing that he has not a good Foundation for. Could he have given the Duke of *Anjou* [now King of *Spain*] a better Notion of the Country he was one Day to govern?

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ed the Delights of the Golden Age: The Winters here are mild, and the ſevere North Winds never blow: The Heat of the Summer is always moderated by refreſhing Zephyrs, which towards the Middle of the Day cool the ſultry Air. Thus the whole Year is but an happy Marriage of the Spring and Autumn, which ſeem to ſhake Hands together. The Land, both in the Valleys and the Plains, brings every Year a double Harveſt. Along the Sides of the Roads grow Laurel-Trees, Pomegranates, Jaſſamines, and other Trees ever green and ever in Bloſſom. The Hills are covered over with Flocks of Sheep, which ſupply a Wool which for its Fineneſs, is ſought for by all the Nations of the World. There are in this happy Country numerous Mines of Gold and Silver; but its Inhabitants, who are happy in their Simplicity, vouchſafe not ſo much as to reckon Gold and Silver among their Riches, and eſteem nothing but what is merely neceſſary for the Conveniencies of human Nature.

When firſt we began a Commerce with theſe People, we found they applied Gold and Silver to the ſame Uſes as Iron, for Plow-ſhares and the like. As they had no foreign Trade, they needed no Coin: They are almoſt all either Shepherds or Huſbandmen. There are but few Artiſans in the Country, for they only tolerate thoſe Arts which are indiſpenſably neceſſary for their Suſtenance; and tho' moſt of them apply themſelves to Agriculture, or to grazing of Cattle, yet they are skilled in ſuch Arts as are ſerviceable to ſupport their plain and frugal Way of Living.

The Women ſpin that fine Wool I mentioned, and make extraordinary fine white Stuffs thereof; they bake the Bread; dreſs the Victuals; and all this Labour is eaſy to them: For in this Country what they live upon is generally Fruit or Milk, very rarely Fleſh: With Leather of their Sheeps Skins, they make thin Shoes for themſelves, their Huſbands, and Children; they make Tents, ſome of waxed Skins, others of Barks of Trees; they make and waſh all the Garments for the

Family, and keep the Houſes in wonderful Order and Cleanneſs. Their Clothes are eaſily made; for in this temperate Climate they only wear a thin light Piece of Stuff, which is not cut into Shape, but which every one, for Modeſty-ſake, wears in long Folds about their Body, in what Form they pleaſe (*k*).

The Men have no other Arts to exerciſe beſides Tillage and Grazing, but the working in Wood and Iron, and even in theſe they ſeldom make uſe of Iron, unleſs it be for Tools neceſſary for Agriculture. All thoſe Arts which reſpect Architecture are utterly uſeleſs to them, for they never build any Houſes. It denotes, ſay they, too great a Fondneſs for the Earth, the building a Manſion upon it more laſting than our Bodies; it is enough if we can ſhelter ourſelves from the Inclemencies of the Weather. As for all other Arts, ſo much in eſteem among the *Grecians*, the *Egyptians*, and other polite Nations, they deteſt them as the Inventions of Vanity and Luxury.

When you ſpeak to them of Nations who erect ſtately Buildings, make Furniture of Gold and Silver, and Stuffs adorned with Embroidery and precious Stones, exquiſite Perfumes, delicious Viands, Inſtruments of Muſick to raviſh the Soul; all the Anſwer they give is this: Thoſe Nations are very unhappy, to take ſo much Pains to corrupt themſelves: Such Superfluities ſoften, intoxicate, and torment thoſe who poſſeſs them, and tempt thoſe who are deſtitute of them to procure them by Injuſtice and Violence; and how can ſuch Superfluity be called a Good, when it only tends to

(*k*) We are not to look upon thoſe Notions to be more plauſible than ſolid. That they were practicable has been made appear from Examples of ſome of the greateſt Legiſlators. *Lycurgus* baniſhed from his Republick, not only Gold and Silver, but alſo all their concomitant Vices. He reduced all the Exerciſes of the *Lacedemonians* to Husbandry and the Art Military; and accordingly *Sparta* had no other Walls or Bulwarks but her Citizens Bodies.

make

make Men evil? Are the Men of thoſe Countries ſounder, more luſty than we? Do they live longer? Are they better united one to another? Is their Life more free from Cares, more calm, more cheerful? Nay, on the contrary, they muſt be jealous one of another, preyed upon by baſe and haggard Envy, and even torn to Pieces by Ambition, Fear, Avarice; not ſuſceptible of plain unmixed Pleaſures, ſince they are Slaves to ſo many imaginary Neceſſities, in which alone they place all their Felicity.

Thus, continued *Adoam*, do theſe wiſe Men argue, who have gained all their Wiſdom by only ſtudying ſimple Nature. They abhor our Politeneſs, and it muſt be confeſſed that their amiable Simplicity has ſomething great in it. They live all together without any Partition of Lands; every Family is governed by its Head, who is real King thereof; every Father of a Family has a Right to puniſh ſuch of his Children or Grand-Children as ſhall be guilty of an evil Action; but before he proceeds to inflict it, he conſults the reſt of the Family, and 'tis very rare that there happens any Occaſion for Puniſhment; for Innocence of Manners, Integrity, Obedience, and a Deteſtation of Vice, inhabit this happy Place, and one would think *Aſtrea*, who is ſaid to be gone up into Heaven, lies yet here concealed among theſe People: There is no Need of Judges among them, for their own Conſcience ſupplies that Office. All their Goods are in common; the Fruits of the Trees, Grain of the Earth, Pulſe, Milk of the Herds, are ſo very plentiful, that a People ſo temperate and abſtemious have no occaſion to parcel them out: Each Family itinerant, in this fine Country, without any ſettled Place of Abode, tranſport their Tents from one Place to another, when they have conſumed the Fruits and eaten up the Paſturage of the Place from whence they came. So that having no ſeparate Intereſt to maintain one againſt another, they love one another with a brotherly Love, which nothing can impair or break in upon. 'Tis this Rejection of vain

Riches and deceitful Pleaſures, which preſerves them in that Peace, Union, and Liberty. They are all alike free, all upon a Level, and there is no other Diſtinction ſeen among them, except what is allow'd to the Experience of wiſe old Men, or the extraordinary Parts of ſome young ones, who being accompliſhed in all Virtue, hold the ſame Rank with the old ones. The cruel Cries of Fraud and Violence, Perjury, Law-Suits, Wars, are never heard in this Country, cheriſhed by the Gods. No human Gore ever diſcoloured this Land; nay even the Blood of Lambs is rarely ſeen to ſtain it. When they are told of deſperate Battles, rapid Conqueſts, State-Revolutions, which happen often among other Nations, they ſtand perfectly amaz'd. What! ſay they, are not Men mortal enough of themſelves, without hurrying each other thus precipitately to their Graves? Does Life, that is ſo ſhort, ſeem to them too long? Are they ſent here upon Earth to tear each other to Pieces, and to make themſelves mutually miſerable?

Beſides, theſe People of *Betica* cannot conceive why ſo many Conquerors are admired for enſlaving whole Empires. What Madneſs, ſay they, is it for one Man to place his Happineſs in governing others; ſince, if it be performed with Reaſon, and according to Juſtice, it is ſo painful a Taſk? But what Pleaſure can he take in governing them againſt their Conſent? 'Tis all that a wiſe Man ought to do, to take upon him the Conduct of a tractable People, whom the Gods have committed to his Care, or a People who beſeech him to be their Father and Shepherd; but to govern Men againſt their Will, is to make one's ſelf exceedingly miſerable, to gain the falſe Honour of keeping them in Servitude. A Conqueror is one whom the Gods have ſent upon the Earth in their Wrath, to deſtroy whole Kingdoms, to ſpread Terror in every Corner, to ſcatter abroad Miſery and Deſperation, and to make as many Slaves as there are Freemen. A Man that is fond of Glory, does he not find enough of it in ruling with Prudence thoſe whom the

the Gods have put under him? Does he think he cannot merit Praiſe unleſs he becomes violent, unjuſt, haughty, uſurping, and tyrannical over all his Neighbours? War ſhould never be thought of, but for the Defence of Liberty. Happy he, who, not being another's Slave, is not ſo madly ambitious as to make others his Slaves! The mighty Conquerors, whom they dreſs out to us with ſo much Glory, reſemble thoſe wide-ſpread undamm'd Rivers, which look majeſtick, but deſtroy the fertile Fields which they ought only to refreſh.

After *Adoam* had given this Deſcription of *Betica*, *Telemachus*, highly pleaſed, aſked him ſeveral curious Queſtions. Do theſe People, ſaid he, drink Wine? They are ſo far from drinking it, reply'd *Adoam*, that they never care to make any: Not that they want Grapes, ſince no Country produces more delicious than it does; but they content themſelves with eating Grapes as they do other Fruits; and they dread Wine as the Corrupter of Mankind: 'Tis a Sort of Poiſon, ſay they, which creates Madneſs; it does not indeed directly kill a Man, but it makes him a Beaſt: Men may preſerve their Health and Strength without Wine, the Effects whereof are to deſtroy their Health, and ruin their Morals.

I would fain know, ſaid *Telemachus*, how Marriages are regulated in this Nation. No Man, anſwered *Adoam*, can have more than one Wife, and her he muſt keep as long as ſhe lives. The Honour of the Men in this Country depends as much on their Conſtancy to their Wives, as the Honour of the Women depends in other Countries on their Fidelity to their Huſbands. Never were People ſo juſt, nor ſo inviolably chaſte. The Women here are beautiful and agreeable; but plain, modeſt, and induſtrious. Marriage here is peaceful, fruitful, and ſpotleſs: The Huſband and Wife ſeem to be but one Soul in two Bodies; they bear an equal Part in all domeſtick Cares: The Huſband manages the Affairs abroad; the Wife confines herſelf at Home to her Houſewifery; ſhe adminiſters Comfort to her Huſband, and ſeems to be made only to help and pleaſure him;

him; ſhe is intire Miſtreſs of his Secrets, and her Virtue, no leſs than her Beauty, contributes to heighten the Charms of their Society, which endure as long as they live. Sobriety, Temperance, and Purity of Manners, are what make their Lives not only long, but exempt from Diſeaſes. Here are Men of an hundred, and an hundred and twenty Years old, who are yet hearty and chearful.

I want to know, added *Telemachus*, (*l*) how they do to avoid going to War with their Neighbours. Nature, ſays *Adoam*, has ſeparated them from other People, on one Side by the Sea, and on the other Side by high Mountains towards the North. Beſides this, the Neighbouring Nations bear them great Reſpect on Account of their Virtue; and, when they fall out among themſelves, they frequently make Choice of theſe People to determine their Differences, and have often entruſted to them the Lands and Towns that were in Diſpute among them. This wiſe Nation having never committed any Violence, No-body miſtruſts them. They laugh when they are told of Kings who cannot regulate and adjuſt among themſelves the Frontiers of each others Dominions: Is it poſſible, ſay they, for Men to fear they ſhall ever want Land? There will be always more than they can cultivate; and as long as there ſhall remain free and waſte Lands, we would not ſo much as defend our own againſt our Neighbours that ſhould endeavour to take them from us. Pride, Arrogance, Treachery, Falſhood, and Envy, were never heard of amongſt the Inhabitants of *Betica*. And thus their Neighbours never have Occaſion to fear ſuch a People, nor can they ever hope to make ſuch a People fear them; which is the Reaſon they never give them any Diſturbance or Moleſtation. The *Beticans* would ſooner forſake their Country, or meet their Death, than ſubmit

(*l*) Conquerors are not over-fond of trying their Strength upon a Nation which is poor, but withal warlike. Theſe are the two Barriers which defend the *Swiſs*-Cantons more than their Mountains.

to

to Slavery. Thus it is as difficult to enſlave them, as it is for them to deſire to enſlave others: And this is what cauſes ſo uninterrupted a Peace between them and their Neighbours.

Adoam concluded this Diſcourſe with relating how the *Phœnicians* carry'd on their Trade with thoſe of *Betica*. Theſe latter were, ſaid he, wonderfully ſurpriz'd when firſt they ſaw ſtrange Men come ſo far on the Waves of the Sea. They even receiv'd us in a very courteous Manner. They ſuffered us to found the City in the Iſle of *Gades*, and gave us Part of all they had, without deſiring any Return: They likewiſe offered us all they had left of their Wool, after they had lain by enough for their own Uſe; and indeed they ſent us a rich Preſent of it. They take great Delight in giving their Overplus liberally to Strangers.

As for their Mines, they without any manner of Scruple gave them up to us: They made no Advantage of them themſelves: They thought that Men were not over-wiſe, for ſearching ſo laborioufly the Bowels of the Earth, for what could neither render them happy, nor ſatisfy any real Neceſſity. Do not dig, ſaid they to us, ſo deep into the Earth; content yourſelves with ploughing and tilling it, and it will afford you real Goods which will nouriſh you; you will reap Fruits from it, which are much more valuable than Gold or Silver, ſince all that Mankind deſires Gold and Silver for, is only to purchaſe Suſtenance for human Life.

We were often deſirous to have taught them Navigation, and to have carry'd ſome of their young Men into *Phœnicia*; but they would never yield to have their Children taught to live our Way. They would learn, ſaid they to us, to ſtand in need of all Things that are become neceſſary to you; they would have them; they would forego Virtue to obtain them by unjuſt Methods; they would grow like a Man who has good Legs, and who having diſuſed Walking, is at laſt reduced to the Neceſſity of being carry'd about like a Sick Man. As for Navigation, they admire it, becauſe it is an excellent Art;

Art; but they believe it to be a pernicious Art. If thoſe People, ſay they, have enough in their own Country to ſupport Life, what is it they go to ſeek for in another? Is not what ſuffices Nature ſufficient for them? They deſerve to be ſhipwreck'd for running into the Jaws of Death, thro' Storms and Tempeſts, to glut the Avarice of Merchants, and indulge the Paſſions of other Men.

Telemachus was perfectly raviſhed at *Adoam*'s Diſcourſe; he was tranſported with Joy that there was yet a People in the World, who, following the true Dictates of Nature, were at the ſame Time ſo wiſe and ſo happy. O, ſaid he, how widely walk theſe People from the vain and ambitious Maxims of thoſe Nations who are eſteemed to be the wiſeſt! We are ſo very corrupt ourſelves, we can hardly believe that ſo natural a Simplicity can be real; we look upon the Morals of theſe People as a fine Fable, and they ought to look upon ours as a hideous Dream.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

VENUS, *ſtill incenſed againſt* Telemachus, *begs his Deſtruction of* Jupiter; *but the Deſtinies not allowing him to periſh, the Goddeſs goes to* Neptune, *to concert Meaſures for keeping him from* Ithaca, *whither* Adoam *was carrying him. They employ a deceiving Deity to miſlead the Pilot* Athamas, *who believing he was arriv'd at* Ithaca, *enters full-ſail into the Port of the* Salentines. *Their King* Idomeneus *receives* Telemachus *in his new City, where he was juſt then preparing a Sacrifice to* Jupiter, *to obtain Succeſs in a War againſt the* Mandurians. *The Prieſt, conſulting the Entrails of the Victims, gives* Idomeneus *Hopes of the greateſt good Fortune, and farther lets him underſtand, that he ſhall owe his Happi-*

neſs

neſs to his two new Gueſts. This unhappy King implores their Aid againſt his Enemies, and promiſes them all manner of Aſſiſtance.

WHILST *Telemachus* and *Adoam* were thus converſing together, neglectful of Sleep, and not perceiving that the Night had already run one half of its Race, a deceitful and adverſe Deity, led them far wide of *Ithaca*, which their Pilot *Athamas* ſought for in vain. *Neptune*, though a Friend to the *Phœnicians*, was now grown impatient, and could no longer endure to think that *Telemachus* had eſcaped the Storm that had thrown him againſt the Rocks of *Calypſo*'s Iſland. *Venus* was yet more enraged to ſee that young Man triumphing, after his Conqueſt over *Cupid*, and all his Charms. In the Height of her Paſſion ſhe quitted *Cythera*, *Paphos*, *Idalia*, and all the Honours which are paid to her in the Iſle of *Cyprus*. She could no longer ſtay in thoſe Places where *Telemachus* had contemned her Sway. She flies to bright *Olympus*, where the Gods were aſſembled round the Throne of *Jove*. (m) From this Place they behold the Stars rolling beneath their Feet. They ſee this terreſtrial Globe like a ſmall Clod of Clay. The vaſt Seas appear to them only like Drops of Water, with which this Clod is a little moiſtened. The largeſt Kingdoms are in their Eyes but as a little Sand covering the Surface of this Clod. The vaſt Numbers of People, the mighty Armies, ſeem but as Ants diſputing with one another for a Tuft of Graſs upon this Clod. The Immortals laugh at the moſt weighty Affairs that agitate weak Mankind, and the moſt arduous Labours appear to them like the Play-Games of Children. That which Men call Glory, Grandeur, Power, and deep Policy, ſeem to theſe ſupreme Deities to be nothing but Miſery and Folly.

(m) 'Tis

(*m*) 'Tis in this Abode, ſo much elevated above the Earth, that *Jupiter* has fixed his immoveable Throne. His Eyes pierce into the very loweſt Depths, and viſit even the moſt ſecret Foldings of the Heart. His ſweet and ſerene Aſpect diffuſes Tranquillity and Joy throughout the Univerſe. On the contrary, when he ſhakes his Locks, he makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble. The Gods themſelves, dazzled with the Glory that ſurrounds them, can't approach him without trembling.

All the Celeſtial Deities were near him at this Moment. *Venus* preſented herſelf with all thoſe Charms that ſpring from her divine Perſon. Her looſe flowing Gown was more ſplendid than all the Colours which *Iris* decks herſelf with amidſt the duſky Clouds, when ſhe comes to promiſe to diſmay'd Mortals the Ceſſation of a Tempeſt, and to declare to them the Return of ſerene Weather. Her Robe was faſtened by that famed Girdle on which are repreſented the Graces. The Goddeſs's Hair was negligently ty'd behind by a Locket of Gold. All the Gods were ſurpris'd at her Beauty, as if they never had ſeen her before, and their Eyes were dazzled like the Eyes of Mortals, when *Phœbus*, after a tedious Night, comes to illuminate the Earth with his Rays. They look'd on each other with Aſtoniſhment, but ſtill their Eyes center'd on *Venus*. But they perceived the Goddeſs was bathed in Tears, and that a Cloud of Sorrow ſat upon her Face.

Mean while ſhe advanced towards the Throne of *Jupiter* with a ſoft light Pace, like the ſwift Flight of a Bird, dividing the vaſt Expanſion of the Air. He looked on her with Complacency; he ſmiled kindly on her; then riſing up, embraced her. My dear Daughter, ſaid he to her, what is it grieves you? 'Tis impoſſible I ſhould behold your Tears without being moved. Fear

(*m*) *Homer* has been blamed for making Gods of his Heroes, and Men of his Gods; but our Author has taken no more from Fable than what ſuited the Notion of a Deity; he only repreſents the God ſurrounded with his Glory.

not

not to unboſom yourſelf freely to me: You knew my Tenderneſs and Indulgence for you.

Venus anſwered him with a gentle Voice, but interrupted with deep Sighs: O Father of Gods and Men, can you, who ſee all Things, be ignorant of the Cauſe of my Sorrow? (*n*) *Minerva* is not ſatisfied with ſubverting the very Foundations of *Troy*'s ſtately Town, which I eſpouſed, and to be revenged on *Paris*, who had preferred my Beauty to her's; but ſhe likewiſe conducts over Land and Sea the Son of *Ulyſſes*, that cruel Overthrower of *Troy*. *Telemachus* is accompanied by *Minerva*, which occaſions her Abſence from this divine Aſſembly. She led this raſh Youth into the Iſle of *Cyprus* to affront me, where he deſpiſed my Power, nor deigned ſo much as to burn Incenſe upon my Altars. He has expreſſed an Abhorrence of the Feſtivals that are celebrated in my Honour: He has locked faſt his Heart againſt all my Pleaſures. In vain has *Neptune* ſtirred up againſt him the Winds and Seas at my Deſire: *Telemachus*, caſt by a dreadful Shipwreck on *Calypſo*'s Iſland, has triumphed over *Cupid*'s ſelf, whom I diſpatched thither to ſoften the Heart of this young *Greek*. But neither *Calypſo*'s blooming Youth nor Charms, nor any of her Nymphs, nor even the burning Shafts of Love, could get the Aſcendant over *Minerva*'s Arts: She ſnatched him from the Iſland. Behold how I am defeated; a Stripling triumphs over me.

Jupiter, to comfort *Venus*, ſaid to her, It is true, my Daughter, *Minerva* guards the Heart of this young *Greek* againſt your Son's dread Shafts; ſhe prepares for him a Glory which never yet was merited by a young Man. I am troubled that he has deſpiſed your Altars; but I cannot ſubject him to your Power. To gratify you, I conſent that he ſtill ſhall wander both by Sea and Land, that he ſhall live far from his own Country, expoſed to

(*n*) *Venus*, in the Iliad, ſets herſelf againſt the Kings of *Greece*, who had *Minerva* for their Protectreſs. Our Author follows the ſame Fiction; but in both Poems we find Wiſdom triumphing over Pleaſure.

every

every Thing that is dangerous and diſaſtrous; but the Fates will neither ſuffer him to periſh, nor his Virtue to be overcome by thoſe Pleaſures with which you decoy Mankind. Take Comfort then, my Daughter; content yourſelf with ruling over ſo many other Heroes, and ſo many of the immortal Powers.

Here he ſmiled at *Venus* with the utmoſt Grace and Majeſty; a radiant Flaſh, like the moſt piercing Lightenings, darted from his Eyes; then tenderly kiſſing *Venus*, he diffuſed an Odour of Ambroſia, which perfumed *Olympus* all around. The Goddeſs could not but be ſenſible of this favourable Reception from the greateſt of the Gods: In Spite of her Tears and Grief, a viſible Joy overſpread her Face; ſhe let down her Veil to hide her bluſhing Cheeks, and to cover the Confuſion ſhe was in. The whole Aſſembly of the Gods applauded *Jupiter*'s Anſwer; and *Venus*, without loſing a Moment's Time, haſtened to *Neptune*, to concert with him the Means of revenging herſelf on *Telemachus*.

She repeated to *Neptune* what *Jupiter* ſaid to her: I knew before, replied *Neptune*, the unalterable Decree of Deſtiny; but if we cannot ſink *Telemachus* to the Bottom of the Sea, let us not at leaſt omit any Thing that may make him wretched, and protract his Return to *Ithaca*. I cannot yield to deſtroy the *Phœnician* Ship on which he is aboard; I love the *Phœnicians*; they are my People; no other Nation of the Univerſe cultivates my Empire as they do; the Sea, thro' their Means, is become a Band that ties together all the Nations of the Earth; they honour me with continual Sacrifices on my Altars; they are juſt, prudent, and induſtrious in their Commerce; they diſtribute Plenty, and the Conveniencies of Life, through all the World: No, Goddeſs, I can't admit one of their Veſſels to be wreck'd; but I will make the Pilot loſe his Courſe, and ſail wide of *Ithaca*, whither he deſigns to go. *Venus*, ſatisfied with this Promiſe, forced a malicious Smile, and then returned in her flying Chariot, and alighted on *Idalia*'s flowery Meads, where the Graces, the Laughters, and the Sports, expreſſed

preſſed their Joy to ſee her again, dancing around her on the Flowers which perfume that charming Place.

(o) *Neptune* immediately diſpatched a deceitful Deity, like the God of Dreams; ſave only that Dreams never deceive but during the Time of Sleep; whereas this Deity enchants Men's Senſes when they are awake. This malignant Deity, attended by a numberleſs Crowd of winged Deluſions fluttering round him, came and poured out a ſubtle and enchanted Liquor upon the Eyes of the Pilot *Athamas*, who was attentively conſidering the Brightneſs of the Moon, the Courſe of the Stars, and the Port of *Ithaca*, whoſe ſteep Rocks he had already diſcovered pretty near. In this very Moment the Pilot's Eyes exhibited nothing to him as it really was; a falſe Sky and a falſe Land preſented themſelves to him; the Stars ſeemed to have changed their Courſe, and to return back again to their former Orbits: All *Olympus* ſeemed to move by new Laws; the Earth itſelf was altered; a mock *Ithaca* ſtill offered to the Pilot's View to amuſe him, while at the ſame Time he was going farther off from the true one. The more he approached towards this deluding Repreſentation of the Iſland, the farther this Image recoil'd from him; it ſtill fled from before him, and he knew not what to make of its Retreat: Sometimes he thought he already heard the Noiſe ſo uſual in a Port, and he was ſtrait preparing, according to the Orders he had received, to ſteal aſhore on a little Iſland near the great one, to ſecure the Return of this young Prince againſt the Violence of *Penelope*'s Lovers, who had conſpired againſt him: Sometimes he dreaded the Shelves and Rocks which that Part of the Sea is full of, and he fanſied he heard the hollow Roaring of the Waves daſhing againſt thoſe Rocks. Then all on a ſudden he perceived that the Land appeared at a mcuh greater Diſtance: The

(o) *Ulyſſes*, in the *Odyſſey*, is expoſed to *Neptune*'s Fury, who wreaks on him his utmoſt Vengeance: Here, the ſame Fictions adorn a yet more ſublime Moral, without giving the Reader the Trouble of looking for it through the Veil of Allegories.

Mountains

Mountains ſeemed to him like ſo many Clouds, which ſometimes darken the Horizon while the Sun is ſetting. Thus was *Athamas* perplexed, and the Impreſſion of the deceitful Deity which had bewitched his Eyes, filled him with a Sort of an Apprehenſion which till then he was a Stranger to: He was even inclined to believe that he was not awake, and that he was under the Illuſion of a Dream. Mean while *Neptune* commanded the Eaſt Wind to blow, in order to drive the Ship on the Coaſt of *Heſperia*; the Wind obeyed him with ſo much Vehemence, that the Ship ſoon arrived at the Place *Neptune* had deſigned.

Already had *Aurora* proclaimed the approaching Day; already had the Stars, which dread the Rays of the Sun, and are jealous of him, begun to hide in the Ocean their dusky Fires, when the Pilot cried out, I can no longer doubt it, we are now touching the very Iſland of *Ithaca*; rejoice, *Telemachus*, for in an Hour you ſhall ſee *Penelope* again, and perhaps *Ulyſſes* repoſſeſſed of his Throne.

At this Cry, *Telemachus*, who was lock'd faſt in the Arms of Sleep, awakes, ſtarts up, goes to the Steerage, embraces the Pilot, and with his Eyes ſcarce open, ſurveys the neighbouring Shore, and ſighed when he found that it was not the Coaſt of his own Country. Alas! Where are we, ſaid he? This is not my dear *Ithaca*. *Athamas*, you are deceived; you are but little acquainted with this Coaſt, ſo far diſtant from your own Country. No, no, replied *Athamas*, I cannot be deceived in the Knowledge of the Bearings of this Iſland; I have been a great many Times here; I know the ſmalleſt Rock belonging to it; the *Tyrian* Coaſt is ſcarce more recent in my Memory: See that Mountain there jutting out; behold that Head-land riſing like a Tower: Don't you hear thoſe Billows that break themſelves againſt thoſe other Rocks, that with an angry Brow ſeem to threaten the Sea with their Fall? But don't you ſee that Temple of *Minerva*, which cleaves the Clouds? Yonder is the Houſe and Caſtle of your Father *Ulyſſes*. O *Athamas*, replied *Telemachus*, you are deceived:

deceived: I ſee, on the contrary, a very high but level Coaſt; and I perceive a Town, but it is none of *Ithaca*. O Gods! is it thus ye deride and make ſport of us poor Mortals?

Whilſt he was ſaying theſe Words, all of a ſudden the Eyes of *Athamas* were reſtored to their wonted Certainty. The Charm diſſolved; he beheld the Shore as it really was, and perceived his Error. I own, O *Telemachus*, cried he, ſome envious Deity has enchanted my Eyes; I thought I ſaw *Ithaca*, and a perfect Image of it preſented itſelf to my Fancy; but now 'tis vaniſhed like a Dream: I now behold another City, and it is doubtleſs *Salentum*, which *Idomeneus*, who fled from *Crete*, has lately founded in *Heſperia*; I perceive its riſing Walls, as yet unfiniſhed; I ſee a Port not yet entirely fortified.

Whilſt *Athamas* was taking notice of the ſeveral Works newly erected in this growing City, and whilſt *Telemachus* was bewailing his Misfortune, the Wind that *Neptune* cauſed to blow, drove them full-ſail into a Road, where they found themſelves under Shelter, and juſt by the Haven.

Mentor, who was no Stranger either to *Neptune*'s Revenge, or the cruel Devices of *Venus*, only ſmiled at *Athamas*'s Miſtake. When they were in this Road, *Mentor* ſays to *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* is making a Trial of you, but will not ſuffer you to be deſtroyed: On the contrary, he only tries you, to point out to you the Road of Glory. (*p*) Think on the Labours of *Hercules*; let your Father's Atchievements be ever preſent to your Mind. He who knows not how to ſuffer, is not magnanimous. By Patience and Fortitude you muſt tire out that mercileſs Fortune which takes Delight in perſecut-

(*p*) The fabulous Heroes are heightened by the Luſtre of a well-ſupported Adverſity. It is a Circumſtance which contributes the moſt of any Thing to the Glory of a Great Man; for when he is in a diſtreſſed Condition, you do not ſee the Splendor of Fortune, but his Virtue alone, ſhining out in him.

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ing you: I am leſs afraid, for your Sake, of the rigorous Treatment of *Neptune*, than I feared the inſinuating Careſſes of that Goddeſs who detained you in her Iſland. What do we ſtay for? Let us enter the Port; theſe People are our Friends; we are come among *Greeks*. *Idomeneus*, who himſelf has been ill uſed by Fortune, will have Pity on the Diſtreſſed. They preſently entered the Port of *Salentum*, where the *Phœnician* Ship was received without any Obſtruction, becauſe the *Phœnicians* are in Peace and Commerce with all the People of the World.

Telemachus beheld with Admiration this growing City. As a young Plant, which having been nouriſhed by the Night's ſweet Dew, at Break of Day feels the Sun-Beams coming to embelliſh it; it grows, it opens its tender Buds, it ſtretches out its green Leaves, it blows its odoriferous Flowers with a thouſand new Colours; every Moment you look upon it, you perceive a new Luſtre: So flouriſhed *Idomeneus*'s new City on the Seaſide; each Day, each Hour it roſe in Magnificence, and preſented afar off to Strangers at Sea new Ornaments of Architecture, whoſe towering Heights ſaluted the very Skies: All the Coaſt reſounded with the Cries of the Workmen, and the Strokes of Mallets and Hammers, while by the Help of Cranes and Ropes, Stones travelled through the Air: All the leading Men of the City ſpirited the Populace in their Work as ſoon as *Aurora* appeared; and King *Idomeneus* himſelf was ſeen giving Orders throughout, and forwarding the Works with an incredible Diligence.

Hardly was the *Phœnician* Veſſel got into Port, ere the *Cretans* gave to *Telemachus* and *Mentor* all the Tokens of a ſincere Friendſhip: (q) They haſtened away

(q) As in Tragedy, ſo in Epic Poetry, the Action is leſs compounded and more lively when the ſame Characters are always repreſented as acting. A confuſed Heap of different Fictions, ſuch as we ſee in our Romances, ſhew nothing but an irregular Fancy in the Authors of them.

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to inform *Idomeneus* that the Son of *Ulyſſes* was arrived. The Son of *Ulyſſes*, cried he! of *Ulyſſes!* He! that dear Friend, that wiſe Hero, by whom we at laſt laid ſtately *Troy* in Duſt! Bring him to me, and let me ſhew him how much I loved his Father. Hereupon they preſented to him *Telemachus*, who, telling his Name, begs of him an hoſpitable Reception.

Idomeneus anſwered him with a courteous ſmiling Countenance, Tho' no body had told me who you are, I ſhould certainly have known you: (r) You are *Ulyſſes* himſelf; behold his very Eyes darting forth Fire, his aſſured ſteady Look, his Mein at firſt cold and reſerved, which covered ſo much Sprightlineſs and ſo many Graces! I perceive even that ingenuous Smile, his eaſy negligent Demeanour, his gentle Speech, plain and inſinuating, which perſuaded, without allowing Time for Suſpicion. Yes, you are the Son of *Ulyſſes*, but you ſhall be mine too. O my Son, my dear Son, what Accident brings you to this Climate? Is it to ſeek your Father! Alas! I can tell you nothing of him; Fortune has perſecuted both him and me: It was his ill Fate not to be able to find his Country again, and it was mine to find my Country again, filled with the Hatred of the Gods againſt me.

Whilſt *Idomeneus* was ſpeaking theſe Words, he looked wiſtfully upon *Mentor*, as one whoſe Face he was no Stranger to, but whoſe Name he could not recollect.

And now *Telemachus* anſwered him with Tears in his Eyes: O King, pardon the Grief which in Deſpite of me will break out, at a Time when I ought to expreſs nothing but Joy and Gratitude for your Generoſity

(r) The Art of an excellent Writer is to collect together, in one Point of View, all thoſe lively Touches which characterize the whole Man, and paint him out as big as the Life. *Homer* has drawn the Pictures of Multitudes of Heroes, and yet there are not any two of them alike: They are, if I may ſo ſay, as various in his Poem as in Nature. Our Author ſeems to work with the ſame Pencil.

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to me: By your lamenting the Loſs of *Ulyſſes*, you yourſelf teach me how much I ought to be affected by my Misfortune, in not finding my Father again. 'Tis now a long, long Time, I have been in Search of him through every Sea. The angry Gods permit me not either to ſee him again, to know whether he be ſhip-wreck'd, or returned to *Ithaca*, where *Penelope* pines away with a longing Deſire to be freed from her importunate Suitors. I thought I ſhould have found you in the Iſle of *Crete*: I was there informed of your cruel Deſtiny, but little thought of ever coming near *Heſperia*, where you have founded a new Kingdom; but Fortune, who makes us Mortals her Play-game, and who obliges me to wander from Place to Place, and keeps me ſtill from *Ithaca*, has at length caſt me upon your Shore. Of all the Diſaſters ſhe has expoſed me to, this is what I the leaſt repine at; for tho' ſhe drives me from my native Country, yet ſhe introduces me to the moſt generous of all Kings.

At theſe Words *Idomeneus* gave *Telemachus* a kind Embrace, and leading him into his Palace, ſaid to him, Who is that wiſe old Man that accompanies you; for methinks I have ſeen him ſomewhere? 'Tis *Mentor*, replied *Telemachus*; *Mentor*, the Friend of *Ulyſſes*, to whom he committed the Government of my Infancy: What Tongue can expreſs how much I am obliged to him!

Thereupon *Idomeneus* ſtepping to *Mentor*, and taking him by the Hand, You and I, ſaid he to him, have ſeen one another before: You may remember the Voyage you made into *Crete*, and what good Advice you gave me; but at that Time the Heat of Youth, and the quick Reliſh of Pleaſures hurried me away, ſo that there was a Neceſſity that I ſhould be taught by my Misfortunes what I would not otherwiſe learn. Would to the Gods I had taken your Advice, O ſage old Man! But I am amazed to ſee that you are not in the leaſt altered in ſo many Years; your Face is as freſh

and ſanguine as ever; the ſame ſtrait and vigorous Body, only your Hair is grown ſomewhat hoary.

Great King, anſwered *Mentor*, were I a Flatterer, I would tell you likewiſe that you ſtill preſerve that Bloom which ſhone in your Face before the Siege of *Troy*; but I had rather diſpleaſe you than offend againſt Truth. Beſides, I find by your wiſe Diſcourſe, that you do not love Flattery, and that a Man runs no Hazard in being ſincere with you. Therefore (*s*) I cannot but ſay that you are very much changed, and that it was ſcarce poſſible to have known you again. I am not a Stranger to the Cauſe of it; 'tis occaſioned by your many and great Sufferings: But you have been a great Gainer by your Misfortunes, ſince you have acquired Wiſdom. A Man may very eaſily comfort himſelf for the Wrinkles of his Face, ſo long as his Heart is exerciſed and fortified in Virtue. (*t*) Moreover, know, *Idomeneus*, that Kings always wear away faſter than other Men. In Adverſity the Fatigues of the Mind and Body make them old before their Time. In Proſperity, the ſenſual Enjoyments of an eaſy Life waſte their Strength even more than the Toils of War. Nothing is more detrimental to Health than immoderate Pleaſure: From hence it proceeds, that Kings, either in Peace or War, do continually labour under ſuch Pains or Pleaſures, as bring upon them old Age before its natural Time. Whereas a ſober, temperate, and plain Way of Living, free from Inquietudes and Paſſions, regular and laborious, keeps all the Limbs of a wiſe Man in a vigorous Youthfulneſs, which, without

(*s*) Truth is never ill received, when a Man of Worth and Diſtinction ſpeaks it to a great Prince. *Agrippa* declared to *Auguſtus* that he ought, for his Reputation-ſake, to relinquiſh the Empire, and yet *Agrippa* loſt no Ground in *Auguſtus*'s Favour or his Freedom of Speech.

(*t*) *Lucian* has written a ſmall Tract concerning thoſe who live to a great Age. He therein mentions a King who lived to be a hundred and fifteen Years old, and who is taken Notice of in Hiſtory on no other Account but the Number of his Years.

theſe Precautions, is always flying away upon the Wings of Time.

Idomeneus, charmed with *Mentor*'s Diſcourſe, would for a long Time have liſtened to him, had they not come to have put him in Mind of a Sacrifice which he was to make to *Jupiter*. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* followed him, ſurrounded by a great Crowd of People, who with much Eagerneſs and Curioſity gazed at the two Strangers. The *Salentines* ſaid one to another, Theſe two Men are very different. The young one has a certain amiable Livelineſs beyond Expreſſion; all the Graces of Youth and Beauty are diffuſed over his whole Face and Body; but this Beauty has nothing effeminate nor languid: Tho' he is in the tendereſt Bloſſom of Youth, yet he appears vigorous, ſtrong, and ſeaſoned to Labour. But this other, tho' far older, has loſt nothing at all of his Strength: His Mien indeed ſeems at firſt not ſo majeſtical, nor his Countenance ſo graceful; yet if you look nearer, you will find in his Simplicity the Marks of Wiſdom and Virtue, with a ſurprizing Grandeur of Deportment. When the Gods deſcended to Earth to reveal themſelves to Mortals, they doubtleſs aſſumed the like Figures of Strangers and Travellers.

By this Time they were arrived at the Temple of *Jupiter*, which *Idomeneus*, who was deſcended from that God, had adorned with much Magnificence: It was environed with a double Row of Marble Pillars, like Jaſper; the Chapiters were of Silver; the Temple was all incruſted with Marble, and with Bas-reliefs repreſenting the Transformation of *Jupiter* into a Bull, the Rape of *Europa*, and her Paſſage through the Sea into *Crete*. The Waves ſeemed to reverence *Jupiter*, though he was in a ſtrange Form. Then in another Place they ſaw the Birth and Youthfulneſs of *Minos*; laſtly, that wiſe King in a more advanced Age, diſpenſing Laws to the whole Iſland, in order to render it for ever flouriſhing. There likewiſe *Telemachus* took notice of the principal Occurrences at the Siege

of *Troy*, where *Idomeneus* had acquired the Reputation of a great General. Amidſt the Repreſentation of theſe Actions, *Telemachus* looked for his Father (*u*), and found him taking the Horſes of *Rheſus*, whom *Diomed* had juſt killed: In another Place diſputing with *Ajax*, for the Arms of *Achilles*, amidſt an Aſſembly of the *Grecian* Commanders: And, laſtly, his coming out of the fatal Horſe, to give Death to ſo many *Trojans*.

Telemachus preſently knew him by all theſe famous Actions, which he had ſo often heard of, and which *Mentor* himſelf had frequently repeated to him. The Tears preſently guſhed from his Eyes; he changed Colour; Grief was ſpread all over his Face: *Idomeneus* perceived it, tho' *Telemachus* turned aſide to conceal his Trouble. Be not aſhamed, ſaid *Idomeneus* to him, to let us ſee how much you are moved with the Glory and Misfortunes of your Father.

Mean while the People aſſemble in Crowds, under the vaſt Porticoes formed by the double Row of Columns which ſurrounded the Temple. There were two Companies of young Boys and Girls, who ſung Verſes in praiſe of the Thunder-graſping God. Theſe Children, who were picked out for their Beauty, had their long Hair ſpread abroad upon their Shoulders. Their Heads were crowned with Roſes, and perfumed. They were all clothed in White. *Idomeneus* offered in Sacrifice to *Jupiter* a hundred Bulls, to attract his Bleſſing in a War which he had undertaken againſt his Neighbours. The Blood of the Victims ſmoking on every Side, ſtreamed into the capacious Goblets of Gold and Silver.

(*u*) Thus, in the Odyſſey, *Ulyſſes* finds the *Phœnicians* to be no Strangers to the high Reputation he had acquired in the World. *Æneas* ſees at *Dido*'s Court the Picture of the *Trojan* War. Our Author is rich with the Spoils of *Greece* and *Rome*.

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The aged *Theophanes*, dear to the Gods, and Prieſt of the Temple, kept, during the Time of the Sacrifice, his Head covered with one End of his purple Robe; then he conſulted the Entrails of the Victims ſtill panting; after which, aſcending the ſacred Tripod, O ye Gods, cried he, what are theſe two Strangers whom you have ſent into theſe Parts? Had they not come among us, the War lately entered upon would have been fatal to us, and *Salentum* would have fallen to Ruin ere it had been raiſed well above-ground. I have in my Eye a young Hero, whom Wiſdom leads by the Hand. —— It is not permitted to Mortal Mouth to ſay more.——

In ſpeaking theſe Words, his Looks were wild, and his Eyes ſtruck Fire; he ſeemed to gaze on other Objects than thoſe that were before him; his Face was inflamed; his whole Body was in Emotion; he raged and grew diſtracted; his Hair briſtled up; his Mouth foamed; his uplifted Arms ſeemed to ſtand motionleſs in the Air; his Voice was ſtronger than any human Voice; he was in a Manner ſpent, and could no longer contain within him the Deity he was poſſeſſed with. O happy *Idomeneus*, cried he again, what do I ſee! what Misfortunes avoided! what amiable Peace at Home! but Abroad what bloody Wars! what Victories! O *Telemachus*, thy Labours exceed thy Father's; the proud inſulting Enemy groans in the Duſt, whilſt thy Sword flaſhes over his Head: The brazen Gates, the inacceſſible Ramparts fall at thy Feet.——O mighty Goddeſs! Let his Father!——Brave (*x*) Youth! in Time thou ſhalt reviſit—— At theſe Words his Speech decays within his Mouth, and he continues, in ſpite of himſelf, in an amazing Silence.

(*x*) The Reader's Patience would have been too much put to the Stretch, had he been not appriſed of the unravelling of the Action, till the Concluſion of the Poem. Thus *Jupiter* declares, at the End of the tenth Book of the *Iliad*, how the *Trojan* War will end: But, in order to keep our Surpriſe, he does not diſcover by what particular Incident it ſhall be terminated. Juſt ſo it is in this Poem.

The People were froze with Fear; *Idomeneus* ſhivered, not daring to bid him make an End. *Telemachus* himſelf, ſurpriſed, could not without Difficulty conceive what he had heard: Scarce could he believe that he had heard ſuch high Predictions. *Mentor* alone was unaſtoniſhed at the divine Spirit. You hear, ſaid he, to *Idomeneus*, the Purpoſe of the Gods; that whatever Nation you have to fight againſt, the Victory ſhall be in your Hands, and you will owe to your Friend's youthful Son the Proſperity of your Arms; therefore be not jealous of him, but make right Uſe of what the Gods beſtow on you by his Means.

Idomeneus, being not yet recovered out of his Amazement, ſtudied in vain for Words; his Tongue continued motionleſs. *Telemachus*, more Maſter of himſelf, ſaid to *Mentor*, Even ſo much promiſed Glory does not move me. But what can be the Meaning of thoſe laſt Words, thou ſhalt reviſit.——Is it my Father, or only *Ithaca* that I ſhall ſee again? Ah! why did he not make an End? He has left me more in Doubt than I was before. O *Uyſſes!* O my Father! Is it poſſible that I ſhould ever ſee you again? Can it be true? But I flatter myſelf.—O cruel Oracle! thou delighteſt in ſporting with an unfortunate Wretch: One Word more, and I had been at the Height of Happineſs.

Accept with Reverence what the Gods reveal, ſaid *Mentor* to him, and attempt not to diſcover what they are pleaſed to keep a Secret. Raſh Curioſity deſerves to be put to Confuſion. It is out of a ſupreme Goodneſs and Wiſdom that the Gods conceal from feeble Mortals their Deſtinies, involved in an impenetrable Darkneſs. It is indeed of Advantage to foreſee what depends on our Endeavours, in order to a due Performance; but it is no leſs advantageous to be ignorant of what the Gods deſign to do with us, and of what is not in our Power by any Means to avert.

Telemachus, touched with theſe Words, contained himſelf, though not without the greateſt Difficulty. *Idomeneus*, who had by this Time conquered his Surpriſe, began

began to thank great *Jove* for ſending to him the young *Telemachus* and the wiſe *Mentor*, in order to make him victorious over his Enemies: And after he had given them a noble Entertainment, which followed the Sacrifice, he ſpoke thus to the two Strangers.

I acknowledge I was but a Novice in the Art of Governing when I returned into *Crete*, after the Siege of *Troy*. You know, dear Friends, what Misfortunes diſabled me from reigning over that great Iſland, ſince you tell me that you were there after I left it. Yet I am happy, exceeding happy, if the ſevereſt Strokes of Fortune can be of uſe towards my Inſtruction, and teach me to be Maſter of my Paſſions! I croſſed the Seas like a Fugitive, whom the Revenge of Gods and Men purſues. All my paſt Grandeur ſerved only to render my Fall the more ignominious and inſupportable. I ſought a Shelter for my Houſhold Gods upon this deſart Coaſt, where I found nothing but wild uncultivated Lands, over-run with Thorns and Briars, covered with thick-ſet Trees, as old as the Earth itſelf, and almoſt inacceſſible Rocks, which ſerved for Harbour to the ſavage Beaſts. Such was the Extremity to which I was reduced, that I was glad to poſſeſs this ſavage Land, and to make it my Country, in Company with a ſmall Handful of Soldiers and Friends, who were ſo kind as to take Share in my Misfortunes, deſtitute of all Hopes of ever ſeeing again that fortunate Iſland, of which the Gods allotted me from my Birth to be the King. (y) Alas! ſaid I to myſelf, what an Alteration is this! What a dreadful Example am I to all Kings! What wholeſome Inſtructions

(y) There is no Occaſion to have Recourſe to the fabulous Ages for ſuch remarkable Inſtances. Twice was *Dionyſius* the younger depoſed from his Throne, and all *Greece* beheld that Tyrant grow old at *Corinth*, whither he was baniſhed, and at laſt turned Schoolmaſter; ſo that when he could not domineer over Men, he might tyranize over Children; and thus he continued to commit the ſame Enormities which had occaſioned his Fall.

may they draw from my Miſcarriages! They fanſy they have nothing to fear, becauſe of their Exaltation above the reſt of Mankind, whereas it is that very Exaltation that ought to make them fear every Thing. I was dreaded by my Enemies, beloved by my Subjects: I commanded over a powerful and warlike Nation; my Name was ſpread abroad upon Fame's ſwift Wings into the moſt diſtant Climates; I reigned in a delicious fruitful Iſland; each Year an hundred wealthy Cities paid me Tribute; my People acknowledged me to be the Offſpring of *Jupiter*, who was born in their Country; they loved me as the Grandſon of the ſage *Minos*, by whoſe Laws they are become ſo powerful and ſo happy. What was there wanting to my Felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with Moderation? But my own Pride, and the Flattery of others, which I delighted in, overturned my Throne; and in like Manner will all Kings fall, that ſhall ſurrender themſelves up to their own Paſſions, and the deceitful Counſels of Flatterers. In the Day-time I endeavoured to put on a chearful Countenance, and ſuch as ſeemed full of Hope, in order to keep up the Spirits of thoſe who had followed me. Come on, ſaid I to them, let us build a new City, to make us amends for our Loſſes: We are ſurrounded by Nations who have ſet us a noble Example for ſuch an Enterprize: See there *Tarentum*, rearing up its Head juſt by us! *Phalanthus*, with his *Lacedæmonians*, founded that new Kingdom. *Philoctetes* has built upon the ſame Coaſt another great City, which he calls *Petilia*. Such another Colony is *Metapontum*. And ſhall we be outdone by thoſe Strangers, who are Wanderers like ourſelves? Fortune has dealt with us all alike, and has not uſed us worſe than them.

Whilſt I endeavoured, by ſuch Expreſſions as theſe, to mitigate the Diſtreſſes of my Companions, I ſmothered a deadly Grief at the Bottom of my Heart: It was to me a mighty Conſolation whenever the Day withdrew its

its Light, and the Night came to wrap me up in Darkneſs; for then I was at Liberty to moan my wretched Fate. Two Floods of brackiſh Tears rolled from my Eyes, and balmy Sleep was utterly unknown to me. The next Day I re-commenced my Toils with an indefatigable Fervour; and that is the Reaſon, *Mentor*, you find me ſo much altered for the worſe.

After *Idomeneus* had made an End of relating his Sufferings, he begged *Telemachus* and *Mentor* to give him their Aſſiſtance in the War wherein he was engaged: I will, added he, moſt carefully ſend you back to *Ithaca*, as ſoon as the War is over; and in the mean while I will ſend out Ships far and wide to learn News of *Ulyſſes*. Wherever he is thrown, either by ſtormy Winds or angry Gods, I will take care to bring him back. Heaven grant he be ſtill living! As for you, the beſt Ships in the Iſland of *Crete*, ſhall be fitted out to carry you home: They are built of Timber felled on the true Mount *Ida*, where *Jupiter* was born: That ſacred Wood can never periſh in the Waves; the Winds and Rocks do awfully reſpect it, and *Neptune*'s ſelf, even in his higheſt Rage, dares not to ſtir the Billows up againſt it. Reſt therefore aſſured that you will happily return to *Ithaca*, and that no adverſe Deity ſhall be any longer able to make you wander upon ſo many Seas again: The Paſſage is ſhort and eaſy; ſend away the *Phœnician* Veſſel that brought you hither, and think now on nothing but how to acquire the Glory of eſtabliſhing the new Kingdom of *Idomeneus*, in order to retrieve all his Loſſes. It is at this Price, O Son of *Ulyſſes*, that you muſt be found worthy of your Father: And though harſh Deſtiny ſhould have already ſent him down to *Pluto*'s darkſome Realm, yet *Greece* will be overjoyed to find him again in you.

At theſe Words, *Telemachus* interrupting *Idomeneus*, Let us, ſaid he, ſend away the *Phœnician* Veſſel. What do we ſtay for? Why don't we this Moment take up Arms, and attack your Enemies, who are now become

ours? If we were victorious when in *Sicily* we fought for *Aceſtes*, who was a *Trojan*, and a profeſſed Enemy of *Greece*, ſhall we not yet be more ardent and more befriended by the Gods, when we fight for one who levelled to the Ground *Priam*'s unjuſt City: The Oracle we even now heard permits us not to doubt it.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK X.

The ARGUMENT.

IDOMENEUS *informs* Mentor *of the Cauſe of the War againſt the* Mandurians. *He relates to him, that that People had at firſt yielded up to him the Coaſt of* Heſperia, *where he had founded his City; that they retired to the neighbouring Mountains, where ſome of their Companions having been aſſaulted by a Troop of his Men, that Nation had deputed to him two old Men, with whom he had agreed upon Articles of Peace; that after an Infraction of this Treaty by ſome of his Subjects, who knew not of the Peace, that People was now preparing to make War upon him. During this Relation of* Idomeneus,

neus, *the* Mandurians, *who had been ſo expeditious as to be already in Arms, appear at the Gates of* Salentum. Neſtor, Philoctetes, *and* Phalanthus, *whom* Idomeneus *imagined would ſtand neuter, come againſt him in the Army of the* Mandurians. Mentor *by himſelf goes forth from* Salentum, *and propoſes to the Enemy Conditions of Peace.*

MENTOR, with a ſerene compoſed Countenance, looking upon *Telemachus*, who now burnt with a noble Ardour for the Fight, thus beſpoke him: I am much pleas'd, O Son of *Ulyſſes*, to ſee in you ſo laudable a Paſſion for Glory; but remember that the greateſt Renown of your Father was his approving himſelf the wiſeſt and moſt moderate General among the *Greeks*, when the fam'd Siege of *Troy* was carrying on. *Achilles*, tho' both invincible and invulnerable, tho' he carried Terror and Death whereever he fought, yet could not maſter *Troy*; he fell himſelf beneath the Walls of that proud Town, which triumph'd over him who conquer'd *Hector*: But *Ulyſſes*, whoſe Valour was govern'd by Prudence, carry'd Fire and Sword amidſt the *Trojans*; and to his Hands was owing the Fall of thoſe ſtately high Towers, which during ten long Years defied all *Greece* Confederate. As much as *Minerva* is ſuperior to *Mars*, (z) ſo much does a well-weigh'd provident Valour ſurpaſs a boiſterous ſavage Boldneſs. Firſt then, let us enquire into the Circumſtances of this War that is to be carry'd on: I, for my Part, decline no Danger; but 'tis my Opinion, *Idomeneus*, that you ought (a) firſt to let us know whether your

(z) If there be any Quality ſuperior to Valour, it is the Art of governing it. Tho' the *Romans* were a brave People, yet it was by their Prudence and Patience that they ſubdued the Provinces of *Spain*, ſays the Author of the Firſt Book of *Maccabees*, Ch. viii.

(a) The nobleſt Inſtitution ſet up by King *Numa*, was doubtleſs the College of the *Feciales*, Prieſts, to decide whether the Motives for undertaking

your War be a juſt one; ſecondly, againſt whom you wage it; and, laſtly, what Number of Forces you have to warrant a happy Iſſue. *Idomeneus* reply'd, At our firſt Arrival here, we found a ſavage People, who lived in the Woods upon what they kill'd in Hunting, and ſuch Fruits as the Trees ſpontaneouſly produce. Theſe People, who are called *Mandurians*, were ſo terrified at Sight of our Ships and Arms, that they m de all the Haſte they could into their Mountains; but the Soldiers, whoſe Curioſity led them to view the Country, and likewiſe being minded to hunt down ſome of their Stags, light upon ſome of thoſe ſavage Run-aways, whoſe Leaders thus accoſted our Men: We have forſaken the agreeable Shore, and yielded it to you; we having nothing left but wild Mountains, almoſt inacceſſible, and 'tis but juſt that you leave us in Peace and Liberty there: We have met you wandering, diſpers'd, and weaker than we; ſo that we have it in our Power, if we will, to take away your Lives; nor can your own Companions have the leaſt Suſpicion of what's become of you; but we have no Inclination to imbrue our Hands in the Blood of thoſe who are Men like ourſelves. Go your Ways, and forget not that you owe your Lives to our Principles of Humanity: Remember, 'tis from a People you call rude and unciviliz'd, that you receive this Leſſon of Forbearance and Generoſity.

Thoſe of our Men who were thus let go by the Barbarians, return'd to the Camp, and related what had happen'd to them: Our Soldiers were vexed at it; they were aſhamed that *Cretans* ſhould owe their Lives to ſuch a Gang of Run-aways, that ſeem'd to them more like Bears than Men. Whereupon they went out to

taking a War were grounded on Equity and Reaſon. But Ambition found a Way to confine to vain Ceremonies the Functions of a Prieſthood which was odious to it. And therefore *Cicero*, to juſtify his Nation, is forced to give up the ſevere Deciſions of Philoſophy, and to eſtabliſh it as a Principle, That it is lawful to take Arms to try our Strength with a powerful Enemy, and to ſee which Side ſhall have the Honour of the Victory.

hunting

hunting in greater Numbers than at firſt, and furniſh'd with all Manner of Arms: They did not go very far ere they met with the Savages, and attack'd them: The Engagement was ſharp; the Darts flew on both Sides like Hail in a Storm. The Savages were forced at laſt to retire to ſteep and craggy Mountains, whither our Men durſt not purſue them.

A while after, thoſe People ſent me two of their wiſeſt old Men to ſue for Peace: They brought Preſents along with them, conſiſting of Skins of wild Beaſts which they had kill'd, and various Sorts of Fruits, ſuch as the Country affords. After they had given me the Preſents, they began thus:

O King, in one Hand thou ſeeſt we bear the Sword, and in the other an Olive Branch, (for they had indeed each in their Hands); chuſe therefore which thou wilt, Peace or War. We, for our Parts, would chuſe Peace, and for the Sake thereof, we have not been aſhamed to yield thee the pleaſant Sea-Shore, where the fertile Land, impregnated by the Sun, abounds with ſo many and ſuch delicious Fruits. Yet Peace is ſweeter than all thoſe Fruits; and for that Reaſon we retired into theſe ſteep Mountains covered with everlaſting Ice and Snow, where we never behold either the Flowers of the Spring, or the rich Fruits of Autumn. We have in Abhorrence that Brutality, which, under the plauſible Names of Ambition and Glory, madly ravages whole Provinces, and ſpills the Blood of Men, who are all Brethren.

If that falſe Glory affects thee, we know better than to envy thee; we pity thee, and beg the Gods to preſerve us from the like Folly. If the Sciences, which the *Greeks* are ſo careful to learn; and if that Politeneſs they take ſo much Pride in, ſerves only to inſpire them with ſuch a deteſtable Injuſtice, we look upon it that it is our great Happineſs to be without thoſe Advantages; we will value ourſelves upon being ſtill ignorant Barbarians, but withal juſt, humane, faithful, diſintereſted, ſatisfied with little, and deſpiſing that vain Delicacy which brings along with it a Neceſſity of enjoying a great deal.

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What we hold in great Eſteem is Health, Frugality, Liberty, Vigour of Body and Mind; it is the Love of Virtue, the Fear of the Gods, a kind Diſpoſition towards our Neighbours, Conſtancy to our Friends, Honeſty towards every Body, Moderation in Proſperity, Fortitude in Afflictions, Courage to declare Truth at all Times, Deteſtation of Flattery; ſuch are the People we now offer to thee for Neighbours and Allies: If the Gods, in Anger to thee, do ſo far infatuate thee, as to cauſe thee to refuſe this Peace, thou ſhalt find, but too late, that thoſe People who are Lovers of Peace out of a Principle of Moderation, are the moſt formidable in War.

While theſe old Men were thus ſpeaking to me, I thought I ſhould never ſate my Eyes with looking upon them; they had long uncomb'd Beards, ſhort hoary Hair, thick Eye-brows, ſparkling Eyes, a reſolute Look, an Utterance grave, and full of Authority, Manners plain and ingenuous. The Furs which ſerved them for Clothes, were faſtened together over their Shoulders, and diſcovered their bare Arms, more nervous and brawny than thoſe even of our Athletick Combatants. The Anſwer I gave thoſe two Envoys was, That I deſired Peace. We thereupon ſettled between us ſeveral Conditions upon each other's Faith; we invoked all the Gods to witneſs the Treaty; which done, I ſent them back again with Preſents. But the Gods, who drove me from the Kingdom of my Anceſtors, were not yet tired with perſecuting me. Our Huntſmen, who could not ſo ſoon have Information of the Peace we had juſt made, happened to meet the ſame Day a great Company of thoſe Barbarians, as they were attending their Ambaſſadors, in their Return from our Camp. They fell upon them with Fury, kill'd part of them, and purſued the reſt into the Woods. Thus the War is kindled anew. 'Tis the Opinion of theſe Barbarians, that they can no longer ſafely truſt either our Promiſes or Oaths.

In order to diſtreſs us the more, they call'd to their Aſſiſtance the *Locrians*, *Apulians*, *Lucanians*, the *Brutians*, the People of *Crotona*, *Neritum*, and *Brunduſium*. The *Lucanians* uſe Chariots armed with keen Scythes. The *Apulians* are every one of them cover'd with the Skin of ſome wild Beaſt which they have killed; they carry in their Hands great wooden Clubs full of large Knobs, ſtuck with Iron Spikes: They are for the Generality as tall as Giants, and their Bodies are ſo robuſt with hardening themſelves in the moſt laborious Exerciſes, that their very Looks ſtrike Terror. The *Locrians*, who come from *Greece*, do ſtill retain ſomething of their Original, and have more Humanity than the reſt; but, with the exact Diſcipline of the *Greek* Troops, they have the additional Advantages of being as luſty as thoſe Barbarians, by habituating themſelves to a hardy way of living, which makes them invincible. (*b*) They have a Sort of light Bucklers, made of twiſted Withies covered over with Skins: And the Swords they uſe are very long. The *Brutians* are nimble-footed like Bucks or Does, and when they run, one would think even the tendereſt Blade of Graſs is hardly depreſſed by their Feet; they ſcarce leave any Traces of their Steps in the Sand itſelf; they ruſh ſuddenly on their Foes, and are gone again with the ſame Rapidity. The People of *Crotona* are very ready in drawing the Bow; few of the ordinary Sort among the *Greeks* can draw a Bow like the leaſt expert of theſe *Crotonians*; and if they ſhould ever apply themſelves to our Games, they would infallibly carry the Prize: Their Arrows are ſteep'd in the Juice of certain poiſonous Herbs, which are ſaid to come from the Banks of *Avernus*, and their Wounds are incurable.

(*b*) Moſt Nations of Antiquity had different Arms, as may be ſeen in Father *Montfaucon*'s Hiſtory; nor indeed was there any Uniformity among the *Greeks* alone, from whence aroſe the Difficulty of ſubjecting them to the ſame Diſcipline.

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As for thoſe of *Neritum*, *Meſſapia*, and *Brunduſium*, all they have to boaſt of, is a great Strength of Body, and an untaught artleſs Valour: As ſoon as they ſee their Enemies, they rend the Skies with ſuch hideous Shrieks as are really frightful. They are pretty dextrous at the Sling, and darken the Air with Showers of Stones; but they obſerve no Order in Fighting. This, O *Mentor*, is what you deſired to know: You are now let into the Occaſion of this War, and are acquainted what ſort of Enemies we have to deal with.

As ſoon as *Idomeneus* had given him this Account, *Telemachus*, impatient to engage, thought there was no more to do than to take up Arms. *Mentor* ſtopt him a ſecond Time, and thus addreſs'd himſelf to *Idomeneus*: (*c*) How comes it that theſe ſame *Locrians*, who are of a *Grecian* Stock, do thus confederate with the *Barbarians*, againſt *Grecians*? How comes it that ſo many *Greek* Colonies are in a flouriſhing Condition upon this Coaſt, without being engaged in the ſame Wars with you? You ſay, O *Idomeneus*, that the Gods are not yet weary of perſecuting you; whereas I ſay they have not yet done inſtructing you: 'Tis ſtrange, that ſo many Misfortunes as you have gone through, ſhould not have yet taught you what you ought to do in order to prevent a War!

What you yourſelf juſt now related concerning the Honeſty of thoſe (*d*) *Barbarians*, ſuffices to ſhew that you might have lived in Peace with them; but Pride and Haughtineſs are generally the Occaſion of the moſt

(*c*) In order to prevent a War between neighbouring Republicks, jealous of each other, and addicted to War, the *Greeks* erected the Supreme Tribunal of the *Amphyctiones*, who had the Cogniſance of all Differences which aroſe between Nation and Nation, or City and City; but they often ſaw with Grief that the Strength of Laws was forced to yield to that of Arms.

(*d*) By this odious Name all polite Nations call thoſe who are unacquainted with the Arts. Nothing ſo common as to deſpiſe them to that degree as to attack them unjuſtly, and thereby to fall into that very Default the others were reproached with.

dangerous

dangerous Wars. You might have given them Hoſtages, and taken ſome of theirs, and it would have been an eaſy Matter for you to have ſent ſome of your Captains along with their Ambaſſadors, to have re-conducted them ſafe home. Nay, ſince the Renewal of the War, you ought to have pacified them, by repreſenting to them that they were attacked purely thro' Ignorance of the Treaty that had been made with them; you ſhould have offered them all the Security they could poſſibly demand, and have denounced the ſevereſt Puniſhments againſt thoſe of your Subjects who ſhould give the leaſt Interruption or Diſturbance in this Alliance: But pray what has happened ſince this Rupture?

To this *Idomeneus* replied; I thought it would have been a baſe abject Submiſſion in us to have courted thoſe Barbarians, who had now aſſembled in Haſte all their moſt ſerviceable Men, and ſuch as were fit to bear Arms, and had implored the Aſſiſtance of all the neighbouring Nations, to whom by their Remonſtrances they made us perfectly odious and ſuſpected. Thereupon I thought that the beſt Courſe we could take, was immediately to make ourſelves Maſters of certain narrow Paſſes in the Mountains; theſe, being ill guarded, we ſeized without much Difficulty, and by that Means put ourſelves into a Condition of diſtreſſing thoſe Barbarians. (*e*) In theſe Defiles I have cauſed ſtrong Towers to be erected, from whence our Men may, with their Darts, gaul and overwhelm ſuch of our Enemies as ſhall come down from the Mountains into our Country; and at the ſame Time we may enter into theirs, and deſtroy their chief Settlements, whenever we pleaſe. Thus with Forces much inferior, we are able to make head againſt that innumerable Multitude of Enemies which ſurrounds us. This being the preſent State of

(*e*) The *Romans* had other Fortreſſes, which were a very good Defence to the Empire, and which put a ſurer ſtop to the Incurſions of their Neighbours; and that was their numerous Legions, with which all their Frontiers were crowded.

our

our Caſe, it would be a difficult Matter to treat of Peace with them; for we cannot give up to them thoſe Towers, without expoſing ourſelves to their Incurſions; and they look upon them as Citadels intended by us to bring them under Slavery.

Mentor made this Reply to *Idomeneus:* You are a wiſe King, and are pleaſed with hearing the Truth delivered to you without any Diſguiſe: You are not like thoſe fooliſh Men who are afraid of ſeeing it, and who, for want of Courage to correct their Faults, bend their Authority to maintain what they have done amiſs. Know then, that this barbarous People gave you an admirable Leſſon when they applied to you for Peace. Was it out of Weakneſs they ſued for it? Did they want Courage or foreign Aſſiſtance to make Head againſt you? You plainly ſee they did not, ſince they are ſo ſeaſoned to War, and ſupported by ſo many formidable Neighbours. Why did not you imitate their Moderation? But a miſtaken Shame and a falſe Honour have caſt you into this Misfortune. You were afraid of making the Enemy too proud, but did not fear the making them two powerful, by uniting ſo many Nations in a Confederacy againſt you by your haughty and injurious Conduct. What are thoſe Towers you ſo much boaſt of good for, unleſs it be to bring all your Neighbours under a Neceſſity either of deſtroying you or periſhing themſelves, in order to keep off an approaching Slavery? You reared up thoſe Towers for your Security only, and it is by means of thoſe very Towers that you are now threatened with ſo imminent a Danger. The beſt Bulwark of a State is Juſtice, Moderation, Integrity, and the Aſſurance your Neighbours have that you will never encroach upon their Lands. The ſtrongeſt Walls may fall through a thouſand unforeſeen Accidents. Fortune is capricious and uncertain in War; but the Love and Confidence of your Neighbours, when they have experienced your Moderation, is what renders a State invincible, and makes it ſcarce ever ſo much as attempted againſt. Nay, tho' an unjuſt Neighbour ſhould attack

tack it, all the reſt, who are concerned in its Preſervation, do preſently take up Arms in its Defence: The Support of ſo many Nations, who find their true Intereſt in maintaining yours, would have ſtrengthened you much more than theſe Towers, which render your Misfortunes irretrievable. Had you at firſt taken care to prevent the Jealouſy of your Neighbours, your Infant City would have flouriſhed in a happy Tranquillity, and you would have been the Arbiter of all Nations of *Heſperia*. But, waving all other Conſiderations, let us now confine ourſelves to examine which way you can repair what is paſt, by taking proper Meaſures for the Time to come. You told me juſt now, that there are upon this Coaſt ſeveral *Greek* Colonies (*f*). Theſe People cannot but be inclined, from the Dictates of Nature, to aſſiſt you; for ſure they have not forgot either the great Name of *Minos*, Son of *Jupiter*, or your Labours in the Siege of *Troy*, where you ſo often diſtinguiſhed yourſelf among the *Grecian* Princes, in the common Cauſe of all *Greece*. Why do not you endeavour to bring thoſe Colonies over to your Side?

They are all reſolved, anſwered *Idomeneus*, to remain neuter: Not but that they had ſome Inclination to aſſiſt me, but they were deterred from doing it by the mighty Noiſe this City has made from its very Beginning. Thoſe *Grecians*, as well as the reſt, were afraid we had ſome Deſign upon their Liberty. They were apprehenſive that after we had ſubdued the *Barbarians* of the Mountains, we ſhould puſh our Ambition yet farther. To conclude, they are all againſt us: Thoſe

(*f*) There were ſuch Multitudes of them on the *Weſtern* Coaſt of *Italy*, that it was called *Great Greece*. The Colonies were always in a kind of Dependance on their Metropolis, that is to ſay, on the City that founded them. It was a Metropolitan who preſided in the Aſſemblies, and performed the moſt ſolemn Sacrifices. The principal Object of the Laws of *Greece* was, to keep up a ſtrict Alliance between the different People that inhabited it.

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very People, who declare not openly againſt us, would yet be glad to ſee us reduced, and the Jealouſy of others deprive us of Alliances from abroad.

Strange Extremity, replied *Mentor!* By endeavouring to appear too powerful, you ruin your Power, and whilſt you are both feared and hated abroad by your Neighbours, you at home exhauſt yourſelf by the vaſt Expences you muſt needs be at to maintain ſuch a War. O wretched, doubly wretched *Idomeneus*, whom even this Misfortune has inſtructed but by Halves! Muſt you needs have a ſecond Fall, to teach you to foreſee the Evils which threaten the greateſt Kings? But leave it to my Management, and only give me an account of thoſe Cities that refuſe to enter into Alliance with you.

The Principal of them, ſaid *Idomeneus*, is *Tarentum*. About three Years ago *Phalanthus* laid the Foundation. He had got together in *Laconia* a vaſt Number of young Men, who were born of Women that had forgot their abſent Husbands during the Siege of *Troy*. When theſe Huſbands came home, the Women did all they could to pacify them, by diſavowing the Faults they were charged with in their Abſence. Theſe numerous Youths born out of Wedlock, and being diſclaimed both by Father and Mother, gave themſelves up to an unbounded Licentiouſneſs: But, their Diſorders being checked by the Severity of the Laws, they united together under *Phalanthus*, a bold, intrepid, ambitious Leader, who by plauſible Inſinuations had got Dominion over their Hearts. He came to this Shore with his young *Laconians*, who have made *Tarentum* a ſecond *Lacedæmon*. On the other Side, *Philoctetes*, who ſo ſignalized himſelf at the Siege of *Troy*, by carrying thither *Hercules*'s Arrows, has reared in this Neighbourhood the Walls of *Petilia*, a City which is indeed leſs powerful than *Tarentum*, but far more wiſely governed. Laſtly, we have hard by us the City of *Metapontum*, founded by the wiſe *Neſtor*, and his *Pylian* Subjects.

(g) How!

(g). How! replied *Mentor*, have you *Neſtor* in *Heſperia*, and could not you make him your Friend? *Neſtor*, who ſaw you ſo often fight againſt the *Trojans*, and who then was ſo much your Friend? I loſt his Friendſhip, anſwered *Idomeneus*, by the Artifice of thoſe People, who have nothing barbarous but their Name; for they have the Dexterity to perſuade him, that my Deſign was to make myſelf the Tyrant of all *Heſperia*. We will undeceive him, ſaid *Mentor*. *Telemachus* ſaw him at *Pylos*, before he came to ſettle a Colony here, and before we undertook our long Voyages in queſt of *Ulyſſes*. He cannot yet have forgotten that Hero, nor thoſe Expreſſions of Tenderneſs which he uſed to his Son *Telemachus*: But the chief Point will be to cure his Diſtruſt. Thoſe Suſpicions you created in the Minds of your Neighbours, have kindled this War, and it muſt be extinguiſhed by removing thoſe Suſpicions. Once more, I ſay, let me alone to manage it.

At theſe Words *Idomeneus*, embracing *Mentor*, melted into Tears, and for a while could not ſpeak a Word. At laſt, with much ado, he uttered himſelf in this Manner: O wiſe old Man, ſent by the Gods to rectify all my Errors; I confeſs I ſhould have had no Patience if any other Man durſt have talked ſo freely to me as you have done. I own that you, and none but you, can diſpoſe me to ſue for Peace. I was reſolved either to conquer all my Enemies, or periſh in the Attempt: But it is much fitter for me to be led by your wiſe Counſels, than by my own Paſſion. O happy *Telemachus*, you never can go aſtray like me, ſince you have ſuch a Guide! *Mentor*, you may act entirely as you pleaſe; all the Wiſdom of the Gods is in you: Not even *Minerva*'s ſelf could have given more wholeſome Advice. Go, promiſe, conclude, make any Conceſſion that is

(g) *Neſtor* is repreſented in the *Iliad* as the wiſeſt of the Kings, becauſe he was of the moſt pacific Diſpoſition. Whoever loves War, ſays he, is covetous, ſanguinary, and deceitful.

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in my Power; *Idomeneus* will approve whatever you think fit to do.

Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing together, there was heard on a ſudden a confuſed Noiſe of Chariots, Horſes neighing, Men hideouſly howling, and Trumpets that fill the Air with Martial Clangors. The general Cry is, The Enemy are come; they have gone round about, to avoid the Defiles, that were guarded; they are come, here they are, ready to beſiege *Salentum*. The old Men and the Women are under the greateſt Conſternation. Alas! ſaid they, why were we fated to forſake our dear Country, the fertile Iſle of *Crete*, and follow an unhappy Prince through ſo many Seas, to build a City which will now be laid in Aſhes like *Troy*? They ſaw from the Tops of their new-raiſed Walls the neighbouring Fields crouded with approaching Enemies, whoſe Helmets, Cuiraſſes, and Bucklers, glittering in the Sun, dazzled the Beholders Eyes. They ſaw likewiſe the briſtling Pikes, which covered the Ground, in like Manner as when it is covered by a plenteous Crop, which *Ceres* is preparing in the Fields of *Enna* in *Sicily* during the ſcorching Heats of Summer, to recompenſe the Labour of the Huſbandman. And now they perceived the Chariots armed with ſharp Scythes, and could diſtinguiſh the ſeveral People that were come againſt them.

Mentor, the better to diſcover them, aſcends a lofty Tower, whither *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus* followed him cloſe. He was no ſooner come there, but he perceived on one Side *Philoctetes*, and on the other, *Neſtor* with his Son *Piſiſtratus*. *Neſtor* was eaſily known by his venerable old Age. What, cried *Mentor*, you thought, O *Idomeneus*, that *Philoctetes* and *Neſtor* would only remain neuter! But ſee, they have taken Arms againſt you; and, if I miſtake not, thoſe other Troops, which march with ſo much good Order, and in ſo leiſurely a Manner, are a Body of *Lacedæmonians* commanded by *Phalanthus*. All are againſt you; there is no

no neighbouring Nation upon this Coaſt whom you have not made your Enemy, without deſigning it.

Having ſaid theſe Words, *Mentor* haſtens down from the Tower; he makes towards one of the City Gates, on that Side where the Enemy was advancing, and cauſes it to be opened. *Idomeneus*, ſurprized at his majeſtick Manner of doing theſe Things, durſt not ſo much as ask him what his Deſign was. *Mentor* waves with his Hand that no body ſhould follow him. He goes (*h*) directly towards the Enemy, who were amazed to ſee a ſingle Man preſenting himſelf to them: He holds up an Olive Branch in token of Peace; and when he was come within hearing, he required them to call together their Chieftains; who inſtantly aſſembling themſelves, he thus ſpoke to them:

O generous Men, aſſembled out of ſo many Nations that flouriſh in the rich *Heſperia*; I know that the common Intereſt of Liberty is what brings you here. Your Zeal I commend; but ſuffer me to point you out an eaſy Way to preſerve the Liberty and Honour of all your People, without Effuſion of human Blood.

O *Neſtor*, O wiſe *Neſtor*, whom I perceive in this Aſſembly, you know full well how dreadful War is, even to thoſe who juſtly engage in it, under the Protection of the Gods. War is the greateſt Evil with which the Gods afflict Mankind. You can never for-

(*h*) It was by an Act of Bravery not unlike this that *Laurence de Medicis* ſaved his Country. *Sixtus* IV. being reſolved to deſtroy *Florence*, had put *Ferdinand* King of *Naples* upon conquering that Republick; and the *Florentines* had certainly been undone, if they had not divided theſe two Powers, who were preparing to fall upon them jointly. *Laurence* embarks with the choiceſt of the young *Florentine* Nobility, and puts himſelf and them into the Hands of King *Ferdinand*, who was ſtaggered at ſuch Truſt repoſed in him. *Laurence* perfectly diſarmed him by his Eloquence, making the King ſenſible that it was not his Intereſt to encreaſe the Power of the Church with the Ruins of a Republick which he had nothing to fear from.

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get what the *Greeks* ſuffered for ten long Years before the ill-fated Walls of *Troy*. What Diviſions were there among the Leaders? What Caprices of Fortune? What Havock of the *Greeks* was made by *Hector*'s Sword? What Deſolation in all the moſt powerful Cities, cauſed by the War during the tedious Abſence of their Kings? In their Return home, ſome ſuffered Shipwreck at the Promontory of *Caphareus*, and others met a fatal Death even in the Boſom of their Spouſes. O ye Gods, it was in your Wrath you armed the *Greeks* to this notable Expedition! O ye Inhabitants of *Heſperia*, I wiſh the Gods may never grant you ſo ruinous a Victory! *Troy*, it is true, is now in Aſhes; but it had been better for the *Grecians*, were ſhe ſtill in all her Glory, and that baſe *Paris* had ſtill enjoyed, unmoleſted, his infamous Pleaſures with *Helena*. O *Philoctetes*, you who have been ſo long unhappy, and abandoned in the Iſle of *Lemnos*, do you not fear to meet the like Diſaſters in another War? I know that the People of *Laconia* have likewiſe experienced great Miſery, occaſioned by the long Abſence of their Princes, Captains, and Soldiers, who went againſt the *Trojans*. O *Grecians*, you who are come into *Heſperia!* your coming hither was only a Continuation of the Misfortunes which the *Trojan* War gave Birth to.

After *Mentor* had ſaid this, he goes forward towards the *Pylians*; and *Neſtor*, knowing him again, advanced likewiſe to ſalute him. O *Mentor*, ſaid he to him, 'tis with the greateſt Pleaſure that I ſee you again. 'Tis now many Years ſince I firſt ſaw you in *Phocis*. You were then but fifteen Years of Age; but yet I even then foreſaw that you would prove as wiſe a Man as I now find you to be. Pray let me know by what Accident you was brought into theſe Parts, and what Expedient you deſign to propoſe, in order to prevent this War which *Idomeneus* has brought upon himſelf? He has forced us to attack him. We deſire nothing but Peace; every one of us counts it his greateſt Intereſt to deſire it: But we could no longer live

ſecure with him: He has violated all his Engagements with his neareſt Neighbours; Peace with him would be no Peace, but only an Opportunity for him to break our League, which is our only Refuge. He has too plainly diſcovered to all the other People his ambitious Deſign of enſlaving them, and has left us no other Means to defend our Liberty, than the uſing our utmoſt Endeavours to overthrow his new Kingdom (*i*). By his Breach of Faith we are reduced either to the Neceſſity of deſtroying him, or of receiving the Yoke of Slavery from him. Now if you can find a Way to remove our juſt Fears, and ſettle a firm and laſting Peace, all thoſe Nations whom you ſee here will willingly lay down their Arms, and with Joy confeſs that you excel us in Wiſdom.

Mentor anſwered, You know, wiſe *Neſtor*, that *Ulyſſes* committed his Son *Telemachus* to my Care: He, impatient to know what was become of his Father, went firſt to *Pylos*, where you gave him all the kind Reception that he could expect from one of his Father's cordial Friends: You likewiſe appointed your own Son to conduct him on his Way. He, after this, undertook great Voyages at Sea; he has viſited *Sicily*, *Egypt*, the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and that of *Crete*; and at laſt the Winds, or rather the Gods, have driven him on this Shore, as he endeavoured to return to *Ithaca*: And we are come here very ſeaſonably to prevent the Miſchiefs of a furious War. 'Tis not *Idomeneus*, but the Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes* and myſelf, who will now anſwer for the Performance of every Thing that ſhall be promiſed you.

(*i*) If there is any Recompence proportionable to the moſt exalted Virtue, it is doubtleſs the Confidence of Kings. A Miniſter who is looked upon by jealous Potentates with the ſame Sentiments, and whom they pitch upon unanimouſly for the Arbiter of their Intereſts, does, in his Life-time, enjoy that Tribute of Admiration which Virtues leſs illuſtrious obtain only from Poſterity.

While

While *Mentor* was thus diſcourſing with *Neſtor* in the Middle of the Confederate Troops, *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*, with all the *Cretans* in Arms, kept their Eyes fixed on him from the Top of the Walls of *Salentum*: Their Thougths were intent how *Mentor*'s Propoſals would be received, and they would have been glad to have heard the wiſe Conferences of thoſe two old Men. *Neſtor* had been ever eſteemed the moſt experienced and moſt eloquent of all the *Grecian* Kings: It was he who, during the Siege of *Troy*, curbed and reſtrained *Achilles*'s boiling Wrath, *Agamemnon*'s Pride, *Ajax*'s Fierceneſs, and the impetuous Courage of *Diomedes*: Soft Perſuaſion flowed from his Lips, like a Stream of Honey: His Voice alone was always liſtened to by all thoſe Heroes: They were ſilent whenever he begun to ſpeak: He alone knew how to appeaſe wild Diſcord in the Camp. Infirmities of Age indeed began to creep on him, but yet his Words were full of Strength and Sweetneſs: He repeated Things paſt, in order to inſtruct Youth by his conſummate Experience; and tho' he was ſomewhat ſlow of Speech, yet he delivered himſelf with admirable Grace.

This old Man, ſo much admired throughout *Greece*, ſeemed to have loſt all his Majeſty and Eloquence as ſoon as *Mentor* came in Preſence. He ſeemed perfectly withered and depreſſed with Years as he ſtood by *Mentor*; whereas old Age ſeemed to reſpect and reverence *Mentor*'s ſtrong vigorous Conſtitution. *Mentor*'s Words, tho' grave and plain, carried along with them a Sprightlineſs and Authority which began to be wanting in *Neſtor*'s: Whatever he ſpoke was conciſe, exact, nervous; he never uſed vain Repetitions, never departed from the Point in Hand. If he was obliged to ſpeak often of the ſame Thing, the better to inculcate it, or to perſuade others, he did it by a new Turn, and by ſenſible Compariſons. He had a certain ineffable Complaiſance and Gaiety (*k*), whenever he had a Mind to

(*k*) What ſets off *Homer*'s Poems, is his Skill to embelliſh them with whatever was more than ordinary valuable in

inſinuate ſome Truth, or adapt himſelf to the Occaſions of thoſe he had to deal with. Thoſe two venerable Men yielded a moving Sort of Spectacle to the many aſſembled Nations. While all the Allies that were come againſt *Salentum* crouded upon one another to hear their wiſe Diſcourſe, *Idomeneus*, with his People, endeavoured with greedy and attentive Looks, to find out the Meaning of their Geſtures and Countenances.

in every Science. *Philip* of *Macedon*, who read the Iliad with judicious Eyes, drew from thence the Idea of that invincible *Phalanx* which ſubdued *Aſia* under *Alexander* his Son. Our Author diſplays the ſame Copiouſneſs of Fancy: What he ſays of Eloquence, does at once contain both the Rules and the Model of it.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XI.

The ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *seeing* Mentor *in the midſt of the Allies, is curious to know what paſſes among them He cauſes the Gates of* Salentum *to be opened, and goes and joins* Mentor ; *and his Preſence contributes to make the Allies accept of the Conditions of Peace, which* Mentor *propoſed to them on the Part of* Idomeneus. Idomeneus, *whom* Mentor *ſends for out of the City into the Army, accepts of all the Articles that had been agreed upon. Mutual Hoſtages are given, and a common Sacrifice made between the City and the Camp, in Confirmation of this Alliance. The Kings enter as Friends into* Salentum.

AND now *Telemachus*, being grown impatient, ſlips from the Multitude that were about him, runs to the Gate *Mentor* went out at, and imperiouſly orders it to be opened. Soon after, *Idomeneus*, who thought he was ſtill by his Side, wondered to ſee him running croſs the Fields amidſt the Enemies, and making towards *Neſtor*. *Neſtor* knew him again, and made all the Haſte his Age allowed to go and meet him. *Telemachus* flew to embrace him, and graſped him in his Arms, without being able to ſpeak. At laſt he cries out, (*l*) O my Father! for I am not afraid to call you ſo; the Misfortune of not finding my true Father, and the generous Favours I have received from you, give me a Right to uſe that endearing Name! My Father, my dear Father, how bleſſed am I to ſee you, and O that I could ſee *Ulyſſes* too! Yet if any Thing could make me amends for being deprived of him, it is certainly the finding him again in you.

Neſtor could not refrain from weeping at theſe Words, and he was touched with a ſecret Joy, in ſeeing thoſe Tears, which with wonderful Grace ran down *Telemachus*'s Cheeks. The Beauty, Demeanour, and noble Aſſurance of this unknown Youth, who, without any Manner of Apprehenſion, croſſed through ſo many Enemies, ſtruck all the Confederates with Amazement. May not this, ſaid they, be the Son of that old Man, who came to ſpeak with *Neſtor*? He muſt be ſo; he can be no other; they have both the ſame Wiſdom in the Characters of the moſt different and oppoſite Ages of Life: In the one ſhe only begins to bloſſom; in the other ſhe bears a plentiful Harveſt of the ripeſt Fruits.

Mentor, who was greatly pleaſed to ſee how affectionately *Neſtor* received *Telemachus*, laid hold of that hap-

(*l*) A young Prince who has a Fondneſs for great Men, hath as it were before-hand the ſame Sentiments with them, and will be ſure to reſemble them in Time. *Alcibiades*, when but a Child, took no Pleaſure but in the Company of *Pericles* and *Socrates*, becauſe he was born to *Arms* and the *Muſes*, and had a natural Bent to *War* and *Literature*.

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py Opportunity, and ſaid to him, This is the Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſo dear to all *Greece*, ſo dear to yourſelf, O wiſe *Neſtor!* here, I deliver him up to you as an Hoſtage, and the moſt valuable Pledge that can be given you for *Idomeneus*'s Promiſes. You may eaſily imagine that I ſhould be ſorry if the Loſs of the Son ſhould follow that of the Father, and that the unhappy *Penelope* ſhould upbraid *Mentor* with ſacrificing her Son to the Ambition of the new King of *Salentum*. With this Pledge, who voluntarily offers himſelf to you, and whom the Gods, who are Lovers of Peace, have ſent to you, I will proceed to lay before theſe aſſembled Nations, ſuch Propoſals, as may eſtabliſh a ſolid Peace to all future Ages.

At the Mention of Peace, there was heard a confuſed Noiſe among the Ranks. All thoſe different Nations murmured with Anger and Reſentment, thinking ſo much Time loſt as was ſpent without fighting: They fanſied that the Intent of all theſe Speeches was only to ſuſpend their Fury, and by that Means to rob them of their Prey. The *Mandurians* particularly were enraged, to think that *Idomeneus* ſhould ever have it in his Power to deceive them again: They often attempted to interrupt *Mentor* fearing leſt his wiſe Diſcourſes ſhould ſlack the Hands of their Allies; nay, they began to diſtruſt all the *Greeks* that were in the Aſſembly. *Mentor*, perceiving this, made it his Buſineſs to increaſe their (*m*) Jealouſy, the better to diſunite the Counſels of thoſe different Nations.

I confeſs, ſaid he, that the *Mandurians* have juſt Reaſon to complain, and to demand Satisfaction for the Wrongs that have been done them; but then again it is not reaſonable that the *Greeks*, who plant Colonies in this Country, ſhould be ſuſpected and odious to the antient Na-

(*m*) It is Jealouſy that forms Leagues, and which weakens them; which unites great Bodies together and diſſolves them. The *Venetians* were too wiſe to deſpair, when they ſaw the greateſt Princes of *Europe* armed againſt their Republick, in 1508. They found a Way to ſow Diſcord among their Enemies, and to divide them in leſs Time than was taken up in uniting them.

tives of the Place. On the contrary, the *Greeks* ought to be united together, and make themſelves reſpected by others. The only Thing they have to do, is to be contented with what they enjoy, and never invade the Territories of their Neighbours. I know that *Idomeneus* has been ſo unhappy as to give you Umbrage, but it will be no difficult Matter to cure all your Suſpicions. *Telemachus* and myſelf will become your Hoſtages; we will be anſwerable for *Idomeneus*'s Integrity, and will remain in your Hands till every Thing that ſhall be promiſed is as faithfully performed. What you, *Mandurians*, are incenſed at, cried he, is that the *Cretan* Troops have ſeized by Surpriſe the Paſſages of your Mountains, and thereby can, in ſpite of you, enter whenever they pleaſe the Country to which you retired to leave them the flat Sea Shore. The Defiles which the *Cretans* have fortified with high Towers full of armed Men, are therefore the real Cauſe of this War. Pray anſwer me, can you alledge any other?

Upon this, the Chief of the *Mandurians* came forwards and ſpoke thus: Have we left any Thing unattempted to avoid this War? The Gods are our Witneſſes that we did not renounce Peace, till Peace had irretrievably gone from us, through the reſtleſs Ambition of the *Cretans*, and the Impoſſibility of truſting to their Oaths any more. Inconſiderate Nation, who forced us againſt our Wills to the hard Neceſſity of acting a deſperate Part againſt them, and ſeeking our Safety in their Ruin! As long as they keep thoſe Paſſes, we ſhall ever believe that they mean to incroach upon our Lands, and to bring us under Subjection. If they truly and really intended to live in Peace with their Neighbours, they would be contented with what we ſo voluntarily yielded up to them, and would not labour to preſerve an Entrance into a Country, upon whoſe Liberty they have no ambitious Deſign. But you know them not, O wiſe old Man; whereas, to our great Misfortune, we know them but too well. Ceaſe then, thou Favourite of the Gods, ceaſe to obſtruct a War ſo juſt and neceſſary, without which *Heſperia* can never hope to enjoy a ſettled Peace. O ungrateful,

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treacherous, and cruel Nation, whom the angry Gods have ſent among us to trouble our Repoſe, and puniſh us for our Faults! Yet, after you have puniſhed us, O ye Gods! you will revenge us too; neither will you be leſs juſt to our Enemies than to us.

At theſe Words all the Aſſembly was in an Emotion. It ſeemed as if *Mars* and *Bellona* went from Rank to Rank, rekindling in each Breaſt the Rage of War, which *Mentor* endeavoured to quench.

He thus reſumed his Diſcourſe: Had I nothing but Promiſes to make to you, you might refuſe to truſt to them; but the Things I offer to you are real, and before your Eyes. If you are not content to have *Telemachus* and myſelf for Hoſtages, I will cauſe to be put into your Hands twelve of the moſt noble and valiant *Cretans*; but it is juſt that you likewiſe on your Part, ſhould give us Hoſtages: For though *Idomeneus* ſincerely deſires Peace, yet it is not through Fear or Cowardice that he deſires it (*n*). He deſires Peace juſt as you yourſelves ſay you deſire it, upon Principles of Wiſdom and Moderation, and not out of a baſe Love of an eaſy effeminate Life, nor out of Fear of the impending Dangers of War. He is prepared either to die or to conquer; but he prefers Peace to the moſt glorious Victory; he would be aſhamed to fear being overcome, but he fears to be unjuſt, and is not aſhamed to redreſs what he has done amiſs. Though he offers Peace with Sword in Hand, he is not for preſcribing the Conditions of it with Imperiouſneſs; for with him a forced Friendſhip is of no Value: He would have a Peace which ſhould be to the Satisfaction of all Parties; a Peace that may for-ever put an End to all Jealouſies, allay all Reſentments, and remove all Diſtruſts.

(*n*) Duke *Charles Emanuel* was unable to make any Oppoſition againſt the victorious Arms of *Henry* IV. who had made himſelf Maſter of *Savoy*. By Way of Preliminary towards a Peace, the King required the Duke to *beg* it: But that Prince, to the laſt Degree tender of his Honour, ſaid, *He would ſooner loſe his Dominions than his Reputation.* The Legate *Aldobrandini* was hard put to it, with all his Skill and Addreſs, to engage him to comply with the King's Demand.

Diſtruſts. In a Word, *Idomeneus* has all thoſe Sentiments which I am ſure you wiſh he ſhould have. If all that is now to be done, be to perſuade you into a Belief of it, that will be no difficult Task, provided you will hear me calmly and without Prejudice.

Liſten, O ye warlike Nations; and you, O ye wiſe and united Captains, give Ear to what I offer you from *Idomeneus*. It is not juſt that he ſhould have it in his Power to enter upon his Neighbours Territories; nor is it juſt that his own Territories ſhould be expoſed to Incurſions from them. He therefore conſents that thoſe Paſſes which he has fortified with high Towers may be kept by neutral Troops. You, *Neſtor*, and you, *Philoctetes*, are *Greeks* by Birth; yet upon this Occaſion, you have declared againſt *Idomeneus*; and therefore you cannot be ſuſpected of being too favourable to his Intereſts. What animates you, is the common Intereſt of the Repoſe and Liberty of *Heſperia*. Be you then the Truſtees and Keepers of thoſe Defiles which occaſioned this War. You have no leſs Reaſon, nor is it leſs your Intereſt to hinder the old Inhabitants of *Heſperia* from deſtroying *Salentum*, a new *Grecian* Colony, like that you have founded, than to hinder *Idomeneus* from uſurping the Lands of his Neighbours. Do you keep an equal Balance between both of them, and inſtead of carrying Fire and Sword among a People whom you ought to love, reſerve to yourſelves the (*o*) Honour of being Judges and Mediators. You will undoubtedly anſwer me that you will be extremely pleaſed with theſe Propoſals, could you be ſure that *Idomeneus* would faithfully perform them; and as to this Point I am going to give you Satisfaction.

(*o*) 'Twas of ſuch Glory as this, that *Henry* IV. was moſt jealous. There was no one thing that he diſputed with *Spain* more warmly than the Honour of the Mediation between the *Pope* and the *Venetians*. Though *Paul* V. well knew the Obligations that King lay under to the Republick; yet he accepted him for Mediator: becauſe he likewiſe knew that ſuch a Prince, would not ſhew his Gratitude at the Expenſe of Equity.

For

For the Security of both Parties (*p*), there will be thoſe Hoſtages I mentioned before, to continue till all thoſe Defiles be put into your Poſſeſſion. Now when the Safety of all *Heſperia*, and even that of *Salentum* and *Idomeneus*, ſhall be at your Mercy, will you not be contented? What can you diſtruſt after this, unleſs you are afraid of yourſelves? You dare not truſt to *Idomeneus*, and yet *Idomeneus* is ſo far from having a Deſign of deceiving you, that he willingly truſts you. Yes, he will entruſt you with the Repoſe, Lives, and Liberties of all his People, together with himſelf. If you are really deſirous of a good Peace, behold ſhe offers herſelf to you, and deprives you of all Pretences for rejecting her. Once again, think not that 'tis Fear obliges *Idomeneus* to make you theſe offers; no, 'tis Wiſdom and Juſtice that engage him to take this Courſe; nor ſhall it concern him in the leaſt, ſhould you impute to Weakneſs what is the Effect of his Virtue. In his firſt Attempts he committed ſome Faults, and he glories in acknowledging them as ſuch, by preventing your Demands in this Manner. 'Tis Weakneſs, 'tis ridiculous Vanity, 'tis ſtupid Ignorance of a Man's own Intereſt, to think to hide his Faults by endeavouring to maintain them with Pride and Haughtineſs. He who owns his Faults to his Enemy, and offers to repair them, ſhews thereby that he can never more enter upon Thoughts of committing them; and that at the ſame Time the Enemy has all Things to fear from ſo wiſe and ſteady a Conduct, unleſs he makes Peace. Beware leſt you give him in his Turn an Handle to lay the Blame at your Door. If you ſlight Peace and Juſtice, which now offer themſelves to you, Peace and Juſtice will take their Revenge. *Idomeneus*,

(*p*) By the Treaty concluded between the Great Duke of *Florence* and Cardinal *d'Oſſat* for the Reſtitution of the Iſles of *Provence*, the King was obliged to give Hoſtages to that Prince; but the Grand Duke refuſed them, ſaying, that *he knew of no Hoſtage more valuable than the Word of the King.*

who

who before would have found the Gods againſt him, will now have them on his Side againſt you. *Telemachus* and myſelf will fight in this good Cauſe, and I call all the Gods, both Celeſtial and Infernal, to be Witneſſes of the juſt Propoſals that I now make to you!

After this *Mentor* lifted up his Arm on high, to ſhew to the People the Olive-Branch which he had in his Hand, in token of Peace. The Commanders, who were nearer him, were aſtoniſhed and dazzled with the divine Light which darted from his Eyes. He looked with a certain Majeſty and Authority far beyond what is ever ſeen in the moſt eminent among Mortals. The Charms of his ſweet yet commanding Eloquence ſtole away all Hearts. It was like thoſe enchanting Spells which in the deep Silence of the Night are wont of a ſudden to arreſt, in the midſt of *Olympus*, the Moon and Stars, calm the provoked Sea, ſuppreſs the Winds, make the Billows ſubſide, and ſtop the Courſe of the moſt rapid Streams.

Mentor ſeemed, in the Middle of theſe furious People, like *Bacchus* when he was ſurrounded by Tygers, who, laying aſide their natural Fierceneſs, and attracted by the Efficacy of his flowing Words, came and licked his Feet, and fawningly paid Submiſſion to him. At firſt a deep Silence was obſerved throughout the whole Army; the Chieftains gazed one on another, unable to reſiſt this Man, or comprehend what he was. All the Troops were as motionleſs as Statues, and kept their Eyes full upon him, not daring to ſpeak or make the leaſt Noiſe, for fear he ſhould have ſomething farther to ſay. Though they thought it impoſſible that what he had ſaid ſhould be capable of any Addition, yet they wiſhed his Speech had been longer. Every Thing he had ſaid, remained as it were engraven in their Hearts. As he ſpoke he attracted their Love, and gained the Belief of his Hearers; every one was greedily attentive to catch the leaſt Syllable that iſſued out of his Mouth.

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After a Silence of ſome Length, a kind of a ſoft Noiſe began to ſpread itſelf by little and little. It was not now the confuſed Noiſe of People murmuring with Indignation; on the contrary, it was a gentle favourable Whiſpering. The Traces of each Man's Face diſcovered a certain Serenity and delightful Softneſs. The *Mandurians*, who were ſo highly provoked, let their Weapons drop to the Ground. The rough *Phalanthus* and his *Lacedæmonians* were ſurprized to feel their Hearts ſo mollified: The others began to ſigh for that happy Peace which had been ſet to their View. *Philoctetes*, who by experiencing the Hardſhips of Fortune was more ſenſible than any other, could not withhold his Tears. *Neſtor*, not being able to ſpeak for the Tranſports in which this Diſcourſe had put him, affectionately embraced *Mentor*, without being able to utter a Word; and all the People at once, as if there had been a Signal, cried out, O wondrous old Man, you have diſarmed us (*q*)! Peace, Peace, 'tis Peace alone we wiſh for.

Neſtor, a Moment after this, was going to begin another Speech; but all the Troops were impatient, fearing leſt he ſhould ſtart ſome Difficulty. Peace, Peace, they cried out once again; nor would they give over till they had made all their Leaders cry out with them, Peace, Peace!

Neſtor, perceiving that it was no Time to make a ſet Speech, contented himſelf with ſaying: You ſee, O *Mentor*, what wonderful Efficacy the Words of a good Man have. When Wiſdom and Virtue ſpeak, they huſh all boiſterous Paſſions; our juſt Reſentment change into Friendſhip, and our Animoſities into Wiſhes for a durable Peace. We accept the Peace you

(*q*) Such was the Joy of *Greece*, aſſembled at *Nemæa*, when *Quintus Flaminius* reſtored, to her her Liberty and Peace, in the Name of the *Roman* Republick. He had like to have been overwhelmed and ſmothered with the Garlands and Crowns, which, from all Parts, flew on his Head like Hail.

offer

offer us. At the ſame Time all the Commanders held up their Hands in token of Conſent.

Mentor ran to the Gate of *Salentum* to cauſe it to be opened, and to bid *Idomeneus* come forth without any Apprehenſions of Danger. *Neſtor*, in the mean Time, embraced *Telemachus*, and ſaid to him, Thou amiable Son of the wiſeſt of all the *Greeks*, mayeſt thou be no leſs wiſe, but far more happy than he! Have you learned nothing concerning him? The Memory of your Father, whom you ſo much reſemble, has helped to ſtifle our Indignation. *Phalanthus*, tho' rugged and harſh, tho' he had never ſeen *Ulyſſes*, could not but be moved at his and his Son's Misfortunes. And now they were going to preſs *Telemachus* to relate what had befallen him, when *Mentor* returned with *Idomeneus*, and all the *Cretan* Youth attended him.

At the Sight of *Idomeneus* the Allies felt their Reſentments kindling afreſh; but *Mentor*'s Words quenched the growing Fire. Why do we delay, ſaid he, to conclude this holy Alliance, of which the Gods will be both Witneſſes and Defenders? May they revenge it, if any impious Wretch dare to violate it; and may all the Horrors of War, inſtead of overwhelming the faithful and innocent People, fall on the perjur'd execrable Head of that ambitious Man who ſhall ſlight the ſacred Ties of this Alliance! May Gods and Men deteſt him! May he never enjoy the Fruit of Perfidiouſneſs! May the infernal Furies under the moſt hideous Forms appear to him, and fill him with Rage and Deſpair! May he be ſtruck dead, without any Hope of Burial! May his Body become a Prey to Dogs and Vultures! and may he for-ever be more ſeverely tormented than *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, and the *Danaids*, in black-mouthed *Tartarus*'s deep Abyſs! But no——Rather may this Peace be as firm and immoveable as the Mountain of *Atlas* that ſupports the Heavens! May all theſe People revere it, and taſte the Fruits of it from Generation to Generation! May the Names of thoſe who ſhall ſwear to it be commemorated with Love and Reverence by

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lateſt Poſterity! May this Peace, founded upon Juſtice and Integrity, be a Model of every Peace that ſhall hereafter be made among all the Nations of the Earth! And may all People who are deſirous to taſte the Happineſs of Peace and Union, imitate the Example of thoſe of *Heſperia!*

And now *Idomeneus*, with the other Kings, ſwore to maintain the Peace on the aforeſaid Conditions. Twelve Hoſtages were exchanged on both Sides; and *Telemachus* would needs be one of the Hoſtages for *Idomeneus*; but *Mentor* was not allowed to be one of them, becauſe the Allies deſired that he might remain with *Idomeneus*, to have an Eye upon him and his Councillors, till all the Stipulations were entirely executed. (*r*) Between the Town and the Enemies Camp were ſacrificed an hundred Heifers, white as Snow, and as many Bulls of the ſame Colour, whoſe Horns were gilded and adorned with Garlands. The deep-mouthed Bellowings of the Victims that fell beneath the holy Knife, made all the neighbouring Hills reſound; the Blood in ſmoking Streams moiſtened the Earth around; exquiſite Wines were in abundance poured out for the Libations; the *Haruſpices* conſulted the panting Entrails; and the Prieſts burnt upon the Altar vaſt Quantities of Incenſe, which formed a thick Cloud, and whoſe Odour perfumed the whole Country round.

Mean while the Soldiers on both Sides, laying aſide the Aſpect of Enemies, began to converſe together, and already gave a Relaxation to their Labour, and did as it were before-hand taſte the Sweets of Peace. Many of thoſe who had followed *Idomeneus* to the Siege of

(*r*) The Religion of the Antients was the Support of their Policy. They interpoſed the Honour of the Gods, in every Thing that concerned the Tranquillity of the People. Treaties of Alliance were ſwore to upon the Altars, and ſealed with the Blood of Victims; and the Man who would not fear to be accounted treacherous to his Allies, did however dread to be reckoned ſacrilegious to the Gods.

Troy,

Troy, knew again *Neſtor*'s Followers, who had fought in the ſame War. They affectionately embraced each other, and mutually related what had befallen them after they had ruined that towering City, the Ornament of all *Aſia*. And now they lie down on the Graſs, crown themſelves with Flowers, and quaff the Wine that was ſent them from the Town in large Vaſes, to celebrate ſo happy a Day.

Of a ſudden *Mentor* ſaid, O Kings! O you aſſembled Captains! henceforth under different Names and different Leaders you ſhall be but one People. Thus the juſt Gods, who are Lovers of their Creatures, Men, are pleaſed to be the eternal Tie of their perfect Concord. All Mankind is but one Family, ſpread abroad upon the Face of the Earth; all Men are Brothers, and as ſuch ought to love each other. Curſe on thoſe wicked Wretches, who ſeek a cruel Glory in the Blood of their Brethren, which is indeed their own Blood! War, it's true, is ſometimes neceſſary; but it is a Shame to Humanity that it ſhould ever be unavoidable. O ye Kings! think not that War ought to be deſired for the Acquiſition of Glory. True Glory is not to be found out of Humanity. Whoever prefers his own Glory and Ambition before a Senſe of Humanity, is a Monſter of Pride, not a Man, and ſhall never attain to any thing, at moſt, but a falſe Glory; for true Glory conſiſts only in Moderation and Goodneſs. Men, indeed, may flatter him, to gratify his fooliſh Vanity; but when they are in ſecret, and may ſpeak their Minds ſincerely, they will ſay of him, that he has ſo much the leſs deſerved Glory, as he has deſired it with an unwarrantable Paſſion. Men ought not to have any Value for him at all, ſince he has ſo little Value for Men, and has been ſo laviſh of their Blood through brutal Vanity. Happy is that King who loves his People, and is beloved by them; who dares confide in his Neighbours, and in whom his Neighbours dare confide; who inſtead of making War upon them, prevents any War they may have with one another, and who gives

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Occaſion to all the foreign Nations to envy the Happineſs of his Subjects, in having him for their King. Reſolve then to (*s*) meet from Time to Time, O you who govern the moſt powerful Cities of *Heſperia!* Agree to meet triennially in a general Aſſembly, where all the Kings here preſent may attend, to renew the Alliance by a freſh Oath, and ſtrengthen the promiſed Friendſhip, and to conſult about your common Intereſts. As long as you are united, you will enjoy at home in this fine Country, Tranquillity, Glory, Plenty; abroad you will be always invincible. 'Tis only Diſcord, the Child of Hell, and ſent from thence to torment unthinking Mortals, 'tis only ſhe, I ſay, that can diſturb the Felicity which the Gods are preparing for you.

Neſtor replied, You ſee, by the Readineſs with which we come into the Peace, how far we are from deſiring War out of Vain-glory, or by an unjuſt Eagerneſs to aggrandize ourſelves at the Expence of our Neighbours. But pray what is to be done when we find ourſelves near a violent Prince, who knows no Law but his Intereſt, and who neglects no Opportunity of invading the Territories of other States? Think not that I glance at *Idomeneus:* No! I have no longer ſuch a Thought of him; 'tis *Adraſtus*, King of the *Daunians*, from whom we have every thing to fear. He contemns the Gods, and thinks that all Mankind are only born to be inſtrumental to his Glory, and to be his Slaves. He will not have Subjects of whom he may be both King and Father; he muſt have Slaves and Adorers. He muſt have divine Honours paid him. Hitherto blind Fortune has favoured his unrighteous Enterprizes: We

(*s*) The *Olympick* Games, which the *Greeks* celebrated every four Years, were not a vain Shew to amuſe idle People; but, by this Means, all the different Nations of *Greece* meeting together, in this publick Manner, came to a Knowledge of their Strength, and to a Diſcovery of their true Intereſts; and could ward off the Blows which their Liberty might be threatened with from their Enemies.

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haſtened to attack *Salentum*, to get rid of the weakeſt of our Enemies, who had juſt begun to eſtabliſh himſelf upon this Coaſt, with a Reſolution to turn our Forces afterwards upon that other more powerful Enemy. He has already taken ſeveral Towns from our Allies. The *Crotonians* have already loſt two Battles in fighting againſt him. He ſcruples nothing to gratify his Ambition. Force or Fraud is all alike to him, provided he can but cruſh his Enemies. He has amaſſed together vaſt Treaſures; his Troops are diſciplin'd and hardened to War; his Generals are experienced; he is well ſerved, he himſelf inceſſantly watching over all thoſe who act by his Order; he ſeverely puniſhes the leaſt Faults, and largely rewards the Services that are done him. His perſonal Valour ſuſtains and animates that of his Troops; and he would be an accompliſhed King, if he ſquared his Actions by the Rules of Juſtice and Integrity; but he neither fears the Gods, nor the Upbraidings of his Conſcience. (*t*) Reputation he reckons as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain Phantom, which can affect none but poor low grovelling Spirits; he eſteems nothing a real ſolid Good, but the Advantage of poſſeſſing great Riches, to be dreaded, and to trample all Mankind under Foot. His Army will ſoon appear upon our Frontiers, and if the Union of ſo many People prove ineffectual againſt him, there is an End of our Liberty. 'Tis therefore the Intereſt of *Idomeneus*, as well as ours, to oppoſe this proud inſulting Neighbour, who can ſuffer nothing free to be near him. If we ſhould be overcome, *Salentum* would be threatened with the ſame Misfortune. Let us all haſten then in Conjunction to prevent it.

Whilſt *Neſtor* was thus ſpeaking, they moved toward the Town; for *Idomeneus* had invited all the Kings and principal Commanders to come and paſs the Night with him there.

(*t*) There is no depending upon a Prince who ceaſes to have a Concern for his Glory. *It is deſpiſing of Virtue*, ſays *Tacitus*, *to deſpiſe Reputation.*

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT.

NESTOR, *in the Name of the Allies, demands Succour of* Idomeneus *againſt the* Daunians *their Enemies.* Mentor, *who intends to reform the City of* Salentum, *and employ the People in Agriculture, prevails upon them to be ſatisfied with having* Telemachus *at the Head of an hundred noble* Cretans. *After the Departure of this latter,* Mentor *makes an exact Review of the City and Harbour; informs himſelf of every Thing; cauſes* Idomeneus *to make new Regulations in his Commerce and Laws; divides the People into ſeven Claſſes, whoſe Rank and Qualities he diſtinguiſhes by Diverſity of Habits; retrenches Luxury and all the uſeleſs Arts, and*

and employs the Profeſſors of them in Huſbandry, which he brings into Reputation.

MEAN while the Army of the Allies erected their Tents, and the Field was already cover'd over with rich Pavilions of all Sorts of Colours, where the fatigued *Heſperians* waited for ſweet refreſhing Sleep. When the Kings and their Retinue were entered the City, (*u*) they were aſtoniſh'd to find that in ſo ſhort a Time ſo many ſtately Buildings were rais'd, and that the Hurry and Avocations of ſo great a War, had not hindered this growing City from encreaſing and being embelliſh'd all at once.

They admir'd the Wiſdom and Vigilance of *Idomeneus*, who was the Founder of ſo fine a Kingdom, and every one concluded that now they had made Peace with him, it would be a great Addition of Strength to the Allies if he would enter into their Confederacy againſt the *Daunians*. They propoſed this to *Idomeneus*; he could not reject ſo reaſonable a Thing, and promiſed them his Aſſiſtance. But as *Mentor* was ignorant of Nothing that was neceſſary to make a State flouriſh, he was of Opinion that the Forces of *Idomeneus* could not be ſo great as they ſeem'd to be; wherefore, taking him aſide, he thus ſpoke to him:

You ſee our Care has not been altogether unprofitable to you. *Salentum* is ſecured from the Evils that threaten'd her; 'tis now your Fault, if you don't raiſe her Glory as high as the Heavens, and equal the Wiſdom of *Minos* your Grandfather, in the Government of your People. I continue my Freedom of Speech to you, believing you would have me do ſo, and that you abhor Flattery. Whilſt theſe Kings were extolling your

(*u*) After *Xerxes* had demoliſhed the City of *Athens*, *Themiſtocles* raiſed the Walls again, in leſs Time than that Prince had ſpent in deſtroying them; and the greateſt Powers of *Greece* became jealous of a City which was riſing again from her Aſhes.

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Magnificence, I was meditating all the while upon the Raſhneſs of your Conduct. At this Word, Raſhneſs, *Idomeneus* changed Colour, his Eyes look'd diſorder'd, he reddened, and was going to interrupt *Mentor*, to let him ſee his Reſentment. *Mentor*, in a modeſt reſpectful Tone, but yet free and undaunted, ſaid to him, I ſee you are offended at this Word Raſhneſs, and perhaps it had been wrong in any but me to have made Uſe of it; (*x*) for we ought to reſpect Kings, and uſe them very tenderly, even when we are reproving them. Truth of itſelf is offenſive enough to them, without the Addition of rugged Terms; but I thought you could bear me to ſpeak to you without Palliatives, to diſcover your Error to you. My Deſign has been to accuſtom you to hear Things call'd by their Names, and to underſtand that when others give you their Advice about your Conduct, they will never dare to tell you all their Thoughts; and you ſhould, if you would not be deceived, always apprehend more than they will ſay to you, in Things wherein your Conduct has been amiſs. For my Part, I would gladly ſoften my Words according to your Occaſions; but it is of great Service to you, that a plain diſintereſted Man ſhould talk a rough Language to you in private. No other will ever dare to do it: You will have no more than a half View of the Truth, or ſee her ſo diſguiſed by fine Coverings, that you ſhall hardly know her.

At theſe Words, *Idomeneus*, who was now recovered of his former Warmth and Intemperature, ſeem'd aſham'd of what he had done. You ſee, ſaid he to *Mentor*, what it is to be uſed to Flattery. I am indebted to you

(*x*) Wiſe Men know how to preſerve Truth in her full Force, without cauſing her to loſe any of her Beauty. 'Tis making an ill Picture of her, to repreſent her in odious Colours. A rigid Cenſor ſours and hardens a Man againſt Advice; but a ſincere Friend finds a Way to his Heart, and prevails on him to do what he pleaſes. Of all the *Athenians*, *Solon* was the only Man who ſpoke to *Piſiſtratus* with Freedom, and not any *Athenian* was ſo well received by him as *Solon*.

for

for the Welfare of my new Kingdom, and there is no Truth but I ſhould think myſelf happy to hear from your Mouth; but pity a Prince, whom Flattery had poiſon'd, and who could never find a Man generous enough to tell him the Truth, no, not in his Misfortunes. No, I have never met with any Body, who has lov'd me well enough to diſpleaſe me by telling me the whole Truth.

In ſaying this, his Eyes ſwam with Tears, and he tenderly embraced *Mentor*. Then ſaid that wiſe old Man to him, 'Tis with Grief that I find my ſelf conſtrain'd to ſay ſome harſh Things to you; but can I ſerve you, in hiding the Truth from you? Should not I rather betray you by ſo doing? Put yourſelf in my Place; if you have hitherto been deceived, 'tis becauſe you were willing to be ſo, and becauſe you were afraid of too ſincere Councillors. Have you look'd out for ſuch as were diſintereſted, and moſt likely to contradict you? Have you made it your Study to hearken to Men the leaſt forward to pleaſe you, the moſt ſelf-denying in their Conduct, and ſuch as would not ſcruple to condemn your Paſſions, and your wrong Sentiments of Things? When you have met with Flatterers, have you removed them from your Preſence? Have you diſtruſted them? No, no; you have not done as thoſe do who love Truth, and who deſerve to know it. Let us ſee, if you have now the Courage to ſuffer yourſelf to be humbled by the Truth that condemns you.

I was ſaying, therefore, that what was the Occaſion of ſo much Praiſe to you, deſerves only to be blam'd. While you had abroad ſo many Enemies threatening your Kingdom, as yet but indifferently eſtabliſh'd, you thought of nothing within your new City but to raiſe ſtately Buildings in it. 'Tis this has coſt you ſo many uneaſy Nights, as you yourſelf have own'd to me: You have drain'd your Treaſures; you neither thought of encreaſing your People, or cultivating the fertile Lands upon this Coaſt. Ought you not to have look'd upon theſe two Things as the two main Pillars of your Strength,

Strength, namely (*y*) to have a great Number of able Men, and Lands well cultivated to maintain them? You ſhould at firſt have had a long Peace, to favour the multiplying of your People. You ſhould have minded nothing but Agriculture, and the enacting of wholeſome Laws. Empty Ambition has puſh'd you on to the Brink of a Precipice, and by aiming to appear great, you had like to have ruin'd your real Greatneſs. Now, therefore, be diligent to repair thoſe Overſights; put a Stop to your pompous Structures; renounce that Statelineſs, which would ruin your new City; let your People take Breath; apply yourſelf to ſettle them in Plenty, in order to facilitate their Marriages. Know, that you are no otherwiſe a King than as you have a People to govern, and that your Power is not to be meaſured by the Extent of the Lands you poſſeſs, but by the Number of the Men who ſhall inhabit thoſe Lands, and who ſhall be devoted to your Obedience and Service. Make Choice of a good Ground, tho' but of an indifferent Compaſs; ſtock it with a laborious diſciplined People; contrive it ſo that you get the Love of theſe People, and then you are more powerful, more happy, more glorious, than all the Conquerors, who lay waſte ſo many Kingdoms.

How ſhall I then behave myſelf to theſe Kings, reply'd *Idomeneus?* Shall I confeſs my Weakneſs to them? 'Tis true, I have neglected Tillage, nay, and Trade likewiſe, which might be ſo commodiouſly carry'd on upon this Coaſt: I have thought of nothing but raiſing a ſtately City: Muſt I, my dear *Mentor*, diſgrace myſelf amidſt ſo many Kings, and betray my Imprudence? If I muſt, I will, without any Heſitation; let them

(*y*) Such were the firſt Principles of the *Roman* Policy, when the Foundations of *Rome* were laid. That City, tho' it was originally nothing more than a Neſt of Outlaws, or at beſt, Shepherds, yet contained ſuch Multitudes of People, when *Tullus Hoſtilius* reviewed them, that one knows not how to believe the Accounts given us thereof by Hiſtorians.

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think of it as they pleaſe: For you have taught me that a true King, who is made for his People, and owes himſelf wholly to them, ought to preſer the Welfare of his People to his own Glory.

This Sentiment, reply'd *Mentor*, becomes a Father of his People; 'tis this good Diſpoſition, and not the vain Magnificence of your City, that argues you a true King: But your Honour muſt be maintain'd, even for the Intereſt of your Kingdom. Leave the Thing to me: I will go tell thoſe Kings that you are inclined to reinſtate *Ulyſſes*, if he be ſtill living, or at leaſt his Son, in the Throne of *Ithaca*; and that you are reſolved to expel thence by Force all the Lovers of (z) *Penelope*. They muſt needs be ſenſible that this War requires a great Number of Troops, and ſo they will agree, that you can afford them but ſmall Aſſiſtance at firſt againſt the *Daunians*.

At theſe Words *Idomeneus* look'd like one that had juſt been eas'd of a mighty Burden. My dear Friend, ſaid he to *Mentor*, you will thus ſave my Honour, and the Reputation of this growing City, whoſe Inſufficiency you will thus hide from all my Neighbours. But how will it look in me to ſay that I will ſend Forces to *Ithaca* to re-inſtate *Ulyſſes*, or at leaſt his Son *Telemachus*, ſince *Telemachus* has engaged himſelf to go to the War againſt the *Daunians*? Be eaſy, reply'd *Mentor*; I ſhall tell them nothing but the Truth: The Ships that you ſend to eſtabliſh your Trade, ſhall go to the Coaſt of *Epirus*; they will do two Things at once, that is, re-invite to your Coaſt the foreign Merchants, whom too great Impoſts keep from coming to *Salentum*, and learn News concerning *Ulyſſes*. If he be yet living, he can-

(z) The moſt dangerous Enemies that *Telemachus* and *Ulyſſes* had, were this Queen's Suitors; but ſhe had the Dexterity to amuſe them without yielding to their ſenſeleſs Solicitations. She took Advantage of their Weakneſs, for the Intereſt of her Son, and to ſecure the State and his Glory. So behaved Queen *Blanche*, with reſpect to the Count *de Champagne*.

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not be far from thoſe Seas that divide *Greece* from *Italy*, and it is confidently reported that he had been ſeen among the *Phæacians*. But even ſuppoſing there are no Hopes of ſeeing him ever again, your Fleet will do an eminent Service to his Son, by ſpreading thro' *Ithaca*, and all the neighbouring Countries, the Terror of young *Telemachus*'s Name, who was thought to be dead as well as his Father. *Penelope*'s Lovers will be diſmay'd, at hearing that he is ready to return with the Succours of a powerful Ally. The People of *Ithaca* will not have the Boldneſs to think of ſhaking off the Yoke. *Penelope* will be exceedingly comforted, and ſtill refuſe to make Choice of a new Huſband. Thus you will ſerve *Telemachus*, while he is, in your Place, with the Allies of this Coaſt of *Italy*, fighting againſt the *Daunians*. Here *Idomeneus* cry'd out: Happy is the King who is ſupported by wiſe Counſels! A prudent and faithful Friend is more worth to a King than victorious Armies. But doubly bleſſed is the King who is ſenſible of his Happineſs, and knows how to make his Advantage of wiſe Counſels! For it often happens that wiſe and honeſt Men, whoſe Virtue is feared, are far removed from his Truſt, to make room for Flatterers, whoſe Treachery is not ſuſpected. I myſelf am fallen into this Error, and I will relate to you all the Diſaſters that are come upon me, by a falſe Friend who flatter'd my Paſſions, in hopes that I, in my Turn, would flatter his.

Mentor eaſily made the Confederate Kings ſenſible that *Idomeneus* ought to take care of *Telemachus*'s Affairs, while that young Prince went along with them. They were ſatisfy'd with having in their Army the young Son of *Ulyſſes*, and an hundred of the *Cretan* Youth, appointed by *Idomeneus* to accompany him. They were the Flower of the young Nobility, and the King had brought them along with him from *Crete*. *Mentor* was the Perſon that adviſed him to ſend theſe to War. You muſt, ſaid he, during a Peace, take care to multiply your People; but for fear the whole Nation ſhould

grow effeminate, and become ignorant of the Art of War, must send to the foreign Wars the young Nobility: These will suffice to keep up the whole Kingdom in an Emulation of Glory, in the Love of Arms, in a Contempt of Fatigues, and of Death itself, and, lastly, in the Practice of the Military Art.

The Confederate Kings departed from *Salentum*, well pleased with King *Idomeneus*, and charmed with the Wisdom of *Mentor*. They were overjoyed that they carried *Telemachus* along with them. The latter could not controul his Grief when he was to part with his Friend. Whilst the Confederate Kings were taking their Leaves, and swore to *Idomeneus* that they would preserve an inviolable Friendship with him, *Mentor*, holding *Telemachus* locked in his Arms, found himself bedewed with his Tears. I am sensible, said *Telemachus*, of the Joy of going in quest of Glory; nothing now affects my Soul but the Grief that I must part from you. Methinks I see that unhappy Time returned, when the *Egyptians* tore me from your Arms, and removed me far from you, without the least Hope of seeing you any more.

Mentor returned an obliging Answer, the better to comfort him and chear him up: This, said he, is a Separation of a very different Kind; it is voluntary; it will be short; you go in search of Victory. My Son, you must love me less tenderly, and in a more masculine Manner. Accustom yourself to my Absence, and learn to be without me; for you will not always have me with you You should let Wisdom and Virtue, rather than the Presence of *Mentor*, suggest to you what you ought to do.

In saying these Words, the Goddess, concealed beneath the Figure of *Mentor*, threw her *Ægis* over *Telemachus*, and infused into him the Spirit of Wisdom and of Foresight, intrepid (*a*) Valour and gentle Moderation,

(*a*) To these two Virtues in Conjunction, the *Thebans* erected a Temple by the Name of the Goddess *Harmony*,

ration, which are ſo rarely found together. Go, ſaid *Mentor*, into the thickeſt Dangers, as often as it is neceſſary you ſhould go. A Prince diſgraces himſelf more by avoiding Danger in Battle, than by never going to the War at all (*b*). The Courage of him who commands others ought never to be ſuſpected. If it be neceſſary for a People to preſerve their General or King, it is more neceſſary for them not to ſee him in an uncertain Reputation of Valour. Remember that he who commands, ought to be a Pattern to all others. His Example is to animate the whole Army. Fear therefore no Manner of Danger, O *Telemachus*, but rather periſh in Battle than ſuffer your Courage to be queſtioned. Thoſe Flatterers that will ſeem moſt careful to hinder you from expoſing yourſelf to Danger when Occaſion calls you, will be the firſt to whiſper it about that you are faint-hearted, if they find you are eaſily with-held from the Battle. But then again, run not blindly into Danger without there is Occaſion: For Valour can no longer be a Virtue than as it is governed by Prudence; otherwiſe it is a ſtupid Contempt of Life, and a brutal Ardour. Fool-hardy Valour is ever unſecure. He that

ny, who, they ſaid, was the Daughter of *Mars* and *Venus*. Theſe two Deities, *Plutarch* tells us, ſhould mutually correct and moderate each other; the Graces ſhould ſoften the ſavage Part of Valour; and Valour ſhould quicken the Indolence and Effeminacy of the Graces. And this is what we are to learn from the Fable of the Amours of *Mars* and *Venus*. This hidden Inſtruction, and theſe Allegories, will not ſeem, to thoſe who are initiated in Mythology, to be in the leaſt ſtrained, or forced beyond what they will bear.

(*b*) It is a hard Thing for a Prince to have Qualities bright enough to cover the Want of Courage. Antiquity ſcarce affords any other Example of it than that of *Auguſtus*; and it will always be a Sort of Paradox in Hiſtory, that a Prince, who could not endure the Sight of an Army, ſhould yet ſubdue a Nation the moſt warlike and jealous of her Liberty that ever was known. We are bewildred in our Inquiries when we go about to penetrate into the Cauſe of ſuch an Event.

does not command himſelf in Dangers, is rather wild than brave; he is forced to be beſides himſelf, that he may be above Fear, ſince he cannot ſurmount it by the natural Diſpoſition of his Heart. In this Caſe, if he does not run away, he is at leaſt diſordered; he loſes the Fredom of his Mind, which would be neceſſary to him in laying hold of Opportunities to rout the Enemy, or ſerve his Country. If he has all the Warmth of a Soldier, he has nothing of the Diſcretion of a Captain; nay, he has not even the true Courage of a private Soldier; for a Soldier ought in Time of Battle to preſerve ſuch a Preſence of Mind, and ſuch a Moderation, as is neceſſary to Obedience and good Diſcipline. He who raſhly (*c*) expoſes himſelf, diſturbs the Order and Diſcipline of the Troops, ſets an Example of Temerity, and often brings the whole Army into imminent Dangers. Thoſe who prefer their vain Ambition to the Security of the common Cauſe, deſerve to be puniſhed, inſtead of being rewarded.

Beware then, my Son, how you ſeek Glory with too much Intemperance: The ſureſt way to find it, is to wait patiently a favourable Opportunity: Virtue acquires ſo much the more Reverence and Reſpect, as ſhe ſhews herſelf plain, modeſt, averſe to Pomp. The greater the Neceſſity of expoſing yourſelf to Danger grows, the greater ought your Courage and Foreſight to be. Moreover, remember, that you ought never to draw upon yourſelf the Envy of others; neither be you (*d*) jealous of their Succeſs: Be the firſt to praiſe what

(*c*) It is with Valour much the ſame as 'tis with Weapons; their Succeſs depends upon the Hand that uſes them. The greateſt Captains among the *Romans* looked upon the gallanteſt Actions, as the moſt dangerous, (and conſequently moſt puniſhable) when they broke in upon the Strictneſs of Diſcipline. Tho' Succeſs, in the Minds of the Vulgar, would bear them out, yet it never was allowed of by thoſe at the Head of Affairs.

(*d*) There is nothing ſo noble, in the Hiſtories written by the great Men of Antiquity, as the Sincerity with which they ſpeak, not only of their Enemies, but likewiſe of

what is praiſe-worthy, but praiſe with Diſcretion: Repeat the Good with Pleaſure, conceal the Bad, and think no more of it but with Sorrow. Be not poſitive before old Commanders, who have that Experience which you cannot have; liſten to them with Deference; conſult them; deſire the moſt able to inſtruct you, and be not aſhamed to impute to their Inſtructions whatever Improvements you ſhall make. In ſhort, give no Ear to Diſcourſes which may tend to excite your Diſtruſt or Jealouſy againſt the other chief Officers; but converſe with them freely and openly. If you think that they have failed in their Regards to you, unboſom yourſelf to them, and ſet forth your Reaſons. If they are capable of underſtanding the Generoſity of this Conduct, you will charm them, and draw from them all that you have Occaſion to expect from them. If, on the contrary, they have not Senſe enough to apprehend your Meaning, you will thereby learn by Self-Experience, what Injuſtice you are like to ſuffer at their Hands; and will thence take your Meaſures to truſt them no more as long as the War laſts; and thus you will have nothing to accuſe yourſelf of. But, above all Things, be ſure you avoid imparting to certain Flatterers, who go about to make Miſchief, the Grounds of Complaint which you think you have againſt any of the Commanders of the Army.

I will tarry here, continued *Mentor*, to aſſiſt *Idomeneus* to procure the Happineſs of his People, and to make him completely repair the Faults, which ill Counſellors and Flatterers cauſed him to commit in the Eſtabliſhment of his new Kingdom.

Then *Telemachus* could not help teſtifying to *Mentor* ſome Surprize, and even Contempt of *Idomeneus*'s Conduct. But *Mentor* in a ſevere Tone reprehended him for ſo doing. Do you wonder, ſaid he, that the moſt worthy Men are but Men, and ſhew ſome Remains of the

of thoſe who ſhared with them in the Command of the Armies. A truly great Man never builds his own Reputation upon the Ruins of that of another.

Weakneſſes of Humanity, among the innumerable Snares, and the Perplexities inſeparable from Royalty? *Idomeneus*, it is true, was bred up in Ideas of Pomp and Haughtineſs; but what Philoſopher could have guarded againſt Flattery in his Place? Indeed, he ſuffered himſelf to be too much biaſſed by thoſe that had gained his Confidence; but the wiſeſt Kings are often deceived, whatever Precautions they take to avoid it. A King cannot do without Miniſters, in whom he muſt truſt, to eaſe him of Part of his Burden, ſince it is impoſſible he ſhould do every Thing himſelf. Beſides, a King is much leſs acquainted with thoſe who ſurround him than private Perſons. Every body appears masked in his Preſence; no Artifice is left unpractiſed to blind him.

Alas! my dear *Telemachus*, you will have but too full a Conviction of this Truth. You'll never find in Men either the Virtues or the Talents which you want in them. Though you ſtudy them ever ſo much, you are every Day miſtaken in them. Neither can you make ſuch Uſe, even of the beſt Men, as is always requiſite for the publick Good. There will be Self-Opinions, Diſputes, and Jealouſies (*e*), even among them. It is no eaſy Matter either to perſuade or correct them. The more People a Prince has to govern, the more Miniſters he'll want, in order to execute by them what he cannot do himſelf; and the more Men that he is forced to truſt with Authority, the oftener he will be liable to be deceived in his Choice of them.

He that to-day unmercifully blames the Conduct of Kings, would govern on the Morrow worſe than they, and commit the very ſame Faults, with others infinitely greater, if the Power were placed in his Hands. A private Condition, with a tolerable Share of Wit and good Elocution, covers all natural Defects, ſhews every ſhin-

(*e*) A State is in great Danger, when two leading Men who have different Ways of Thinking, are veſted with equal Power and Authority. The Differences between *Nicias* and *Alcibiades* coſt the *Athenians* dear.

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ing Talent to Advantage, and makes a Man ſeem worthy to poſſeſs all the Poſts from whence he is remote: But Authority would put all his Talents to a ſevere Trial, and diſcover unpardonable Faults in him.

Greatneſs is like certain Glaſſes, which magnify all Objects; every Fault ſeems bigger in thoſe high Places, where the leaſt Things are attended with great Conſequences, and where the ſlighteſt Overſights bound back upon him that commits them with an additional Violence.

The whole World is employed in obſerving one Man in every Moment of his Life, and always judges him with the greateſt Severity. Thoſe who condemn him have not the leaſt Experience of his Condition; they are not ſenſible of the Difficulties which attend it, and expect he ſhould be ſomewhat above Man, ſo many Perfections they require in him. And yet a King, let him be ever ſo good and wiſe, is ſtill but a Man. His Knowledge has Limits, and his Virtue is not infinite. He is ſubject to Humour, Paſſion, Habits, which it is impoſſible he ſhould be abſolute Maſter of. He is beſet with cunning ſelf-intereſted People. He cannot find the Aſſiſtance he wants. He every Day falls into Miſreckoning, ſometimes through his own Paſſions, and ſometimes through thoſe of his Miniſters. Scarce has he repaired one Fault, but he runs into another; ſuch is the Condition of the moſt intelligent and moſt virtuous Kings.

The longeſt and the beſt Reigns are too ſhort and imperfect, to make amends, in their Concluſion, for the Miſchiefs that have unwittingly happened in their Beginning.

The Royalty carries all theſe Infelicities along with it. Human Frailty ſinks beneath ſo preſſing a Weight. We ought to pity Kings, and to excuſe them. Are they not unhappy, in having ſo many Men to govern, whoſe Occaſions are infinite, and who create ſo many Troubles to thoſe who would govern them well? To ſpeak freely, Men are very much to be pitied for being governed by a King, who is but a Man like themſelves; for it would re-

quire a (*f*) God to reform Mankind. But Kings are no leſs to be pitied, who being but Men, that is to ſay, weak and imperfect, are to govern this innumerable Multitude of corrupt and deceitful Men.

Telemachus anſwered, with ſome Warmth, *Idomeneus* by his own Fault loſt the Kingdom of his Anceſtors in *Crete*, and but for your Counſels he had loſt a ſecond at *Salentum*. I own, replied *Mentor*, he has committed great Faults; but look all over *Greece*, and in the beſt regulated States, and try if you can find a King that has not committed unpardonable Errors. The greateſt Men have in their Conſtitution and Turn of their Minds, Defects which give them a Biaſs; and the moſt Praiſe-worthy are thoſe who have the Courage to know and redreſs their Failings.

Do you think that *Ulyſſes*, the great *Ulyſſes*, your Father, who is the Model of the *Grecian* Kings, has not his Weakneſſes and Failings as well as other Men? If *Minerva* had not led him by the Hand, how often had he ſunk under the Dangers and Difficulties into which Fortune had thrown him? How often has *Minerva* ſtopt him, or brought him back again into the right Path, to lead him on to Glory by the Way of Virtue? Do not expect, even when you ſee him reign in all his Glory in *Ithaca*, to find him without Imperfections; you will infallibly ſee him guilty of ſome. *Greece*, *Aſia*, and all the Iſlands of the Seas, have admired him, notwithſtanding thoſe Faults, which are effaced and drowned by a thouſand admirable Qualities. You will be exceeding happy in having an Opportunity of admiring him too, and of ſtudying him inceſſantly, as the Model you are to follow.

Bring yourſelf, O *Telemachus*, not to expect, even from the greateſt Men, any more than Humanity is capable of performing. Unexperienced Youth gives it-

(*f*) It was not out of a ſervile and fulſome Flattery, that the antient Poets made moſt of the Kings to be the Deſcendants of *Jupiter*. Their Deſign was to point out to them, who it was they ought to reſemble in the Execution of their Office.

ſelf

ſelf up to a preſumptuous Humour of Cavilling, which breeds in it a Diſtaſte of thoſe Models which it ought to follow, and flings it into an incurable Indocility. Not only you ought to love, reſpect, and imitate your Father, though he is not perfect, but you ought alſo to have a high Eſteem even for *Idomeneus*. Notwithſtanding what I have found amiſs in him, he is naturally (*g*) ſincere, upright, juſt, liberal, beneficent. His Courage is perfect and clear. He deteſts Fraud when he knows it, and when he follows the true Diſpoſition of his Heart. All his outward Talents are great, and proportionable to his Rank. His Frankneſs in confeſſing himſelf in the Wrong, his Mildneſs, his Patience in allowing me to ſay unpleaſing Things to him, his Reſolution with regard to himſelf, in making publick Reparation for his Errors, and thereby ſetting himſelf above all Blame, denote a Soul truly noble. Good Fortune, or the wiſe Counſel of others, may preſerve a Man of very moderate Abilities from committing ſome certain Faults; but it muſt be a very extraordinary Virtue that can bring a King, who has been ſo long miſled by Flattery, to make good all that he has done amiſs. It is far more glorious to riſe again thus, than to have never fallen.

Idomeneus has committed the Faults which almoſt all Kings are guilty of; but very few Kings can correct themſelves as he has done. For my Part, I could not ſufficiently admire him, even when he permitted me to contradict him. Admire him with me, my dear *Telemachus*. It is not ſo much for his Reputation, as for your Advantage, that I give you this Advice.

By this Diſcourſe *Mentor* convinced *Telemachus* what (*h*) Danger there is of being guilty of Injuſtice, when we give

(*g*) With theſe Qualities Men may commit Faults, but then they repair what they do amiſs. The firſt Years of *Francis* I. who had the Virtues here aſcribed to *Idomeneus*, did not at all reſemble the Beginning of his Reign.

(*h*) Cenſure, particularly when too far carried, is a Sign of Pride and Preſumption, more than of a true Underſtanding.

give way to ſevere Reflections upon other Men, and eſpecially upon thoſe who are loaded with the Cares and Difficulties of Government. Then he added, it is Time for you to depart: Farewel. I will ſtay for you here, O my dear *Telemachus*. Remember that thoſe who fear the Gods have nothing to fear from Men: You will find yourſelf expoſed to the moſt imminent Dangers, but know that *Minerva* will never forſake you.

At theſe Words *Telemachus* thought he felt the Influence of the Goddeſs's own Preſence, and he had even known that it was ſhe who ſpoke to him in order to fill him with Confidence, if that Goddeſs had not recalled the Idea of *Mentor*, by ſaying to him, Forget not, my Son, the uncommon Care I have taken of you in your Infancy, that I might make you as wiſe and courageous as your Father: Do nothing unworthy of his great Example, and of the Maxims of Virtue which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you.

The Sun was already riſing, and gilded the Tops of the Mountains, when the Kings came out of *Salentum* to rejoin the Troops, which now began to march under their Commanders from the Encampment round the City. On every Side were ſeen the glittering Heads of briſtling Pikes; the Splendor of their Shields dazzled the Beholders Eyes, and Clouds of Duſt obſcured the Face of Heaven. *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* conducted into the Camp the confederate Kings. At laſt they parted, after interchanging the Marks of a true Friendſhip on both Sides. The Allies no longer doubted that the Peace would be a laſting one, now they knew the good Diſpoſition of *Idomeneus*'s Heart, which had been repreſented to them in a very different Light from

ſtanding. Nothing gives a greater Idea of the Equity of the *Romans*, than the Eaſineſs with which even *Pompey*'s Rivals conferred on him the Name of *Great*. A Man muſt be *Generous* to acknowledge, in others, thoſe good Qualities which are wanting in himſelf; but he need be only *Malicious* to criticize upon them.

what

what it was; for they had judged of him, not by his own natural Inclinations, but by the flattering and pernicious Counſels which he had ſuffered himſelf to be miſled by.

After the Army was marched away, *Idomeneus* led *Mentor* into all the Quarters of the City. Let us ſee, ſaid *Mentor*, what Number of Men you have both in the Town and Country; let us take an exact Review of them. Let us examine how many Huſbandmen you have amongſt them. Let us ſee what Quantity of Corn, Wine, Oil, and other uſeful Things, your Lands produce in moderate Years. By this Means we ſhall know whether your Country brings forth ſufficient to ſupport all its Inhabitants, and whether it produces enough beſides, to carry on an advantageous Trade with your Neighbours out of the Superfluity. Let us likewiſe examine the Number of your Ships and Mariners; let us carefully inſpect their Condition, and what Number of Sailors you have to man them, either to maintain a War, or carry on the Trade of your Subjects; for it is from thence we are to make an Eſtimate of your Power. Then he went to viſit the Port, and going on board every Veſſel, he informed himſelf to what Part each of them went to traffick, what Merchandize they carried, what Commodities they brought home in return, what was the Charge of the Ship's Voyage, what Loans the Merchants made one to another, what Societies they ſet up among themſelves, to ſee if they were equitably and faithfully maintained; finally, he conſidered the Dangers of Shipwreck, and other Miſchances incident to Trade, in order to prevent the Ruin of Merchants, who, out of a greedy Deſire of Gain, often undertake Things above their Strength and Ability to go through with.

He appointed ſevere Puniſhments for all Bankrupts, becauſe their Breaking is at leaſt owing to their Raſhneſs, if not to their Diſhoneſty. At the ſame Time he made ſeveral Regulations in order to prevent Bankruptcy,

cy, and for that End he appointed Magiſtrates, to take an account of the Merchants Effects, Profits, Expences, and Ventures. They were never ſuffered to ſend Ventures of another Man's Eſtate, nor above half of their own. Moreover, they carried on by Joint-Stock thoſe Undertakings which they could not manage ſingly; and the Regulations of theſe Companies became inviolable, through the rigorous Puniſhment inflicted on thoſe who infringed the ſame. Beſides, every one had full Freedom to trade. Inſtead of cramping Trade with hard Duties, there was a Recompence propoſed to ſuch Merchants as could open and procure a new Trade between *Salentum*, and any other Nation.

By this Means there reſorted great Multitudes of People to them from all Parts: The Commerce of that City was like the Flux and Reflux of the Sea: Riches came pouring into it like the rolling Waves which ride on the Back of each other. There was free Import and Export allowed to every Thing: Whatever was brought in was uſeful for ſome Purpoſe or other, and whatever was carried out did but make Room for other Riches to come in. Strict Juſtice alone preſided in the Port among ſo many different Nations: Upright Dealing, Honeſty, and Candour, ſeemed to invite from the Top of thoſe ſtately Towers all Merchants from the remoteſt Corners of the Earth. Every one of theſe Merchants, whether he came from the Eaſtern Shore, where the Sun each Day ſprings forth from the Boſom of the Deep, or whether he came from that great Sea where the ſame Planet, fatigued with its Courſe, extinguiſhes its Flames; every one, I ſay, lived in as much Peace and Safety in *Salentum*, as if he had been in his own Country.

Then, as to the Inſide of the City, *Mentor* viſited all the Magazines, Ware-houſes, Tradeſmens Shops, and all the publick Places. He prohibited the Importation of ſuch foreign Goods as might introduce Luxury and

and Debauchery. He regulated (*i*) Apparel, Food, Houſhold-Stuff, the Demenſion and Embelliſhments of Houſes, according to the different Conditions of the Inhabitants. He baniſhed all Gold and Silver Ornaments, and told *Idomeneus*, I know but one Way to make your People frugal in their Management, and that is by ſetting them an Example yourſelf. 'Tis indeed requiſite that you ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by a certain Shew of Majeſty; but your Authority will be ſufficiently diſplayed by your Guards, and the chief Officers that are about you. Content yourſelf with a Garment of ſuperfine Wool of a Purple Colour: Let the chief Men of your State be clad in the ſame Wool, with no other Difference but that of the Colour, and a ſmall Embroidery of Gold on the Selvage of your own Robe. Theſe different Colours will ſerve to diſtinguiſh the different Degrees, without the Expence of Gold, Silver, or precious Stones. Regulate thoſe Degrees according to each one's Birth, and let thoſe be placed in the firſt Rank who are deſcended from a more antient and illuſtrious Stock. Thoſe who upon Account of their Merit, ſhall be poſſeſſed of great Employments, will not be diſcontented to come after thoſe antient and illuſtrious Families, who have been in ſo long a Poſſeſſion of the firſt Honours. Such as are inferior to them in Point of Extraction, will eaſily give place to them, provided you do not ſuffer them to forget themſelves in a too high and too ſudden Preferment, and provided you take care to beſtow Commendations, and give particular Countenance to thoſe who know how to be moderate in Proſperity: The Diſtinction which is the leaſt expoſed to Envy, is that which proceeds from a long Succeſſion of Anceſtors.

(*i*) This minute Regulation ought not to be looked on as unbecoming the Majeſty of the Legiſlature. The Laws of *Lycurgus* preſcribed even the Food which the *Lacedæmonians* were to live upon; nay, even the particular Number of the Diſhes: For general Regulations will never baniſh Daintineſs and Luxury out of a State.

As

As for Virtue, it will be ſufficiently excited and encouraged, and Men will be forward enough to ſerve the State, provided you decree Crowns and (*k*) Statues to gallant Actions, and make it a Source of Nobility for the Children of thoſe that have performed them.

Perſons of the firſt Rank, next to yourſelf, may be clothed in White, with a Gold Fringe at the Bottom of their Garments; they may wear on their Finger a Gold Ring, and round their Neck a Golden Medal with your Picture. Thoſe of the ſecond Rank ſhall be clad in Blue, with a Silver Fringe, and a Ring; but no Medal. The third Sort in Green, without any Ring or Fringe, but with a Medal. The fourth in deep Yellow. The fifth in a pale Red. The ſixth in Griſlin. The ſeventh, that is the lower Sort, in Yellow mixed with White. Let theſe be the Colours for the ſeven different Degrees of Freemen. As for thoſe that are in the State of Servitude, they ſhall be clad in dark Brown. Thus, without any Expence, every one will be diſtinguiſhed according to his Degree, and all thoſe Arts ſhall be baniſhed from *Salentum*, which ſerve only to keep up a vain Pomp, and encourage Licentiouſneſs. All the Artificers who are now employed about pernicious Trades, ſhall either betake themſelves to neceſſary Arts, (which are but few) or elſe to Merchandize or to Tillage. Never allow of any Change, either in the Nature of the Stuffs, or Faſhion of Clothes; for it is ſcandalous that Men, who are deſtined to a ſerious and noble Life, ſhould amuſe themſelves in ſtudying affected Ornaments; or ſuffer their Wives, in whom ſuch Amuſements would be leſs ſhameful, to be guilty of thoſe Extravagancies.

(*k*) Such was the *Greek* and *Roman* Policy; they did not drain the publick Treaſure to reward a gallant Action; they found a Way to pay it by the Glory of having performed it. Nothing can be leſs burthenſome to the Publick to beſtow, than a Crown of *Laurel*, *Myrtle*, or *Oak*; and yet how glorious and honourable to a private Man was this kind of Triumph!

Thus

Thus *Mentor*, like a skilful Gardener, who lops the uſeleſs Branches off of Fruit Trees, endeavoured to retrench vain Pomp and Luxury, which corrupts good Manners. Inſtead thereof, he recommended a noble and frugal Plainneſs in all Things. He likewiſe regulated the common Food of Citizens and Slaves (*l*). What a Shame is it, ſaid he, for Men of high Condition, to place their Grandeur in Ragoûts and Kickſhaws, by which they enervate their Faculties, and inſenſibly impair the Health of their Bodies! They ought to make their Happineſs conſiſt in their Moderation, in their Authority, which enables them to be ſerviceable to other Men, and in acquiring Reputation by their good Actions. Sobriety makes the plaineſt Food moſt palatable; it is Temperance that procures the pureſt and moſt laſting Pleaſures, at the ſame Time that it keeps up a vigorous Conſtitution of Body. Therefore confine your Table to the beſt Sorts of Meats, but dreſt without any Sauces; For to provoke Mens Appetites beyond their natural Call, is nothing elſe but an Art of Poiſoning.

Idomeneus grew very ſenſible how much he had been to blame in ſuffering the Inhabitants of his new City to ſoften and corrupt their Manners, by departing from the Laws of *Minos* touching Sobriety: But the wiſe *Mentor* repreſented to him, that even the reviving of thoſe very Laws would be to no Purpoſe, unleſs by his own Example he gave them that Vigour and Authority which nothing elſe could procure them. Thereupon *Idomeneus* retrenched his Table, where he would admit of nothing but excellent Bread, Wine of the

(*l*) *Panſanias*, after the Battle of *Platæa*, cauſed two Tables to be furniſhed out with very different Diſhes, in the *Perſian* General's Tent. The firſt was ſpread with all the Profuſion of the *Aſiatic* Luxury; the ſecond was ſerved up with nothing but *Lacedemonian* Black-Broth, and Milk-Porridge, in Wooden Diſhes. *The Difference of theſe two Tables*, ſaid he to the *Grecian* Captains, *was what decided the Battle.*

Growth

Growth of that Country, which is naturally ſtrong and very agreeable, but which he would not allow to be ſerved but in very ſmall Quantities, with plain Meats, ſuch as he uſed to eat with the other *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*. No Perſon durſt open their Mouths againſt a Law that the King had impoſed on himſelf; and thus every one retrenched that Profuſion and thoſe Dainties which they had begun to wallow in at their Meals.

After this, *Mentor* fell to reforming the Muſick; of which he ſilenced the ſoft and effeminate Sort, which tends only to the Corruption of Youth. He with no leſs Severity condemned the *Bacchanalian* Muſick, which is little leſs intoxicating than Wine itſelf, and is productive of Riots, and all Manner of Irregularities: He limited all Muſick (*m*) to Feſtivals in the Temples, there to celebrate the Praiſes of the Gods, and of thoſe Heroes who have left us Patterns of the moſt exalted Virtues. He likewiſe confined to the Temples all the great Ornaments of Architecture; ſuch as Columns, Pediments, Porticoes. He drew Plans, of a plain and graceful Model, whereby on a ſmall Spot of Ground one might build a delightful and convenient Houſe for a numerous Family; always contriving it ſo, that the Situation of it was wholeſome, its ſeveral Apartments independent one of another, and that it might be eaſily kept in Order, Cleanlineſs, and Repair at ſmall Charge. He thought it proper that every Houſe of Note ſhould have a pretty large Hall; and a ſmall Periſtyle, with little Rooms for all Perſons of free Condition; but he very ſeverely prohibited the ſuperfluous Multitude and vain Magnificence of Apartments. Theſe different Draughts of Houſes, according to the Largeneſs of each Family, ſerv'd to embelliſh Part of the City at ſmall Expence, and to make it

(*m*) It was within theſe narrow Bounds that *Plato* was for reſtraining Muſick in his Republick. Let the Enemies of Antiquity ſay what they will, it is certain that this Art hath loſt much of its Strength, and hardly retains any Thing more than its dangerous Softneſs.

regular;

regular; whereas the other Part, which was already built up according to the Caprice and Pride of private Perſons, though more magnificent, was far from being ſo agreeable and commodious. This new City was built in very little Time, becauſe the neighbouring Coaſt of *Greece* furniſhed good Architects; and a vaſt Number of Maſons were fetched from *Epirus* and other Countries, upon Condition, that after they had finiſhed their Work, they ſhould ſettle about *Salentum*, have Lands given them to cultivate, and ſo help to people the Country.

Painting and Sculpture were Arts which *Mentor* did not think fit to be laid aſide; but he was againſt ſuffering many Hands to apply themſelves that Way in *Salentum*. He erected a publick School to teach thoſe Arts, with Maſters, who had an excellent Taſte to examine the young Diſciples. Such Arts, ſays he, as are not abſolutely neceſſary, ought not to admit of any ordinary or indifferent Performers; and therefore none ought to be allowed to learn them, but Lads of a very promiſing Genius, and who are likely to attain to the utmoſt Perfection in them. As for others, who have their Capacity turned to Arts leſs noble, they will be very profitably employed about the ordinary Occaſions of the Commonwealth. The only Uſe, ſaid he, that ought to be made of Sculptors and Painters, is to preſerve the Memory of great Men and great Actions; and therefore, it is in publick Buildings (*n*) and Tombs where you ought to preſerve the Repreſentations of what has been performed in any extraordinary Manner for the Service of your Country. Yet *Mentor* did not carry his Moderation and Frugality ſo far, as to diſallow of thoſe large Structures de-

(*n*) 'Tis well known that the Arts and Sciences made an ample Return to the City of *Athens*, for the Luſtre they had received from her under the Government of *Pericles*. That great Man had cauſed to be raiſed there many publick Edifices, which were the Admiration of all *Greece*; but he would never ſuffer in his own Houſe any Ornament, which might diſtinguiſh it from that of a private Man.

ſigned

ſigned for Horſe or Chariot Races, Wreſtlings, Fights with the Cæſtus, and all other Exerciſes which cultivate the human Body, and render it more active and vigorous. He ſuppreſſed a prodigious Number of Merchants and Shopkeepers, who uſed to ſell figured Stuffs of remote Countries, embroider'd Works of an exceſſive Price, Gold and Silver Vaſes emboſſed with Figures of Gods, Men, and Animals, and laſtly, diſtill'd Liquors and Eſſences (*o*). He ordered likewiſe that the Furniture of every Houſe ſhould be plain, ſtrong, and laſting. So that the *Salentines*, who uſed to complain loudly of their Poverty, began now to be ſenſible that they enjoyed a great many ſuperfluous Riches, which made them really the poorer, and they became truly rich in proportion as they had the Courage to part with them. It is the beſt Way, ſaid they to themſelves, to grow rich by deſpiſing ſuch Riches as exhauſt a State; and by leſſening our Wants, in reducing them to the true neceſſary Occaſions of Nature.

Mentor was very induſtrious in viſiting the Arſenals and publick Magazines, to ſee whether the Arms and other warlike Implements were in good Condition: For, ſaid he, we ought always to be in a Readineſs to make War, the better to avoid the Misfortune of being forced to make it. He found that there was great Want of many Things; and thereupon he preſently aſſembled together ſuch Artificers as underſtood to work in Iron, Steel, or Braſs: You might preſently have ſeen flaming Furnaces diſcharging whirling Sheets of Smoke and Fire, like the ſubterraneous Ebullitions of Mount *Ætna*. You might have heard the Anvil groaning beneath the reiterated Strokes of the ſturdy Hammer, the adjacent Mountains and Shores of the Sea ecchoing back the Sound. You would have thought yourſelf in that famed Iſland, where *Vulcan* chears up the *Cyclopes*, and forges Thun-

(*o*) *O how many Things are there that I have no occaſion for*, ſaid *Socrates*, when paſſing through the Market-Place at *Athens*, he ſaw the Toy-ſhops and Stalls glitt'ring with Furniture and Implements which can do no more than pleaſe the Eye.

derbolts

derbolts for the Father of the Gods: And, as an Effect of a wiſe Foreſight, you might have ſeen all the Preparations of War carrying on in a profound Peace.

After this, *Mentor* went out of the City with *Idomeneus*, and found a vaſt Tract of fertile Lands lying waſte and uncultivated (*p*). Others were manured but by Halves, through the Negligence and Poverty of the Husbandmen, who not only wanted Hands, but likewiſe a Spirit and a Strength of Body requiſite to bring Agriculture to its higheſt Point of Improvement. *Mentor*, beholding theſe neglected Fields, ſaid to the King, This Land courts the Inhabitants, but the Inhabitants are wanting to it. Let us therefore take all the uſeleſs Artizans that are in the City, and thoſe who follow ſuch Trades as only tend to corrupt good Manners, and let us ſet them to cultivate theſe Hills and Plains. It is indeed a Misfortune that thoſe Men who are inur'd to ſuch Arts as require a ſedentary Life, are not accuſtomed to hard Labour; but here is a Remedy for it: We muſt divide among them all the Lands that are void of Inhabitants, and call to their Aſſiſtance ſome of the neighbouring People, who under them will take upon them the hardeſt Labour; which they will do provided they are allow'd a reaſonable Recompence out of the Product of the Lands which they ſhall begin to grub up. In Time they may come to enjoy a Proportion of the Lands, and thereby be incorporated with your People, who are not as yet numerous enough. Provided thay be laborious and tractable, they will prove as good Subjects as any you have, and make a great Addition to your Power. Your

(*p*) The frontier Provinces of *Perſia* were governed, in antient Times, by two *Satrapæ*, as they called them, (Baſhaws, in the *Turkiſh* Language) one of which commanded the Troops, and the other had the Direction of the Agriculture. If the Earth, for Want of due Culture, failed to produce ſufficient Plenty for the ſubſiſting both the Inhabitants and the Soldiery, the *Satrapa* who preſided over the Husbandry was ſure to be depoſed. If the Enemy by their Incurſions, ravaged the Lands, and laid waſte the Fields, the *Military Satrapa* underwent the ſame Fate.

City

City Tradeſmen, thus tranſplanted into the Country, will train up their Children to Labour, and break them to the Yoke of a rural Life. Beſides, all the Foreign Maſons that are now at work in building your City, have agreed to grub up Part of your Lands, and to turn Husbandmen. Incorporate them with your People as ſoon as ever they have completed the Work they are now about. Theſe Men will be overjoyed with the Thoughts of ſpending their Days under a Government which is now ſo mild. As they are robuſt and laborious, their Example will help to encourage Induſtry among the Artizans which you tranſplant from the City into the Country, with whom they will be mingled. And in Continuance of Time, the whole Country round about will be ſtocked with vigorous ſtrong Men, and well verſed in Husbandry. And as for the Multiplication of your People, you need be in no Pain about that, for they will ſoon increaſe beyond Meaſure, provided you facilitate Matrimony, which you may eaſily do. Moſt Men have an Inclination to marry, and it is nothing but a Narrowneſs of Circumſtances that hinders them from it. If you do not over-burden them with Taxes, they will find a Way to live at Eaſe with their Wives and Families; for the Earth is never ungrateful; ſhe always yields Plenty of her Fruits to thoſe who are careful to cultivate her, and refuſes her Favours to none but ſuch as are afraid of beſtowing any Pains upon her. The more Children the Husbandmen have, the richer they are, provided the Prince does not impoveriſh them; for their Children, even in their greeneſt Years, begin to be a Help to them. The youngeſt tend Sheep in the Paſtures; thoſe of riper Years lead the greater Herds of Cattle, and the eldeſt Work at the Plough with their Father (*q*): Mean while the Mother, with the reſt of the Family,

(*q*) Neither *Theocritus* nor *Virgil* have outdone our Author in ſetting off the Advantages and Pleaſures of a Country Life. The Author's ſole Intention, in painting it out with ſo many Graces, was to make his Royal Pupil ſenſible, how

Family, dreſſes a plain Repaſt againſt her Husband and her dear Children return home after the Fatigues of the Day. She takes care to milk her Cows and Sheep, and Streams of ſweet Milk overflow her cleanly Plains: She lights up a large Fire, round which the innocent peaceful Family divert themſelves in ſinging merry Songs, till the Hour of Reſt invites to Bed: She prepares Cheeſes, Cheſnuts, and preſerved Fruits, that look as freſh as if they had been juſt gathered.

And now the Shepherd returns home with his Flute, and ſings to the aſſembled Family ſuch new Songs as he learnt in the adjacent Hamlets. The Husbandman comes in with his Plough, and his fatigued Oxen walk with bending Necks and a ſlow Pace, notwithſtanding the Goad that urges them along; all the Hardſhips of Labour conclude with the Day: The Poppies, which *Morpheus*, by the Command of the Gods, ſcatters over the Earth, appeaſe all gnawing Cares, lull Nature into a ſoft Enchantment, and every one falls aſleep, without being ſollicitous for what the next Day may produce. Happy are the Men that live without Ambition, Diffidence, or Diſguiſe, provided the Gods beſtow on them a good King, who never diſturbs their innocent Joys! But what a cruel Piece of Inhumanity it is, out of a Motive of Ambition, to raviſh from them the agreeable Fruits of the Earth, which they owe to none but bounteous Nature and the Sweat of their own Brows! Nature alone, out of her own fruitful Boſom, would afford ſufficient Maintenance for an infinite Number of moderate and laborious Men; but it is the Pride and Extravagance of ſome Men that reduces ſo many others to the dreadful Hardſhips of Poverty.

But what ſhall I do, ſaid *Idomeneus*, if thoſe People whom I diſperſe about a fruitful Country, neglect to

how delightful and praiſe-worthy a Thing it is to contribute to the Felicity of a People. It was this important Leſſon that he makes the Sciences likewiſe conſpire to inculcate, though they ſeemed not to have altogether ſo much Relation thereto.

cultivate

cultivate it? Follow juſt a contrary Method to what is uſually obſerved, ſaid *Mentor*. Greedy inconſiderate Princes make it their ſole Buſineſs to lay heavy Taxes on ſuch of their Subjects as are moſt diligent and induſtrious in improving their Eſtates, becauſe they think they can raiſe thoſe Taxes upon ſuch People with moſt Eaſe; and at the ſame Time they favour and exempt from Taxes thoſe whom Sloth and Idleneſs have impoveriſhed. Invert this bad Method, which oppreſſes the Good, encourages Vice, and introduces a liſtleſs Negligence, which is no leſs fatal to the King himſelf than to the whole Republick. Impoſe Taxes, Fines, nay, if need be, ſevere Penalties on thoſe who neglect the Culture of their Lands; juſt as you would puniſh Soldiers who abandon their Poſt in a War. On the contrary, grant Favours and Exemptions to ſuch Families as by multiplying do augment in proportion the Culture of their Land (*r*). By this Means their Families will ſoon increaſe, and every Body will be ſpirited up to Labour, which will become even honourable: The Profeſſion of a Husbandman will be no longer deſpiſed, it being no longer under ſuch dreadful Preſſures: You will ſee the Plough again in Eſteem, guided by thoſe victorious Hands which in Time of War defended their Country. It will be no leſs creditable to cultivate one's Patrimony during a happy Peace, than gallantly to have defended the ſame during the Troubles of War. The whole Country will flouriſh and ſmile again: *Ceres* will be crowned with golden Ears of Corn: *Bacchus*, preſſing the Grapes with his Feet, ſhall cauſe Rivulers of Wine, ſweeter than Nectar, to ſtream down from the ſloping Hills: The hollow Vallies ſhall ring again with the Concerts of Shepherds, who along the Cryſtal Brooks ſhall join their Voices to their Pipes, whilſt their jocund Flocks ſhall crop the Graſs ennamell'd with Flowers, unapprehenſive of the ravenous Wolves.

(*r*) This Precept is taken from the Laws of the *Romans*, who reckoned it a great Piece of Service done to the State, if any one greatly increaſed the Subjects of it.

Will

Will not you, O *Idomeneus*, be overjoy'd to be the Source of ſo many Bleſſings, and to cauſe ſo many People to live in a delightful Tranquillity beneath the Shadow of your auſpicious Name (*s*)? Is not this Glory more deſirable than that of ravaging the Earth, and ſpreading every where, nay, almoſt as much at home, in the midſt of one's Victories, as among the Vanquiſh'd abroad, Slaughter, Devaſtation, Miſery, Horror, cruel Famine, and Deſperation?

Happy, thrice happy that King, who is ſo beloved of the Gods, and has ſo great a Soul, as to endeavour to make himſelf in this Manner the Delight of his People, and to ſhew to all Ages (in his Reign) ſo charming an Example! The whole Earth, inſtead of oppoſing him, would come and throw themſelves at his Feet, to beg him to be their King.

But, reply'd *Idomeneus*, when the People have this Affluence of Peace and Riches, Pleaſures will ſoon corrupt them, and they will turn againſt me that very Power which I have made them Maſters of. Fear not, ſaid *Mentor*, any ſuch Conſequence; 'tis a mere Pretence, which is always brought in to flatter prodigal Princes, who would overcharge their People with Taxes. Beſides, it may eaſily be remedied. The Laws which we juſt now ſettled for Huſbandry will inure them to a laborious Way of Living, and even in Plenty they ſhall have nothing beyond what is neceſſary, becauſe we baniſh all Arts that ſerve only to furniſh Superfluities. Nay, that very Plenty ſhall be moderated, by encouraging Matrimony, and by the great Increaſe of Families. Each Family being grown numerous, and poſſeſſing but a narrow Portion of Land, will be obliged to beſtow an inceſſant Labour in tilling it. 'Tis a wanton Idleneſs which makes the People inſolent and rebellious:

(*s*) There is no Compariſon between the Apellation of a *conquering* King and a *pacific* one. A Nation is inſenſibly weakened even by conquering. There is ever a ſecret Bitterneſs in the faireſt Fruits of War; whereas, in thoſe of Peace, there is nothing but Sweetneſs.

They

They ſhall have Bread indeed, and enough of it; but then they ſhall have nothing elſe, except the Fruits of their own Land, gotten by the Sweat of their Brows.

To keep your People within ſuch a Moderation as we have been ſpeaking of, you muſt (*t*) forthwith regulate the Extent of the Ground which each Family is to poſſeſs. You know that we have divided all your People into ſeven Claſſes, according to their different Conditions: Now every Family in every Claſs muſt be reſtrain'd from enjoying more Land than is abſolutely neceſſary for the Suſtentation of thoſe Perſons of whom it is compos'd. This Rule being inviolable, the Nobles will not be able to purchaſe from the Poor: All ſhall have Lands, but each ſhall have but a very ſmall Share, which will excite them to make the moſt of it by Manuring. If by a long Proceſs of Time the Lands ſhould be overſtock'd with People, you may ſend Colonies abroad, which will encreaſe the Power of this State.

Farthermore, 'tis my Opinion you ought never to ſuffer Wine to grow too common in your Dominions; and if too many Vines have been planted, you muſt command them forthwith to be pluck'd up. Wine is the Source of the greateſt Miſchiefs among the People: It occaſions Diſtempers, Quarrels, Seditions, Idleneſs, Averſion to Labour, Diſorders in Families. Let Wine therefore be reſerved, as it were for a Cordial, or a choice Liquor, to be employ'd only in Sacrifices, or extraordinary Feſtivals; yet do not think you can ever reduce ſo important a Rule into Practice, unleſs you enforce it by your own Example. Again, you muſt ſee that the Laws of *Minos* be ſtrictly obſerv'd in relation to the educating of Children: Publick Schools muſt be ſet up, where they may be taught to fear the Gods, to love their Country, to reverence the Laws, and to prefer Honour before Pleaſures, or Life itſelf.

(*t*) By this Regulation, (which is authorized even by the ſacred Writings) the *Romans* intended to put a Reſtraint upon the Covetouſneſs of private Men; but the Rich know how to elude the Force of this Law.

There

There muſt be Magiſtrates to ſuperintend the Families (*u*), and have an Eye to the Manners of private Perſons: Nay, be you yourſelf their Overſeer, ſince you are King, that is, the People's Shepherd, whoſe ſole Duty is to watch over your Flock Night and Day: And thereby you will prevent a thouſand Crimes and Diſorders; and what you cannot prevent, you muſt be ſure to puniſh at firſt with very great Severity; for 'tis an Act of Clemency to ſtop the Courſe of Iniquity, by making early Examples of ſuch as ſhall offend. A little Blood, ſpilt in due Time, ſaves the ſpilling of a great deal, and makes a Prince feared, without uſing Severity too often. But how deteſtable a Maxim is it for a King to place his Safety in the Oppreſſion of his People! How barbarous is it, never to cauſe them to be inſtructed, nor to lead them gently in the Path of Virtue, nor to uſe Methods to win their Love; but to drive them by Terror to Deſpair, and to reduce them to the dreadful Neceſſity either to renounce their Liberty for ever, or to ſhake off the Yoke of Tyranny by Force! Is this the true Method to reign peaceably? Is this the true Way that leads to Glory?

Let me tell you, that where-ever the Command of a Prince is moſt abſolute, there the Prince is leaſt powerful; he takes all, ruins every Thing, and is the only Poſſeſſer of his whole State: But then the State languiſhes, the Country is unimproved, and almoſt deſart; the Cities decay every Day, and Trade ſickens and dies. The King, who cannot poſſibly be ſuch by himſelf, and is only Great by Means of his Subjects, annihilates himſelf by Degrees, in proportion as he annihilates his People, to whom he owes both his Riches and his Power. His Kingdom is drein'd both of Money and Men, and the Loſs of the latter is the greateſt and moſt unrepairable of all Loſſes. His deſpotick Power makes as many

(*u*) Such at *Sparta* were the *Gerontes*; at *Athens* the *Areopagites*; and at *Rome* the *Cenſors*. Thoſe in the Adminiſtration made it more their Buſineſs to prevent Enormities than to puniſh them.

Slaves as he has Subjects: They all flatter him: They all ſeem to adore him: They all tremble at the leaſt Glance of his Eye. But ſee what will happen upon the leaſt Revolution: This monſtrous Power, wound up to too exceſſive an Height, cannot be durable; it is deſtitute of Supplies from the Hearts of the People; it has tired out and provok'd the ſundry Degrees of Men in the State, and forces all the Members of that Body to ſigh with equal Ardor for a Change. At the very firſt Blow the Idol is thrown down, broken in Pieces, and trampled under Foot. Contempt, Hatred, Fear, Reſentment, Diſtruſt, in ſhort, all the Paſſions unite themſelves againſt ſo obnoxious an Authority. The King, who during the Time of his vain Proſperity, could find no Man that durſt ſpeak the Truth to him, ſhall not find in his Misfortunes any one Man that will vouchſafe to excuſe him, or defend him againſt his Enemies.

After this Diſcourſe, *Idomeneus*, being prevailed upon by *Mentor*, preſently fell to work in diſtributing the waſte Lands to uſeleſs and unprofitable Artificers; and likewiſe put in Execution whatever had been reſolved on before. He only reſerved for the Maſons thoſe Lands he had appointed for them, and which they could not begin to cultivate, till they had finiſhed the Building of the City.

The End of the firſt Volume.

REMARKS AND ALLUSIONS

Scholaſtical and Satyrical;

Taken from the *Dutch* Editions of *Telemachus*, and elſewhere.

VOL. I.

N.B. *The Scholaſtical or Learned Notes are printed in* Italick; *the Satyrical or Party-Notes (which are a ſuppoſed Key to the whole Work) are in* Roman.

PAGE 2. l. 4. Calypſo, *&c.*] Calypſo, *a Goddeſs, the Daughter of* Atlas *and* Thetis, (or, as others ſay, *Tethys*) *was Queen of the Iſland* Ogygia (a little Iſle of the *Auſonian* Sea) *where ſhe entertained* Ulyſſes *after his Shipwreck. Her Name (as is ſaid before) comes from the Verb* καλύπτειν, *celare*, to conceal, *and ſignifies* the God-

deſs of Secrecy; *to denote either that* Ulyſſes, *by living with* Calypſo, *perfected himſelf in the Art of Diſſimulation, which he was pretty well Maſter of before; or, in plain Terms, that he was concealed there a long Time* (ſix or ſeven Years) *and no Body knew what was become of him.*

P. 2. l. 4. *Seeing* Ulyſſes *was, &c.*] Ulyſſes, *the Son of* Laertes *and* Anticlea, *was King* (*or Lord*) *of the Iſles of* Ithaca, Dulichium, *&c. He was Husband to* Penelope, Icarus's *Daughter, of whom he had* Telemachus. *After the Siege of* Troy *was ended, he was driven into a Multitude of Dangers on the Seas, for ten Years together, before he could arrive at his own Country; and, among the reſt of the Adventures he was put upon in this wandering Voyage, he was caſt by a Tempeſt on the Rocks of the Iſland* Ogygia. Calypſo *kept him there ſeven Years, as is mentioned before, in hopes of having him for her Huſband: But ſhe being obliged by a ſuperior Order, to ſend him away, ſhe was inconſolable for his Departure, which ſhe imputed to the Jealouſy of the other Gods, who had commanded her to diſmiſs him.* Homer Odyſſ. l. v.

P. 2. l. 11. *Her Iſland,* &c.] *The Iſland* Ogygia, *called likewiſe* Gaulus, *which is ſituated a little above* Melita *or* Malta, (*to the Knights whereof it at preſent belongs*) *between the Coaſt of* Africa *and Promontory of* Sicily, *antiently called* Pachynus, (*now* Capo Paſſaro.) *In this Iſle of* Gaulus, *Serpents cannot live. We muſt take care not to confound it with the Iſle of* Caudus, *or* Gaudus, *which is not far from* Crete.

P. 3. l. 11. Minerva, *who in* Mentor's *Shape,* &c.] Mentor *was a Friend of* Homer, *who, to eternize his Name, has given him a Place in the Odyſſey by way of Gratitude; becauſe when he landed at* Ithaca, *on his Return from* Spain, *and ſo very much diſordered with a Defluxion in his Eyes, that he could not proceed on his Voyage, he was entertained by* Mentor, *who took a particular care of him.* Homer *makes him one of the trueſt Friends of* Ulyſſes, *and the Perſon to whom he committed the Care of his Family, when he*

ſet

ſet out for the Siege of Troy. *The Author of* Telemachus *carries on the ſame Fiction; and as this Work was deſigned for the Inſtruction of the Duke of* Burgundy, *to whom, and likewiſe to the other Children of* France, *he was Preceptor; our Author*, I ſay, *makes* Mentor *to be* Minerva *herſelf, diſguiſed beneath the Form of that old Man, in order to give the greater Weight to his Precepts, which are indeed worthy of the moſt exalted Wiſdom.*

P. 4. l. 15. *Amazement and Compaſſion filled at once* Calypſo's *Breaſt, to ſee ſo immature a Youth ſo ſage and eloquent.*] The Poem of *Telemachus* being altogether Allegorical, this Period does *en paſſant* contain a ſhort Elogium of the great Qualities of the Duke of *Burgundy*, who, in the warmeſt of his youthful Blood, diſcovered ſo much Wiſdom and Prudence, as to leave no room to doubt, but that (had he lived) he would have made a moſt accompliſhed Prince. His Name was *Louïs* (the ſame as his Grandfather) and he was Dauphin of *France* after the Death of his Father the Dauphin. He was born the 6th of *Auguſt* 1682, and died the 18th of *February* 1711. in the 29th Year of his Age.

P. 7. l. 10. Telemachus *ſighing, anſwered,* &c.] Every thing which the Author here puts into *Telemachus*'s Mouth, is in the Character of the Duke of *Burgundy*; a Prince of ſo auſtere a Wiſdom, that the late King his Grandfather perfectly ſtood in Awe of him, and concealed himſelf from him whenever he had a Mind to do any thing that ſavoured of Luxury or Voluptuouſneſs.

P. 9. l. 9. But a fond Paſſion for his wretched Country, *&c.*] *The Cauſe of his Impatience was his Love of his Wife* Penelope, *who was the continual Subject of his Thoughts Night and Day. Nay, he was ſo doatingly fond of her, that he feigned himſelf mad to avoid going to the Siege of* Troy, *but his Craft was found out.*

P. 9. l. 23. In the Cave of the *Cyclops Polyphemus,* &c.] *In the IXth Book of the Odyſſey, we may ſee a Deſcription of this Cave, which was in* Sicily: *And likewiſe how* Ulyſſes *and his Companions were ſhut up in it, and how* Ulyſſes *put out that Giant's* [one] *Eye,* (for he had but

one, and that was in his Forehead) Ulyſſes *having firſt fuddled him with a Bottle of ſtrong Wine; and ſo he and the reſt of his Companions, who had eſcaped the devouring Jaws of that Giant, got out of his Den by faſtening themſelves under the Belly of one of the ſtouteſt Rams of his whole Flock.* Odyſſ. l. IX.

P. 9. l. 24. *Antiphates* King of the *Læſtrygons.*] *The* Læſtrygons *lived in the City of* Lamum, *antiently* Formiæ, *on the Coaſt of* Campania *in* Italy. *'Tis thought they had inhabited* Sicily *before. They fed upon Man's Fleſh. The Name ſignifies* a Devourer, *being derived from the* Punick *Word* Lais tircan, leo mordax, *according to* Sam. Bochart, *Chan.* l. 1. c. 30. Ulyſſes *loſt among them ſome of his Companions, who were killed and eaten up by them.* Odyſſ. l. X.

P. 9. l. 26. *The Iſland of* Circé, *the Daughter of the Sun.*] *The Iſland where* Circé *dwelt,* (and where *Aurora* had her Lodgings) *was called* Ææa, *or* Circæum. *It is a Mountain hard by* Formiæ. Homer *calls it an Iſland, becauſe the Sea and the Moraſſes about it do indeed make it a* Peninſula. *Here it was that* Ulyſſes's *Companions were turned into Swine.* Id. Ibid.

P. 9. l. 27. Scylla *and* Charybdis.] *Theſe are two Rocks at the Entrance of the Streights of* Sicily *not far from* Pelorus, (a Promontory of *Sicily* over againſt *Italy*, now *Capo de Faro*). *The firſt of theſe two Rocks lies on the Coaſt of* Italy, *and the ſecond on the Coaſt of* Sicily. *Theſe were antiently two very dangerous Rocks, becauſe of the Nature of the Shipping in thoſe Days, and on account of the Art of Navigation, which then was very little underſtood. Now they are not accounted dangerous, but are laugh'd at by Sea-faring Men; not only becauſe Ships are now-a days ſtronger built, but becauſe of the infinite Improvements that have been made in Navigation.* Ulyſſes *likewiſe loſt there ſix of his Companions.* Ibid.

P. 9. l. 30. Iſland of the *Phæacians.*] *The Iſland of the* Phæacians *is* Corcyra *or* Corfou, *antiently called* Skeria. *It is over-againſt the Continent of* Epirus. *The* Phœnicians *called*

called it Skeria *from* Schara, *which ſignifies a Place of Trade.*

P. 10. l. 13. Penelope's *Lovers*, &c.] Penelope's *tranſcendant Beauty, and the Report of her Husband* Ulyſſes's *Death, occaſioned many Nobles and Princes to come to woe her, and they were ready to take her away by Force.*

P. 10. l. 15. Neſtor.] Neſtor *the Son of* Neleus *and* Chloris *was one of the Kings who went to the Siege of* Troy *with ninety Ships, (others ſay fifty Ships.)*

P. 10. l. 16. Menelaus.] Menelaus *was the Son of* Atreus *and* Ærope; *he married* Helen *the Daughter of* Jupiter *and* Leda. Paris *ſtealing his Wife* Helen, *was the Cauſe of the* Trojan *War.*

P. 13. l. 3. Aceſtes.] Aceſtes *the Son of* Criniſus *a River in* Sicily, *and* Hegeſta *a noble* Trojan *Lady. He entertained* Anchiſes *and* Æneas *when they went into* Italy. Virg. Æneid. l. V.

P. 14. l. 7. Tomb of *Anchiſes.*] *The Tomb of* Anchiſes *was on Mount* Eryx. *It was* Aceſtes *and* Æneas *who buried him there.*

P. 15. l. 29, *Hymerians* a ſavage People.] *The City of* Hymera *was in* Sicily, *at the Mouth of a River of the ſame Name. It was very flouriſhing for an hundred and forty Years, and then it was razed by the* Carthaginians *under the Command of* Hannibal, *about four hundred Years before* Chriſt.

P. 16. l. 9. The Ægis of *Minerva.*] *The Ægis was* Jupiter's *Shield; ſo called from a* Greek *Word ſignifying a Goat, becauſe that God was ſuckled by the Goat* Amalthea, *and afterwards cover'd his Shield with her Skin. This Shield he made a Preſent of to* Pallas, *who fixed in it* Meduſa's *Head, the bare Sight whereof turned the Lookers on it into Stone.*

P. 20. l. 22. *Happy, ſaid* Mentor, *are the People who are ruled by a wiſe King*, &c.] Here begin the Inſtructions given to the Duke of *Burgundy* concerning the Manner in which he ought to reign; the Reverſe of that which was followed by his Grandfather *Louis* the XIVth. As this Work was compoſed before the Marriage of that

Prince, for whose Use it was designed, this Reflection must be referr'd to the Time when the Treaty of Peace was negotiating at *Ryswick*; that is to say, about the Year 1697, at which Time *France* was very much exhausted.

P. 22. l. 11. *But yet, more happy the King who causes the Happiness*, &c.] Whoever reads this, and what follows, cannot, without forfeiting his Pretensions to Reason and Sense, but own that the Author's Design was to make his Pupil sensible, in the liveliest Manner, that he ought not to regulate himself by the Example of his Grandfather. Now as the Dauphin, the Duke of *Burgundy*'s Father, was brought up in the Principles of the Bishop of *Meaux*, quite different from these here; the Author of *Telemachus* had recourse to Allegory, to avoid running full-but against the Maxims of his Brother Bishop, who, however, was touched to the Quick with the tacit Reflection which was made on him. This afterwards appeared in the Squabbles which happen'd between these two Prelates, on account of a Book called the *Maxims of the Saints*; wherein the Archbishop of *Cambray* distinguished himself as much by his Moderation, as the Bishop of *Meaux* did by the Bitterness of his Zeal.

P. 23. l. 8. *And thought himself a King for no other End but to be an Instrument of Good to his People.*] This Picture of *Sesostris* is that of *Philip* the IVth, King of *Spain*, a Prince highly esteem'd for his Prudence and Wisdom, tho' he was not always successful in his Schemes. He was born in 1605, and died in 1665.

P. 25. l. 11. *The Officer who was intrusted by the King*, &c.] By this Officer we are to understand the Duke of *Lerma*, to whom *Philip* the IVth gave too much Authority. Excepting this Particular, of confiding too much in this artful and tyrannical Minister, that Monarch could not be much accused of Misconduct.

P. 26. l. 1. *O how unhappy is a King to be obnoxious to the Artifices of ill-designing Men*, &c.] We are not so much to admire the Excellence of this Poem, as to its Composition,

ſition, as for that Fund of Honour, Probity and Courage in the Author, for having dared to compoſe it, in the Poſt he was in, and in the moſt ſervile Court that ever was perhaps in the World. He could not, in the Tuition of the King's Grandſon, directly condemn the Conduct of the King; it is enough that he endeavoured to do it indirectly.

P. 28. l. 22. *Happy are they who love Reading, and are not, like me, deprived of the Means.*] *Louïs* the XIVth never read at all: So the Duke *de S. Aignan* one Day told *M. de la Fountaine*, who took Occaſion from thence, to preſent that Monarch his Book of *the Loves of* Pſyche *and* Cupid, in order by this Means to excuſe or colour over a ſevere Reflection which is in Page 79 of that Book, (the *Hague* Edition, 1700) and which might be underſtood to aim at the King's keeping ſo great a Number of Miſtreſſes.

P. 29. l. 27. Orpheus.] Orpheus *was the Son of* Apollo *and* Calliope, *one of the Muſes. He excell'd in the Art of playing on the Harp.*

P. 29. l. 28. Linus.] Linus *was alſo the Son of* Apollo *by* Terpſicore. *He even excell'd* Orpheus *in his Skill in Muſick: He was* Orpheus's *Maſter, and taught him that Art. It is ſaid, that one Day happening to laugh at* Hercules *(whom he was teaching to play upon the Harp) becauſe he play'd ill on it, that Hero knock'd him on the Head with the Inſtrument he was playing on.*

P. 34. l. 2. *None are about him but ſuch as make it their Buſineſs to keep Truth from coming at him*] The Author here had in his Eye, not only the Duke of *Lerma*, Miniſter of *Philip* the IVth, King of *Spain*, but likewiſe the Marquis *de Louvois*, who ſuffer'd no Body to come near the King; and never would introduce any Body before he had firſt of all ſettled with them what they were to ſay to his Majeſty. He was an obdurate, mercileſs, violent Man, and made every Body pay very dear for the Favours he procured for them.

P. 43. l. 27. The Pillars of *Hercules.*] *The Pillars of* Hercules *are the two Hills of* Calpe *and* Abyla, *by the Streights of* Gibraltar, *where the Ocean enters into the Mediterranean Sea, and where* Hercules *made an End of his Travels. They are called Pillars, becauſe, at a Diſtance, they look like two Pillars to them who are off at Sea.*

P. 44. l. 22. Dido.] Dido *was the Daughter of* Belus, *the King of* Tyre *and* Sidon; *her Brother* Pygmalion *baſely murder'd her Huſband for his Treaſure.*

P. 44. l. 26. Carthage.] *This City, which was built on that Part of the Coaſt of* Africa *which is almoſt over-againſt* Rome, *and whoſe Rival ſhe was, was ruined by* Scipio Africanus.

P. 45. l. 23. *No Man knows in which of theſe Chambers he lies.*] This was the Caſe of *Oliver Cromwell*, who was declared Protector of *England* after the Death of King *Charles* I. That Uſurper, who under a ſpecious Name cover'd all his Violences, was, like *Pygmalion*, reſtleſs, cruel, and diſtruſtful. As he was fear'd by every Body, ſo likewiſe he fear'd every body. He had, in his Palace at *White-Hall*, ſeveral Apartments, in which he uſed to lie alternately. However, he died a natural Death in the Month of *September*, 1658. after he had a good while govern'd *England*, under the Title of Protector, with more Authority than that of a King.

P. 47. l. 35. *The common Fault of too eaſy indolent Princes is blindly to ſurrender themſelves up to the Guidance of crafty and corrupt Favourites.*] It is impoſſible to give a better Deſcription of *Louis* the XIVth's Management; who, tho' he would fain have been thought to do every thing himſelf, yet nevertheleſs, gave himſelf blindly up to his Miniſters, who did every Thing under his Authority. He ſatisfied himſelf with certain outward Appearances, which he would hardly ever depart from. He cauſed himſelf to be well ſerv'd by his Miniſters; but they made him treacherous in his Treaties; and by ſuggeſting to him, that All that his Subjects had in the World belonged to him he fanſy'd that it was uſing them

them with a great deal of Moderation, when he took from them no more than he did.

P. 50. l. 7. The Streight of *Gades.*] Gades *or* Gadire, *now* Cadiz, *is a City in* Bætic Spain, *hard by the Continent. It was built by the* Tyrians.

P. 50. l. 13. *I thought I could never enough admire this great City,* &c.] This Deſcription of the City of *Tyre* is a natural Picture of *Amſterdam,* which reſembles it in all Reſpects, if it does not even ſurpaſs it in Riches, as likewiſe in the Extenſiveneſs of its Commerce. All that the Author had here in View, was to ſtir up the Emulation of the *French,* by ſhewing that all theſe Things were neglected in their Kingdom.

P. 50. l. 33. Typhis *and the* Argonauts.] *The* Argonauts *were thoſe* Grecians *Heroes, who went to* Colchis *along with* Jaſon *to get away the Golden Fleece. Their Ship, built in* Theſſaly *by* Pallas's *own Hands, was call'd* Argo, *and* Typhis *was the Pilot of it.*

P. 51. l. 1. *The* Tyrians *are ingenious, patient, induſtrious,* &c.] This is likewiſe a natural Portrait of the *Hollanders*; and what comes after is an excellent Leſſon to teach them what they ought to be afraid of, as it is a true Repreſentation of what befel the *French.*

P. 51. l. 10. *Should they enervate themſelves,* &c.] Luxury and Indolence begun the Ruin of *France,* where the Eſtates of the greateſt Lords were ſcarce ſufficient for the Expences of their Houſhold-Furniture and Equipages.

P. 51. l. 12. *Should they ceaſe to honour Arts.*] As the Taxes became perſonal and arbitrary in the Kingdom (of *France*) and Ingenuity and Plenty were taxed alike; the Arts were neglected, and the Profeſſors of them did not give themſelves the Trouble to excel; thinking thereby to redeem themſelves from the Contributions which were impoſed on them.

P. 51. l. 15. *Should they neglect their Manufactures.*] The Expulſion of ſo many of the Reform'd Religion out of *France,* having given occaſion to ſet up a Multitude of Manufactures out of the Kingdom, ſuch as Silk-Stuffs, &c. the

&c. the Cities of *Lyons*, *Tours*, &c. have ſuffered an irreparable Damage therefrom.

P. 56. l. 15. *But I will not go about to ſave my Life by an Untruth.*] This Morality is admirable, and directly oppoſite to that of the Jeſuits, which the Author, in this Place, had a View to demoliſh, or at leaſt to battle it. The King having been brought up according to the Jeſuitical Morals, the Author thereby ſhews his Pupil that he ought not to govern himſelf either by his Grandfather's Principle or Example.

P. 57. l. 10. *This Woman was as beauteous as a Goddeſs*, &c.] This is the Picture of the Marchioneſs *de Monteſpan*, named *Françoiſe Athenaiſe de Roche Chouart*, whom *Louïs* the XIVth took from her Huſband. She was beautiful, gay, inſinuating, fawning; but ambitious, cruel, vindictive, and capable of the greateſt Exceſſes. The King quitted his Royal Conſort for her. As this ambitious termagant Miſtreſs was leſs fond of the King's Perſon than of the Luſtre of the Crown, ſhe fill'd the whole Court with Confuſion and Diſorder. When that Monarch took a Reſolution to leave her for Madamoiſelle *de Fontange*, ſhe threatened to bring the Children ſhe had by him into his very Preſence, and tear them Piecemeal before his Face; and ſhe was ſuſpected of poiſoning the new Favourite, whoſe Beauty had ſupplanted her. She was ſo enraged as to reproach the King that his *Fleſh ſtunk*, &c.

P. 64. l. 1. *Yeſterday ſhe ſat you above your wiſe Father*, &c.] By this the Duke of *Burgundy* was warn'd to avoid the falſe Glory which his Grandfather was ſo fond of. His Flatterers having perſuaded him that he was more than Man, he believed that no body could ever be compared to himſelf; and therefore he allowed them to give him the Sun for the Emblem of his Power, and to attribute to him even Immortality, as is done in the Inſcription in the Square *des Victoires* at *Paris*. This Square was built at the Time this Poem was written, and is what the Author alludes to in this Place.

P. 64.

P. 64. l. 2. Achilles.] Achilles *was the Son of* Peleus, *King of* Theſſaly, *and of* Tethys, *Daughter of* Nereus. *He was kill'd by* Paris, Hector's *Brother, in the Temple of* Apollo, *whither he went to be married to* Polyxena, Priam's *Daughter.*

P. 64. l. 2. Theſeus.] Theſeus *was the Son of* Ægeüs, *King of* Athens. *He went down to Hell to bring away* Proſerpine. *But he was kept in Chains there, by Order of* Pluto, *till* Hercules *came and freed him.*

P. 64. l. 2. Hercules *or* Alcides.] Hercules *call'd* Alcides *from his Mother* Alcmena, Amphitryon's *Wife, to whom* Jupiter *came in her Huſband's Shape, and, when he was at the Wars, begat* Hercules *of her. He was hated by* Juno *on that Account. She put him upon ſeveral dangerous Adventures on purpoſe to deſtroy him, and expoſed him to ſeveral Monſters, which he however got the better of at laſt.*

P. 64. l. 6. *She would not thus praiſe you; but ſhe takes you to be weak and vain enough.*] This is one of the homeſt Thruſts at the King, whoſe Weakneſs was notorious in the Matter of Praiſe. Let his Admirers ſay what they will in Juſtification of him in this Reſpect, and that it was only delicate refined Praiſe that he reliſhed; the Expreſſion *Viro immortali*, in the Inſcription before mentioned, was too groſs for a Prince, that was ever ſo little delicate, to allow of.

P. 66. l. 27. Stygian *Lake.*] *The* Styx, *or* Stygian *Lake, is a Spring and River at the Foot of Mount* Nonacris, *in* Arcadia, *the Water whereof is ſo cold and venomous, that it immediately kills any Thing that drinks of it. It eateth and waſteth Iron and Braſs. The Poets feign it to be a River or Moraſs of Hell, and ſo ſacred to the Gods, that if any of them ſwear by it, and break his Oath, he ſhall be deprived of his Godhead, and drink no Nectar for an hundred Years.*

P. 68. l. 3. Raving Bacchanal Prieſteſs.] *The Bacchanal Prieſteſſes, or* Bacchantes, *were Women who perform'd the Sacrifices to* Bacchus *every three Years, in the Night-time, on Mount* Citheron, *near* Thebes, *and on other Moun-*

tains

tains in Thrace. *They carried in their Hands Staves, or Spears, wrapt about with Ivy or Bay-Leaves, called* Thyrſi, *and ſeemed to be poſſeſſed with a Divine Fury.*

P. 68. l. 12. Cyprus.] Cyprus *is an Iſland in the* Mediterranean *Sea, very fertile and very delightful, and conſecrated to* Venus.

P. 68. l. 24. *Multitudes of Maids and young Women finically dreſs'd out,* &c.] This Picture of the *Cyprian* Women is a natural Portraiture of the Ladies of the Court of *France,* when the King was young, and till the Time of Madam *Maintenon,* who cauſed the Face of the whole Court to change, and put on the Maſk of Devotion.

P. 69. l. 3. Cythera.] Cythera, *an Iſland between* Peloponneſus *and* Candia, *or* Crete, *now called* Cerigo, *in Compaſs ſix Miles, formerly called* Porphyris *or* Porphyruſa, *for the excellent Purple Fiſhes that are taken there.* Venus *ſailed thither in a Sea-Shell.*

P. 70. l. 4. *My Reſervedneſs, and my Modeſty, became the Sport of this ſhameleſs People.*] The King, even in his Youth, was very ſerious and very reſerved; he never ſtirr'd from Cardinal *Mazarin*'s Nieces, who, notwithſtanding their Familiarity, was a Check upon them in their Diverſions: But it was not long before Snares were laid for his Innocence; and the bad Education he had had, contributed yet more towards the making him fall into them the ſooner. It is againſt the like Danger that our Author here fortifies his Pupil, by ſhewing him the Precipices to which Youth is expoſed.

P. 70. l. 23. Elyſian *Fields.*] *The* Elyſian *Fields were, according to the Poets, the Manſion-Place of the Bleſſed. See a Deſcription of them in the 6th Book of the* Æneid.

P. 74. l. 22. Minos, *whoſe Wiſdom,* &c.] Minos *was the Son of* Jupiter *and* Europa, *the Daughter of* Agenor, *the King of* Phœnicia. *He was King of* Candia *or* Crete, *and, for his Juſtice, was feigned, after his Death, to be made by* Pluto *chief Judge in the Infernal Regions.*

P. 76. l. 26. River of Forgetfulneſs.] *This River is called* Lethe *by the Poets, and in the* Greek *Tongue ſignifies* Forgetfulneſs; *becauſe they feign'd that if any drank of*

of it, it would make them forget all Things paſt. In ſhort, it is a River in Africa, *watering the City* Berenicè, *which becauſe it runs ſome Miles under Ground, and then iſſues forth there, the Poets feign'd it to come out of Hell.*

P. 76. l. 28. The black-mouth'd Gulph of *Tartarus.*] Tartarus, *a deep Place in Hell where the Wicked are tormented. It is ſo called from a* Greek *Word which ſignifies* to trouble; *or from another, which ſignifies* to ſhake with cold.

P. 77. l. 3. Amphitritè's *Car*, &c.] Amphitritè, *the Daughter of* Oceanus *and* Doris, *was the Wife of* Neptune, *and Goddeſs of the Sea.*

P. 77. l. 24. In the midſt of the Air appear'd *Æolus*, &c.] Æolus *was the Son of* Jupiter *and* Segeſta, *the Daughter of* Hippotas, *the* Trojan. *He was King of the* Æolian *Iſlands. He was feign'd by the Poets to be the God of the Winds, becauſe by his Study, and Knowledge in Aſtronomy, he knew at what Times, and how long ſuch Winds and Storms would laſt, and when it would be calm Weather; or elſe becauſe the Clouds and Miſts, riſing about thoſe Iſlands, always portended great Winds.*

P. 79. l. 3. Mountains of *Crete.*] Crete, *now* Candia, *an Iſland of the* Mediterranean *Sea, famous for its good Wines. It is ſituated at the Mouth of the* Ægean *Sea, between* Rhodes *and* Peloponneſus. *The Breadth of it is fifty Miles, the Length two hundred and ſeventy Miles. In this Iſle,* Jupiter *is ſaid to have been brought up, and alſo buried. There were formerly an hundred Cities in it. The People were excellent Archers, and mightily given to Lying; as St.* Paul *obſerved of them out of a Poet of their own,* (Epimenides) Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται, κακὰ θηρία, γαστέρες ἀργαί. i. e. Cretans, *everlaſting Lyars, evil Beaſts, and ſlothful Belly-Gods.*

P. 82. l. 7. *The King is ſuperior to the People, but the Laws are ſuperior to Him.*] It was hardly poſſible to mark out in a ſtronger Manner, the abſolute Authority of *Louïs* the XIVth, who could not do what he did with his People, but by the Abuſe which he made of his Power; and who, far from obeying the Laws, made them

them bend to his Will, according to Times and Circumſtances. All that follows after this, muſt likewiſe be taken in a contrary Senſe, *viz.* ironically.

P. 82. l. 30. *'Tis not for his own Sake, that the Gods have appointed him King, but for his People's,* &c.] *Louïs* the XIVth conſidered nothing but himſelf: He made all Things center in his own Glory. This was the Motive of all his Declarations of War, eſpecially that which he made againſt the *Hollanders* in 1672.

P. 82. l. 38. *He loved his Subjects more than his own Family.*] *Louïs* the XIVth loved his Family much more than his Subjects; for he always ſacrificed his People to the Aggrandizement of his own Houſe.

P. 83. l. 9. The ingenious *Dædalus.*] Dædalus, *the Son of* Micio, *and Father of* Icarus, *was a moſt ingenious Artificer. He fled from* Athens *into* Crete, *and there putting himſelf into the Service of* Minos, *he, by that King's Order, made the famous Labyrinth, or Maze, with ſo many Turnings and Windings, that thoſe who were once got in could not get out again. Himſelf, and his Son, were put into it by Order of* Minos, *becauſe he had offended him, by making a Cow of Wood for his Wife* Paſiphae, *who thereby obtained her Deſire of a Bull which ſhe was in love with, by placing herſelf within it.* Dædalus *found Means to eſcape, by deſiring Feathers and Wax, to make a Preſent, as he pretended, for the King; but he made himſelf and his Son Wings, and ſo flew away through the Air.* See the Ground of this Story in any of the grand Dictionaries; as alſo how *Dædalus* eſcaped out of that Labyrinth, in *Ovid. Met.* Lib. VIII.

Expertus vacuum Dædalus *aëra,*
Pennis non homini datis. Hor. L. I. Od. VII.

P. 84. l. 8. The cruel *Nemeſis,* inexorable Goddeſs, *&c.*] Nemeſis, *the Daughter of* Jupiter *and* Neceſſitas (Neceſſity) *was the Goddeſs of* Vengeance on the Wicked. *She had at* Rhamnus, *a Town of* Attica, *a famous Temple built to her by King* Adraſtus, *from whence ſhe was called* Adraſtia: *Tho' others ſay, ſhe was call'd* Adraſtia *from a* Greek *Word, ſignifying the Impoſſibility of eſcaping, becauſe*

cauſe the Guilty always meet with due Puniſhment ſooner or later; nor can they for ever avoid it. Vengeance, tho' ſlow, is ſure. It comes with leaden Feet, but ſtrikes with iron Hands.

P. 86. l. 23. Country of the *Salentines.*] *The* Salentini *were a People inhabiting that Corner of* Italy *called* Terra d' Otranto, *formerly* Meſſapia, *on the* Ionian *Sea, in the Kingdom of* Naples. *Their chief City was* Hydruntum, *now corruptly, by the* Italians, *call'd* Otranto. Feſtus *derives their Name from* Salum, *which ſignifies the* Salt-Sea; *becauſe they were almoſt ſurrounded by the Sea, being joined to the Continent by a very narrow Neck of Land.*

P. 88. l. 24. The Exerciſe of the *Cæſtus*, &c.] *The* Cæſtus *was a kind of Club, or rather Thong of Leather, having Plummets of Lead faſten'd to it, uſed in Boxing. It comes from the* Latin cædo, *to beat.*

P. 92. l. 25. *The moſt unhappy of all Men is a King who thinks himſelf happy, when he makes others miſerable*, &c.] This and what follows is no Irony nor Mock-praiſe, but a true and natural Picture of the Reign of *Louïs* the XIVth. Every Word of it hits home; every Blow takes Place. This Character ſtands in need of no other Comment.

P. 93. l. 5. *His Unhappineſs is every Day augmenting*, &c.] The King, (of *France*) even when his Proſperity was at the higheſt, was unhappy through his Fears and Apprehenſions of Puniſhments in the other World, on account of his exceſſive Laſciviouſneſs in his Youth, and his other numberleſs Enormities, in the ſubſequent Part of his Life. His Ignorance render'd him extremely ſuperſtitious, and his Superſtition continually added to his Fears. There was no other Way of calming his troubled Mind, but by making him believe that the Hopes of his Salvation depended on the Deſtruction of the Proteſtants.

P. 94. l. 7. *A King whoſe Mind is entirely turned to War*, &c.] Another Portrait of *Louïs* the XIVth, which is

is continued quite through the next Page, till you come to the Character of a Pacifick King.

P. 95. l. 21. *Whilſt the ambitious enterprizing King is odious to all the neighbouring Kings, and inceſſantly in danger of having Leagues form'd againſt him,* &c.] The whole Reign of *Louïs* the XIVth, is one continued Demonſtration of this Truth. All the Princes in *Europe* were in League againſt him, for no other End but to curb and reduce his exorbitant Power.

P. 95. l. 31. *But thoſe Arts which are uſeful and ſubſervient to the real Occaſions of Life, he promotes; particularly Agriculture,* &c.] The Arts and Agriculture were ſo neglected in *France,* after the War had occaſioned the Neceſſity of high Taxes and forced Inliſtments, that the Country was become a perfect Deſart; and even in the Year 1680. it was found, after due Enquiry, that one Third of the Artificers who died in *Paris,* ended their Lives in an Hoſpital.

P. 96. l. 32. *The greateſt Part of Mankind being dazzled by glaring Objects, ſuch as Victories, Conqueſts,* &c.] This was what dazzled, and even blinded *Louïs* the XIVth; who, provided he could but maintain the Surname of *Grand,* by the *Eclat* of his Victories, looked upon every Thing elſe as nothing. All but *la Gloire* was worthleſs Traſh in the Eyes of the *Grand Monarque.*

P. 102. l. 4. *Even the beſt of Kings were unhappy, in that through the Influence of Flatterers, they often did the Miſchief they never intended.*] Among all the Evils with which the late (*French*) King's Reign was curſed, it is certain there were many of them, which may be imputed to his being abuſed by Flatterers: He was expoſed to them more than any other Monarch, aſcending the Throne ſo young as he did, and having had ſo bad an Education; but, even in theſe Circumſtances, could he anſwer to his Conſcience for the Evils he either did himſelf, or ſuffered to be done by his Miniſters?

P. 104. l. 3. *A certain hail old Man*, &c.] This Picture of *Ariſtodemus* is that of the Duke *de Navailles*, whoſe inflexible Humour, as he himſelf tells us in his Memoirs, could never comply with that fawning Carriage which it is neceſſary for the People to ſhew towards thoſe who are above them. His Virtue, perfectly ſincere, and averſe to Flattery, made him troubleſome to the King in his Amours, which followed his Marriage cloſe at the Heels; and both the Duke and Madam *de Navailles* were ordered to quit their Places, and remove from Court. They retired to their Eſtates in *Poitou* and *Angoumois*.

P. 106. l. 10. The Diadem was put, &c.] *Tho' the Word* Diadem *is commonly underſtood to mean an Imperial or Royal Crown, yet, properly, it was no more than a Fillet of very white Linen, wherewith Kings encircled their Foreheads as a Mark of their Dignity. It is a* Greek *Word, and comes from the Verb* Διαδέω, *to bind about.*

P. 107. l. 26. The Coaſt of *Poloponneſus*] *The* Peloponneſus *is a large* Peninſula *in the* Southern *Part of* Greece, *divided from the* Northern *Part by a ſmall Neck of Land, call'd the* Iſthmus *of* Corinth, *and waſhed in the other Parts by the Gulph of* Lepanto, *the Sea of* Greece, *and the* Archipelago. *It is now called the* Morea, *from* Morus, *a Mulberry Tree, with which ſort of Trees it very much abounds.*

P. 111. l. 19. We might eaſily take him either for *Bacchus*, &c.] Bacchus *was the Son of* Jupiter *by* Semelé, *Daughter of* Cadmus, *King of* Thebes. *The Poets made him the God of Wine, becauſe he invented the Uſe of that Liquor. They uſed to ſacrifice to him Aſſes and Goats, giving thereby to underſtand that ſuch as were too much addicted to Wine, become ſtupid and luſtful.*

P. 112. l. 20. Mercury.] Mercury, *the Son of* Jupiter *by* Maia, *the Daughter of* Atlas, *was the Interpreter and Meſſenger of the Gods: He was the God of Eloquence, Trade, and Thieving.*

P. 112. l. 20. Apollo.] Apollo, *the Son of* Jupiter *by* Latona, *is ſtiled the Inventor of Medicine, String-Muſick, Poetry, and the Art of Divination. He is alſo the Prince of the Muſes.*

P. 115. l. 9. The Nymphs of *Naxos* Iſle.] *Theſe Nymphs of the Iſle of* Naxos, *one of the* Cyclades *in the* Ægean *Sea, in reward of the Care they had taken in nurſing of* Bacchus, *were tranſplanted to Heaven, and turned into Stars called* Iliades.

P. 116. l. 16. *Theſe immortal Beauties ſhew an Innocence, a Modeſty, a Simplicity that is all over charming.*] Much after this Manner it was, that the King juſtified his Love for *Mademoiſelle de la Valiere:* He was infinitely more charmed with her Modeſty than her Beauty; and thinking at firſt, that all that he loved in her was her Virtue, he afterwards launched out into the greateſt Extremities of Vice.

P. 116. l. 30. *O ſhun the Dangers incident to Youth.*] It was likewiſe much after this Manner that the Queen Mother ſpoke to *Louïs* the XIVth, in order to cure him of his Paſſion. She proceeded ſo far, by the Advice of Madam *de Navailles*, as to bar up the Avenues of the Apartments where her Maids of Honour lay, as likewiſe thoſe of *MADAME*, (the King's Brother's Wife) to hinder the King from coming at them: But, as *Moliere* ſays,

——— Les verrouils & les grilles
Sont de foibles garants de la virtu des filles.

Anglicè;

Bars, Bolts, and Iron Grates, and ſtrong Stone Walls,
Muſt all give way, when Love (or Hunger) calls.

P. 119. l. laſt. *This* Telemachus, *who deſpis'd all the Pleaſures of the Iſle of* Cyprus, *cannot withſtand the ordinary Beauty of one my Nymphs.*] In the ſame Manner did the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* (*Henrietta* of *England*, who very much loved

loved the King) expreſs herſelf when ſhe ſaw him ſo fond of *Mademoiſelle de Valiere*, one of her Maids of Honour, whoſe Beauty was but indifferent. She was inceſſantly lamenting it in Terms much like thoſe above to the Count *de Guiche* and *Mademoiſelle de Montalet*, who were her Confidantes.

P. 120. l. 10. *The Goddeſs diſcovered to him her Uneaſineſs at what ſhe ſaw.*] It was to the *Comte de Guiche*, the *Marſhal de Gramont*'s Eldeſt Son, that Madame diſcovered her Uneaſineſs at what ſhe ſaw.

P. 120. l. 10. *This Hunting-Match, which* Mentor *intimated to her, made her beyond Meaſure furious*, &c.] A Preſent which the King made to his Miſtreſs of a Pearl Necklace, and a Pair of Diamond Buckles, of great Value, had the ſame Effect on Madame, and made her beyond all Meaſure furious.

P. 121. l. 32. Cupid — *had ſet all the Iſland on Fire.*] The Court of *France* was at that Time all on Fire. The wiſeſt of the King's Counſellors watched to ſee which would get the better, whether that Monarch's Paſſion, or the Queen his Mother's prudent Advice; but they all kept Silence, for they were not allowed to ſpeak their Minds.

P. 122. l. 5. *She was juſt ready to go a hunting with him; her Dreſs was exactly like that of* Diana.] The King delighted extremely in Hunting; he uſed to take the Ladies along with him, and loved to ſee them dreſſed like *Amazons*. *Mademoiſelle de la Valiere* was particularly charming in this Habit.

P. 122. l. 19. *Shall my Beauty ſerve only for a Foil to hers*, &c.] Much after this Manner did Madame exclaim, when ſhe diſcovered that the Viſits the King paid her, were nothing but a Pretence to ſee *Valiere*.

P. 124. l. 14. *And now* Eucharis *ſaid to* Telemachus, *as it were jocularly, Are you not afraid that* Mentor *will chide you?* &c.] Juſt ſo it was that *Mademoiſelle Mancini* upbraided the King, upon his being kept under by the Queen and the Cardinal. *Are not you the Maſter, Sire?* ſaid ſhe to him, *why don't you make uſe of your Authority?*

All

All ſhe wanted was to get free from her Uncle, the Cardinal's Tuition, and ſhe would have been very glad to have had the King done the ſame.

P. 124. l. 25. *Theſe crafty Words ſunk deep with* Telemachus, *and filled him with Indignation and Diſtaſte againſt* Mentor, *whoſe Yoke he would no longer bear.*] A natural Deſcription this of the King's Diſpoſition towards the Cardinal, while he was in love with his Niece; he ſhewed it in every Thing that paſſed, even in his moſt innocent Diverſions.

P. 125. l. 5. Calypſo *daſh'd* Eucharis's *Hand aſide, and caſt a dreadful Frown at her.*] *Madame* acted in the ſame Manner with reſpect to *la Valiere*, whom ſhe mortified ſo very much, that ſhe was obliged to retire to the Convent of *Chaillot*; but the King went and fetched her out, and ſoon after ſettled the Eſtabliſhment of her Houſhold.

P. 125. l. 17. *O* Eucharis, *if* Mentor *forſakes me, I have no Friend left but you.*] When the King had like to have loſt *Valiere* in her firſt Lying-in, he cried out to the Ladies who were preſent, *Reſtore me her, and take all I have in the World.*

P. 127. l. 11. *Far from being appeaſed by that Nymph's Submiſſion*, &c.] The more Submiſſion *Valiere* ſhew'd to *Madame*, the more did that Princeſs's Indignation and Contempt of her increaſe. The King was forced to make uſe of his Authority to oblige her to keep her in her Family, till ſuch Time as he could provide her a Houſe and Equipage.

P. 127. l. 13. Eucharis's *Beauty was increaſed by Grieving.*] *La Valiere* had naturally a certain languiſhing Air, which by Grief was rendered yet more moving. Without being beautiful, her Manner was altogether charming, and nothing made a greater Impreſſion on the King's Heart, which was very tender, than to ſee her one Day in Tears, complaining to him of Madame's Severity to her.

P. 128. 27. *He kept his Eyes fixt upon* Eucharis, *as ſhe was going ſtill further from him.*] When *la Mancini*, being

ing married to the Conſtable *Colonna*, departed from the Court, the King could not ſee her go away, without the greateſt Regret. This here is a natural Deſcription of what he ſuffered upon that Occaſion.

P. 129. l. 21. *Your Paſſion is ſo violent that you are not ſenſible of it*, &c.] Cardinal *Mazarin*'s Letters to the King are full of the like Reproofs. The King was not ſenſible of his Condition; he diſguiſed, even to himſelf, his Paſſion for the Cardinal's Niece, under Colour of a moſt refined Friendſhip; nor did he feel its full Force, till he was to part from her who was the Object of it.

P. 129. l. 34. *You renounce all theſe Advantages to paſs an ignoble Life with* Eucharis.] In the like Words did the Cardinal deliver himſelf to the King, when he ſaw him ready to renounce all the Advantages of his Marriage with the *Infanta*, and to ſacrifice his Crown and his Glory to *la Mancini*.

P. 130. l. 1. *I do not charge you with Diſſimulation.*] This is what the Cardinal one Day wrote to the King, who was extremely nettled at a Letter of his, wherein he ſeemed to accuſe him of Diſſimulation and Want of Honour.

P. 130. l. 6. *You have not forgot the Cares you coſt me.*] In reading this, and the reſt of this Page, one would think we were reading Cardinal *Mazarin*'s Letters to the King, concerning his Love for his Niece; particularly, that wherein he threatens to forſake him and retire to *Italy*, if he did not break off that Converſe which diſhonoured him ſo much.

P. 137. l. 4. Beyond all the Seas into the famous *Bætica.*] Bætica *was a Part of* Spain, *comprehending the Provinces now called* Andaluſia *and* Granada: *It was beyond all the Seas in the Opinion of the Antients, who knew of no Seas but the* Mediterranean, *and ſuch Parts of the Ocean which waſh the Skirts of* Europe.

P. 139. l. 20. *He denied himſelf all the Delicacies of the Table.*] *Oliver Cromwell* was alike diſtruſtful, and took all poſſible Precautions to avoid the Poiſon he dreaded, and

and was ſo cunning as to conceal this Diſtruſtfulneſs of his, and make it paſs for Frugality.

P. 142. l. 10. Baleazar *continued a long while wandering up and down in Diſguiſe, on the Sea Coaſt.*] *Baleazar* here is the Repreſentation of *Charles* the IId, King of *England*, who, after his Father's Death, and after he had loſt, to *Cromwell*, the Battle of *Worceſter*, fled into *France*, not without firſt wandering a long Time on the Sea-Shore, and being obliged to make uſe of ſeveral Diſguiſes to avoid being known.

P. 142. l. 26. Narbal *did not think it proper while* Pygmalion *was alive, that* Baleazar *ſhould come*, &c.] General *Monk* waited for *Cromwell*'s Death, to put in Execution what he had been a long Time contriving in Favour of King *Charles* the IId; then ſeeing himſelf poſſeſſed of Power ſufficient, he ſent Advice thereof to that Prince, who was come to *Breda*. The remaining Part of the Narration perfectly well agrees with what befel him, on his Return to *London*.

P. 143. l. 11. Narbal *called together the leading Men of the People*, &c.] *Charles* the IId was likewiſe, in the ſame Manner, reſtored by a free Vote of the Parliament.

P. 145. l. 26. The cruel *Danäides*] *The* Danäides *were fifty in Number, all Daughters of* Danaüs, *King of* Argos, *married to as many of the Sons of* Egyptus, *their Couſins, who killed their Huſbands the Night they were married, all but one, who was* Lynceus, *that was ſaved by his Wife* Hypermneſtra. *The Poets feign, that they are inceſſantly employ'd in filling with Water Barrels full of Holes.*

P. 145. l. 28. *Ixion* everlaſtingly turns his Wheel.] Ixion *Son of* Phlegias *King of* Theſſaly. Jupiter *took him into Heaven, where he would have raviſhed* Juno; *but* Jupiter *hearing of it, in order to deceive him, put a Cloud in the Place of* Juno, *and in her Shape too, of which he begat the* Centaurs. Jupiter *afterwards caſt him down into Hell, where his Puniſhment was to turn a Wheel everlaſtingly.*

P. 145.

P. 145. l. 28. *Tantalus* parch'd with Thirſt.] Tantalus *the Son of* Jupiter, *by the Nymph* Flora; *who having prepared an Entertainment for the Gods, in order to make Trial of their Divinity, ſerv'd up a Diſh filled with the Limbs of his Son* Pelops, *whom he had cut in Pieces.* Jupiter *diſcovering this Crime, thunder'd him down to Hell, where, in Return for the loathſome Banquet he had made the Gods, he is feign'd by the Poets to ſuffer an eternal Hunger and Thirſt.*

P. 145. l. 30. *Siſyphus* rolls a Stone up Hill in vain.] Siſyphus *the Son of* Æolus, *a great Robber in* Attica, *where he was ſlain by* Theſeus, *and for his further Puniſhment in Hell, he is feign'd by the Poets to roll a great Stone from the Bottom to the Top of a Hill, which did ſuddenly and inceſſantly ſlide down again.*

P. 145. l. 32. *Tityus* will for ever feel in his Bowels, *&c.*] Tityus *the Son of* Jupiter *and* Elara, *who attempting to raviſh* Latona, Apollo *ſtruck him dead with his Darts, (others ſay that* Jupiter *ſtruck him dead with his Thunderbolts.) Be that as it will, he was ſent to Hell, where he was adjudg'd to have a Vulture to feed on his Liver, which inceſſantly grew again with every new Moon.*

P. 145. l. 35. *He began his Reign by a quite different ſort of Conduct, from that of* Pigmalion, *&c.*] All that follows agrees perfectly well with King *Charles* the IId, who, being taught by his own and his Father's Misfortunes, had learnt to uſe Moderation.

P. 149, l. 22. Narciſſus.] Narciſſus *was a very beautiful Youth, Son of the River* Cephiſſus *and the Nymph* Liriope. *He ſlighted the Nymph* Echo, *who was fallen in Love with him; upon which ſhe pined away to a Skeleton, and had nothing left but her Voice.* Tireſias, *the Soothſayer, being ask'd concerning* Narciſſus's *Fortune at his Birth, anſwer'd, he ſhould live ſo long as he did not ſee himſelf. The reſt of his Adventures are deſcribed in this Page.*

P. 149. l. 27. The bright *Adonis*] Adonis *was the Son of* Cyneras, *King of* Cyprus, *by his own Daughter* Myrrha. *He was a very beautiful Youth; hence feign'd to be*

Venus's *Minion and Gallant. After his Death, as in the Text,* Venus *turned him into an Anemoné of a bloody Colour.*

P. 149. l. 37. Cerberus.] Cerberus *was a Dog with three Heads, which, by Commiſſion from the Poets, kept the Gate of Hell.*

P. 150. l. laſt. *This Country,* &c.] This whole Deſcription is literally meant of *Spain*; we find the like Account of it in antient Authors.

P. 151. l. 1. The Delights of the Golden Age.] *The Golden Age is aſſign'd to the Reign of* Saturn, *becauſe in his Time* Janus *brought into the World that fortunate Age, when the Earth, without being till'd, produced all kinds of Fruits.* Aſtræa, *that is Juſtice, reign'd here below, and all Men liv'd in common, in perfect Friendſhip. This happy Period can ſuit no other but that which our firſt Parents ſpent in the terreſtrial Paradiſe.*

P. 153. l. 24. One wou'd think *Aſtræa,* &c.] Aſtræa *was the Daughter of* Jupiter *and* Themis, *the Goddeſs of Juſtice. After having lived upon the Earth during all the Golden Age, ſhe fled to Heaven in the Iron Age, as ſoon as Men began to grow corrupt.*

P. 154. l. 26. *But what Pleaſure can he take in governing Men againſt their Conſent?*] Theſe Words, and all that comes after, do likewiſe agree extremely well with *Oliver*, who under the Name of Protector, kept the *Engliſh* ſo long in Slavery.

P. 155. l. 12. *They are ſo far from drinking,* &c.] This and what follows, ought to be underſtood of the *Engliſh* ironically. It is true they eat Grapes as well as other Fruit, but they are far from dreading Wine as the Corrupter of Mankind.

P. 155. l. 26. *The Honour of the Men in this Country,* &c.] The *Engliſh* are ſo little given to Jealouſy, that there is not perhaps in the whole World a People among whom the Women are left more to their own Liberty. The *Engliſh* Women are beautiful and agreeable; but they perfectly well underſtand the Art of making the beſt of their Beauty.

P. 156.

P. 156. l. 10. *Nature has ſeparated them from other People*, &c.] This is exactly the Situation of *England*; whoſe Kings, as appears from Hiſtory, have often been the Arbiters of other Princes of *Europe*.

P. 156. l. 19. *This wiſe Nation never having committed any Violence, no-body miſtruſts it.——Pride, Arrogance*, &c. *were never heard of among the Inhabitants of* Betica.] This is one of the ſtrongeſt Mock-Truths againſt the violent Diſpoſition which prompted the *Engliſh* to put one of their Kings to Death, *&c.* It is alſo an Irony upon their proud and haughty Nature.

P. 156. l. 34. *The* Beticans *wou'd ſooner forſake their Country, or meet their Death, than ſubmit to Slavery.*] The *Engliſh* ſacrifice every Thing to the Love of Liberty: Nothing but ſo juſt a Cauſe, can excuſe certain Acts of Violence they have committed.

P. 161. l. 17. Her Robe was faſten'd by that fam'd Girdle on which are repreſented the Graces.] *The three Graces* (or χάριτες, as the *Greeks* call 'em) *were the Production of* Venus, *and generally kept her Company; which furniſh'd the Poets with the Conceit of that myſterious Girdle here mention'd. Their Names were* Aglaia, *(otherwiſe* Paſithea) Thalia *and* Euphroſyné. *They are ſaid to be three, becauſe we ought to be bountiful to others, and thankfully to receive good Turns from others, and to requite Courteſies: which are three ſeveral Acts. One, they ſay, was painted with her Back towards us, and her Face from us, as proceeding from us; the other two with their Faces towards us; noting, that for one Benefit done, we ſhou'd receive double Thanks. They were painted naked, to ſhew that good Turns ſhould be done without Diſſembling and Hypocriſy; alſo young, to note that the Remembrance of Benefits ſhould never wax old: They were alſo pictured laughing, to ſignify a Chearfulneſs in doing of Kindneſſes. Laſtly, their Arms were linked one with another; to teach that one Kindneſs ſhould draw on another, ſo that the Knot and Bond of Love ſhould be indiſſoluble.*

P. 165. l. 9. The Coaſt of *Heſperia.*] Heſperia *means* Italy *there; ſo call'd by the* Greeks, *either from King* Heſperus,

ſperus, *the Brother of* Atlas, *or elſe from the Evening-Star* Heſperos, *(in* Greek) *which in the Evening appears in the* Weſt; *and becauſe the Regions of* Italy *and* Spain *are, with reſpect to the* Greeks, *ſituated in the* Weſt. Heſperia, *without an Epithet to it, is almoſt always taken for* Italy, *as here we find it in the Text above.*

P. 166. l. 13. It is doubtleſs *Salentum.*] Salentum *was once the Capital of the* Salentini, *in* Apulia; *ſee more of it in a preceding Note.*

P. 171. l. 32. The Rape of *Europa.*] Europa *was the Daughter of* Agenor, *King of* Phœnicia, *and Siſter of* Cadmus. Jupiter, *in the Shape of a Bull, carried her away thro' the Sea into* Crete. *The Truth of this Fiction ſome think to be this: That the Ship wherein ſhe was carried was* Tauriformis, *like a Bull; others, that the Maſter of the Ship's Name was* Taurus, *Bull; others, that the Ship had the Figure of a Bull carv'd either in her Prow or Poop; others, that a Legion of Men ſtole her and other Virgins away, carrying in their Flag a white Bull; or elſe becauſe the Word in* Hebrew *ſignifies both a Bull and a Ship. However this be, moſt Authors are of Opinion that from her is deriv'd the Name of* Europe, *one of the four Quarters of the World, and, tho' the leaſt, yet the moſt conſiderable for People, Arts, and Arms.* Stephens *will have it come from* Europus, *King of* Macedon. *But* Becmannus *deduces it from two* Teutonic *Words,* eur *excellent, and* hop *a Multitude of Men.*

P. 172. l. 4. The Horſes of *Rheſus,* whom *Diomed* had juſt kill'd.] Diomed *was King of* Thrace: *He fed his Horſes with the Fleſh of Strangers which came into his Dominions;* Hercules *having overcome him, threw him to be eaten by his own Horſes.*

P. 175. l. 8. *You know, dear Friends, what Misfortunes diſable me from reigning over that great Iſland,* &c.] The Misfortunes which depriv'd *James* the IId of the Throne of *England,* are too recent and too well known to need any Detail of 'em here. If ever any King was a terrible Example to other Kings, it is doubtleſs him we are ſpeaking of; who, by the Abuſe he had made of his Authority,

thority, deſerved to be diſpoſſeſſed of it, and ſent to ſeek Protection in foreign Countries.

P. 175. l. 17. My Houſhold Gods.] *The Houſhold-Gods, that is, the* Dii Penates, *as the* Romans *called them; as likewiſe* Lares, *from the Word* Lar, *which ſignifies the Fire-Side, or one's Home; were odd little Images fixed up and down in Niches, in ſeveral Parts of the Houſe: Theſe the* Pagans *worſhipped as their Protectors, and ſacrificed Wine and Incenſe to them.*

P. 176. l. 15. *But my own Pride and the Flattery of others, which I delighted in, overturned my Throne.*] Pride and Flattery put *James* II. upon overturning the Laws of *England*, in order to ſet up there the ſame arbitrary Power which *Louis* XIV. exerciſed in *France* with Impunity. He met with Obſtacles in his Way, and the Efforts he made to remove them, or rather to deſtroy them, threw himſelf out of the Throne, which, by his Flight, was left empty.

P. 180. l. 30. *It is my Opinion, that you ought firſt to let us know whether your War be a juſt one; ſecondly, againſt whom you wage it; and laſtly, what Number of Forces you have.*] Of theſe three Circumſtances, the firſt was always overlooked by *Louis* XIV. whoſe Concern about the Juſtice or Injuſtice of the Wars he undertook, was much leſs than the Deſire he had of ſatisfying his Ambition, and raiſing his own Glory.

P. 181. l. 7. The People who are called *Mandurians.*] *The* Mandurians *were ſo called from* Mandurium, *a Town of the* Salentini, *in the Kingdom of* Naples. Mandurium *derived its Name from the Lake* Andurium, *mentioned by* Pliny, *the Waters whereof (which are ſalt) never diminiſh or increaſe.*

P. 181. l. 24. *Remember, it is from a People you call rude and uncivilized that you receive this Leſſon of Forbearance and Generoſity.*] 'Tis a very common Thing for *French* People to call all Foreigners *rude and unciviliz'd*, though they have often received from their Neighbours ſuch Leſſons (as above) of Forbearance and Generoſity; and yet they have too often made War upon them merely

out of a Desire of subduing People who never did them the least Hurt.

P. 182. l. 14. *O King, in one Hand, thou seest, we bear the Sword, and in the other an Olive Branch,* &c.] This Speech contains a lively Picture of the Ambition of *Louis* XIV. who, through a Motive of false Glory, did but too often begin unjust Wars, which made him drink deep Draughts of the Cup of Affliction, and were attended with Fortune's most mortifying Vicissitudes. Neither the Sciences, which he boasted himself Protector of, nor the *Politesse*, his Subjects so much valued themselves upon, in his Reign, were ever able to preserve him from that violent Passion which he had for ravaging and committing Spoil on his Neighbours Lands.

P. 183. l. 35. *It is the Opinion of these* Barbarians, *that they can no longer trust either our Promises or Oaths.*] How often have the Allies of *France* found to their Cost, that there was no trusting either to her Promises or Oaths? She has many Times violated the most solemn Treaties, almost before the Ink was dry or the Wax cold.

P. 184. l. 12. The *Locrians.*] *The* Locrians *were a People of* Phocis, *who dwelt on both Sides of Mount* Parnassus.

P. 184. l. 20. The *Brutians.*] *The* Brutians *were a People in the farthest Parts of* Italy, *beyond the* Lucani, *(over-against* Sicily) *in the* Further Calabria. *They inhabit a Sort of* Peninsula, *which forms the Gulph called now* Gioia, *at the Mouth of the River* Metaurus, *now called the* Marro *or* Meiro.

P. 184. l. 26. The People of *Crotona.*] Crotona *is a very antient City of* Italy *not far from* Otranto; *it was formerly called* Croto, *by the* Greeks. *It is in that Part of* Italy *called* Magna Græcia, *wherein likewise were settled the* Lucani, Brutii, *and all the abovementioned Nations. It is a very healthy Place, and of a temperate Air; whence the Proverb,* Crotone Salubrius. *It was the Country of* Milo *the great Wrestler. The Inhabitants are called* Crotoniatæ. *We must take care not to confound it with*

with Cortona, *a Town in* Tuſcany, *as the Author of theſe Notes has done.*

P. 185. l. 1. Neritum.] Neritum, *now called* Nardo, *is a little City in the Kingdom of* Naples, *in* Terra di Otranto, *in the* Weſt, *within a League of the Gulf of* Tarentum.

P. 185. l. 1. Meſſapia.] Meſſapia *is Part of* Apulia, *as the antient* Romans *called it, (but now corruptly* Puglia.) *The* Terra di Otranto, *in the Kingdom of* Naples, *is now the ſame Province of* Italy *which was formerly called* Meſſapia. *As for* Apulia, *it is a Country well ſtored with Sheep, and commended for Wool; it is divided into two Parts, the one is called* Puglia piana, *or* Daunia, *the other,* Peucitia, *or* Terra di Barri.

P. 185. l. 1. Brunduſium.] Brunduſium, *otherwiſe named by the* French, Engliſh, *&c.* Brindes, *and by the* Italians Brindiſi, *a City of* Calabria, *near the* Adriatic *Sea, which hath a very commodious Haven, if not the beſt in all* Italy, *whence was their uſual Paſſage into* Greece.

P. 185 l. 28.] *But Pride and Haughtineſs are generally the Occaſion of the moſt dangerous Wars.*] The Pride and Haughtineſs of *Louis* XIV. was what involved him in ſeveral dangerous Wars: His Hand was againſt every body, and, (therefore) every body's Hand againſt him; he domineer'd over All, and All leagued againſt him.

P. 186. l. 26. *In theſe Defiles I have cauſed ſtrong Towers to be erected,* &c.] The Fortreſſes, which *Louis* XIV. built on his Neighbour's Frontiers, was the very Thing that raiſed their Jealouſy. He was for putting a Bridle upon them, whilſt he was preparing to enter their Country in order to oppreſs them; and thereby excited them to make frequent and terrible Irruptions into his own Territories.

P. 187. l. 6. Mentor *made this Reply to* Idomeneus, *You are a wiſe King, and are pleaſed with hearing the Truth delivered to you without Diſguiſe,* &c.] This is a very ſtrong Irony, and the Application of it, by the Rule of Contraries, may be very naturally and eaſily made to *Louis* XIV. To be convinced of it, read but his Declarations

rations of War, in all or moſt of which you'll find the very Motives which *Mentor* here reproves in *Idomeneus*.

P. 188. l. laſt. *They are all againſt us*, &c.] Juſt in the ſame Condition did *Louis* XIV. often find himſelf, thro' the Diſtruſtfulneſs and Jealouſy with which he filled all his Neighbourhood. Even ſuch of them as did not declare open War againſt him, wiſhed to ſee him reduced, becauſe his Power was become formidable to them.

P. 189. l. 16. Tarentum.] Tarentum, *a Town of the* Salentini, *in the Province of* Meſſapia, *now the Archiepiſcopal City of the* Terra di Otranto, *on the* Southern *Coaſt, in the Kingdom of* Naples.

P. 189. l. 18. Laconia.] Laconia *was a Province of* Peloponneſus; *it is now call'd* Thraconia *or* Zaconia, *in the* Morea, i. e. Peloponneſus; *its chief City was* Lacedæmon. *Thoſe of this Country were the firſt that uſed a Dry-Bath, Hot-Houſe, or Stew, in order to ſweat out Crudities; from whence ſuch a Bath is called by* Columella, Laconicum. *(The Adjection of* Balneum *is to be underſtood.) The Inhabitants were called* Lacones, *as well as* Lacædemonii.

P. 189. l. 32. Philoctetes.] Philoctetes *was the Friend and Companion of* Hercules, *who made him ſwear never to diſcover to any one the Place of his Burial. To him alſo he made a Preſent of his Arrows, poiſoned with the Blood of the* Hydra, *a Monſter with fifty Heads which* Hercules *had ſlain.*

P. 189. l. 35. The Walls of *Petilia*.] Petilia *was a Town of* Great Greece, *ſo call'd from the* Greek *Word* πετᾶσθαι, to fly; *becauſe the* Augurs, *from a Flight of Birds, pitched upon that Spot of Ground to build it on. It is now called* Belicaſtro, *ſays* Cluverius, *who rightly places it in* Magna Græcia, *and not in* Tuſcany, *as this* Dutch *Annotator does.*

P. 189. l. 37. Metapontum.] Metapontum *is in the Gulph of* Tarento, *a City once of* Lucania, *now called* Torre di Mare; *or as others,* Pelicorè; *as much as to ſay, the Region* (χώρα, Kora *in* Greek) *of the* Pylians; *becauſe built by the* Pylians, *as abovementioned in the Text.*

P. 190.

P. 190. l. 15. *Thoſe Suſpicions you created in the Minds of your Neighbours have kindled this War*, &c.] This, and what goes before, muſt be underſtood of the *Low-Country* War in 1667, and of that of *Holland* in 1672. The *Flemmings* and the *Hollanders* are thoſe whom the *French* call rude and unciviliz'd, but who, for all that, have nothing barbarous but their Name.

P. 191. l. 31. Neſtor.] Neſtor *the Son of* Neleus, *King of* Pylos, *in* Peloponneſus, *was very famous for his Wiſdom and Eloquence, as well as for his long Life, which continued almoſt three hundred Years.*

P. 193. l. 8. Capharëus.] Capharëus *is the moſt* Weſtern *Cape of the Iſle of* Negropont, *now called* Capo-figera, *or* del Oro. *The Iſland now called* Negroponte, *formerly named* Eubæa, *in the* Ægean *Sea, is thought to have been torn off by the Violence of the Sea and Weather, from* Bœotia, *ſays* Cluverius; *it being ſever'd from* Bœotia *by ſo ſmall an* Euripus, *or Gut of Water, that it may be joined to it by a Bridge. The* Turks, *who took it from the* Venetians, *in the Year* 1470, *call it* Egribos *and* Eunya.

P. 193. l. 18. Lemnos.] Lemnos *an Iſland in the* Ægean *Sea, now* Stalimenè; *ſo called by the* Turks *who are Lords of it, and alſo in our late Maps. The Iſland is ſacred to* Vulcan.

P. 193. l. 30. Phocis.] Phocis *a Country of* Achaia *in* Greece, *between* Bœotia *and* Ætolia, *in which are the City* Delphos, *and the Hill* Parnaſſus, *as likewiſe* Helicon; *it is now Part of* Livadia *and* Stramulipa, *or of modern* Achaia, *depending on* European Turkey.

P. 194. l. 1. *He has violated all his Engagements with his neareſt Neighbours.*] This, and what goes before, was the Language which the Princes and Potentates adjoining to *France* continually uſed to and of the late King; who oftentimes concluded a Peace purely to take Breath, that he might be the better able to begin the War afreſh.

P. 195. l. 11. Agamemnon's *Pride.*] Agamemnon, *King of* Mycenæ *and* Argos, *was choſen Captain-General of the* Greeks, *in the War againſt the* Trojans.

P. 195. l. 11. Ajax's *Fierceneſs.*] *There were two* Grecian *Warriors of this Name; one the Son of* Oileus, *King of*

Locris. *He was ſtruck with Thunder in his Return Home from* Troy, *by* Pallas, *for having raviſhed* Caſſandra, *in her Temple, after the Taking of* Troy. *The* Dutch *Annotator will have this to be the* Ajax *alluded to in the Text; but I rather take it that the Author alludes to the other* Ajax, *the Son of* Telamon: *He, for Anger that the* Grecian *Princes had adjudged* Ulyſſes *to have* Achilles's *Armour, grew mad, and at laſt, with that Sword which* Hector *had given him, ſlew himſelf.*

P. 200. l. 2. *The Gods are our Witneſſes, that we did not renounce Peace till Peace had become abſolutely impoſſible for us to enjoy, thro' the reſtleſs Ambition of the* Cretans, *&c.*] This has ever been the Language of the *Hollanders* with regard to the *French*; they would gladly have had them for Friends, but not for Neighbours. The reſtleſs Ambition of *Louis* XIV. made them dread his Nearneſs to them, nor could they find any Security but by a ſtrong Barrier between them and him. There was no truſting to his Oaths or Treaties.

P. 201. l. 27. *Though he offers us Peace with Sword in Hand, he is not preſcribing the Conditions of it with Imperiouſneſs.*] *Louis* XIV. acted juſt contrary at the Peace of *Nimeguen*, ſo that he did not in the leaſt extinguiſh the Jealouſies and Reſentments of the contracting Parties, which afterwards broke out with more Force and Succeſs than before.

P. 202. l. 27. *Reſerve to yourſelves the Honour of being Judges and Mediators.*] Thus it was that the King of *England* and the States of the *United Provinces* were Mediators of the Peace at *Aix la Chapelle*, which the King of *France* made in the Year 1668, in a Manner out of Neceſſity: But Jealouſy, occaſioned by the Mediation, ſoon turned to the Prejudice of theſe laſt Mediators.

P. 203. l. 14. *Think not that it is Fear obliges* Idomeneus *to make you theſe Offers.*] This uſed to be the Language of *Louis* XIV. He always coloured over with the faireſt Pretences of Moderation and Juſtice, the Neceſſity he was in of making a Peace.

P. 206. l. 17. *At the Sight of* Idomeneus *the Allies felt their Reſentment kindle afreſh.*] Whenever *Louis* XIV. appeared

peared in any of the Frontier Towns, or took Poſſeſſion of ſome new Conqueſt, the People could not behold him without ſhaking; but that which the *French* attributed to Admiration, was rather the Effect of Indignation in the Foreigners.

P. 206. l. 35. The Mountain of *Atlas*, that ſupports the Heavens.] Atlas, *a Mountain of* Mauritania, *ſo high that the Top if it is ſaid to reach to Heaven, and bear it up. It takes its Name from the King of that Country, who becauſe he was the firſt Inventor of Aſtronomy, was ſaid to bear the Heavens on his Shoulders; to wit, by maintaining the Science of it.*

P. 207. 22. Exquiſite Wines were in abundance poured out for the *Libations.*] *The* Libations *were Effuſions of Wine, or ſome other Liquor done in Honour of the* Pagan *Deities.*

P. 207. l. 23. The *Haruſpices* conſulted the panting Entrails, &c.] *This they did in order to foretel future Events, by the Soundneſs or Unſoundneſs of the vital Parts of the Beaſts that were ſacrificed.*

P. 208. l. 23. *Whoever prefers his own Glory and Ambition before a Senſe of Humanity, is a Monſter of Pride, not a Man,* &c.] What a glorious Leſſon was this for the Grandſon of a King whoſe Pride had made him the Averſion of all his Neighbours? He could not be too much ſtrengthened againſt the Illuſion of falſe Glory, ſince it was even then ſo prejudicial to his Grandfather.

P. 209. l. 20. *But pray what's to be done when we find ourſelves near a Prince who knows no Law but his own Intereſt?* &c.] Thus, in the Caſe of *Louis* XIV. the Faith even of Treaties could never make Princes eaſy that bordered upon him. The inordinate Paſſion he had to aggrandize himſelf, made them even in Time of Peace continually apprehenſive of the Deſigns he was forming to renew the War.

P. 209. l. 23. *Think not that I glance at* Idomeneus; *no, it is* Adraſtus, *King of the* Daunians, *from whom we have every Thing to fear.*] Several Things which have been ſaid of *Idomeneus* perfectly well agree with *Louis* XIV. But it is not however the perfect Picture of him; for *Idomeneus* would allow to be told of his Faults, becauſe

cauſe he was deſirous to repair them: *Louis* XIV. could bear no Remonſtrances; ſo far was he from being deſirous to rectify what was amiſs in his Government. It is *Adraſtus* that is the true Picture of that Monarch, through a perfect Conformity of their Inclinations. Like him, *Louis* XIV. thought other Men were only born to be inſtrumental to his Glory, and to be his Slaves: Like him, he would not have Subjects of whom he might be both King and Father, but muſt have Slaves and Adorers: Like him, he cauſed divine Honours to be paid him, by ſuffering proud Inſcriptions, in publick Places, aſcribing to him the Immortality of a Deity: Like him, in ſhort, he had been an accompliſhed King, had he ſquared his Actions by the Rules of Juſtice and Integrity. It is eaſy to apply the reſt of the Parallel. *Louis* XIV. was fortunate till the Peace of *Nimeguen*. Force and Artifice was all alike to him, provided he could but cruſh his Neighbours. He was well ſerved and obeyed; his Preſence ſupported the Valour of his Troops; he eſteemed nothing a real ſolid Good but the Advantage of trampling all Mankind under Foot.

P. 209. l. 24. *Adraſtus* King of the *Daunians*.] Adraſtus *was King of* Argos, *and of the* Daunians, *People of* Apulia. *He made War againſt the* Thebans *in Favour of his Son in-Law* Polynices, *as* Louïs XIV. *did againſt the* Flemings, *under Pretence of aſſerting the Rights of the Queen his Spouſe.* (*Adraſtus* was likewiſe very long-liv'd, and ſo was *Louis* XIV.)

P. 212. l. 10. *Aſtoniſh'd--that the Hurry and Avocations of ſo great a War, had not hindered this growing City from increaſing, vnd being embelliſhed all at once*, &c.] Though *Idomeneus* is not a Picture, in all reſpects, like *Louïs* XIV. yet what is ſaid here of him will certainly be allowed to bear a very great Likeneſs to that Monarch. The Incumbrances and Diſtractions of the War, never hindered him the leaſt from ſatisfying his Paſſion for Buildings and for Gardens; and thoſe enormous Expences, joined to thoſe that were neceſſary to ſupport the War, have at length exhauſted the Kingdom, and reduced it to the piteous Condition wherein we now ſee it, *i. e.* when theſe Notes were written.

P. 214. l. 3. *But pity a Prince whom Flattery had poiſon'd,* &c.] *Louis* XIV. had this in common with *Idomeneus:* Poiſoned as he was by Flattery, in his very Childhood, he could not find a Man generous enough to tell him the Truth not even in his Misfortunes. He was extremely tickliſh as to any thing that had but the Appearance of a Reproof. People were ſo ſure to diſpleaſe him, by repreſenting Things to him as they really were, that Madam *Maintenon* always took the utmoſt Care to conceal them from him.

P. 216. l. 10. *You are engaged to reinſtate* Ulyſſes, *&c.*] This is another Irony or Mock Truth, which the Conduct of *Louis* XIV. will very well ſupport and bear us out in. He was ingaged to reinſtate *James* II. Meanwhile he made a Diverſion in *Germany*, at the Time of the taking *Philipsburg*, which hindered him from ſuccouring that fugitive King ſo effectually as he ſhould have done. He reckoned that the Forces of *England* alone would not be ſufficient to eſtabliſh the Prince of *Orange* there; and that by cutting out Work for the *Hollanders* elſewhere, he ſhould render that Deſign abortive; but he was deceived in his Aims, as appeared by the Event.

P. 219. l. 3. *A Prince diſgraces himſelf more by avoiding the Dangers of War, than by never going to it at all.*] *Louis* XIV. went oftentimes to the War, but always carefully avoided the Dangers of a Battle. Nothing was more doubtful than his Courage, as appeared particularly in the Year 1676, at the Siege of *Bouchain*, where a Battle with the Prince of *Orange* being unavoidable, the Marſhal *de Schomberg* ſeeing the King turn pale in the Council of War, dextrouſly contrived a Majority of Votes againſt engaging, when all of them had given their Opinions but juſt before for it.

P. 219. l. 16. *Will be the firſt to whiſper it about that you are faint-hearted,* &c.] This was frequently whiſpered at Court; where even the Princes of the Blood made their Jeſts on the King, who calmly kept himſelf locked up with Madam *Maintenon*, whom they called his *old Woman*,

Woman, whilst his Generals were exposing their Lives on the Frontiers, open on all Sides to the Enemy's Irruptions.

P. 222. l. 3. Idomeneus *was bred up in Ideas of Pomp and Haughtiness.*] No better Description than this can be given of the Education of *Louis* the XIVth, who suffer'd himself to be too much bias'd by his Ministers, and who could but very indifferently preserve himself from their Snares, having been put into their Hands so young.

P. 222. l. 2. *There will be Self-opinion, Disputes, and Jealousies*, &c.] This has a View to M. *de Louvois*, and M. *Colbert*, who never could agree, and whose Incompatibility was the Cause of great Mischiefs to the King and State.

P. 224. l. 5. Idomeneus *by his own Fault lost the Kingdom of his Ancestors.*] Thus King *James* the IId, by his own Fault, lost his Kingdom, by attempting to change the Constitution of a State, the Laws whereof he ought to have protected and observ'd.

P. 225. l. 7. *He is naturally sincere, upright, just.*] It appears by this Character, that the Person of *Idomeneus* is not a thorough Emblem of *Louis* the XIVth, tho' there are several Things in it which 'tis highly probable were meant of the latter. But, as we have already said, it was convenient to make this Mixture of Characters, to disguise them a little more to the Eyes of the Court.

P. 228. l. 15. *The Commerce of that City was like the Flux and Reflux of the Sea*, &c.] All this is to be understood of the City of *Amsterdam*, which deserves to be imitated as a Model for all others, in respect to Freedom of Trade.

P. 228. l. 34. *As to the Inside of the City*, &c.] All that follows contains an admirable Lesson, which may serve, at the same Time, as a Censure of the Luxury which *Louis* the XIVth introduc'd at *Paris* and at the Court. That Prince was always a great Lover of Pomp and State, and carried the Punctum of Magnificence further than any of his Predecessors.

P. 230.

P. 230. l. 26.] *Never allow of any Change either in the Nature of the Stuffs, or in the Faſhion or Cut of the Cloth,* &c.] This is a Critique on the Modes which were particularly introduc'd in *France*, under the Reign of *Louïs* the XIVth. In the whole Hiſtory of *France*, from the Beginning to the End, we do not find near ſo many Changes in the Faſhion, as there were during this King's Youth only.

P. 232. l. 10. *After this* Mentor *fell to reforming the Muſick. He ſilenced the ſoft and effeminate Sort,* &c.] As no Prince ever had a more excellent Band of Muſicians than *Louïs* the XIVth, ſo neither was there any Court more corrupt than his. 'Tis well known that that Prince never went to ſleep, without a Symphony of ſoft Muſick in his Anti-chamber.

P. 232. l. 19. *He likewiſe confin'd to the Temples all the great Ornaments of Architecture, ſuch as Columns,* &c.] This is a Critique on the Sumptuouſneſs of the Palace of *Verſailles*, where the King laviſhed away immenſe Sums, in ſuperfluous Ornaments.

P. 232. l. 29. A ſmall Periſtyle, &c.] *The Periſtyle is a Building begirt with Columns on the Inſide like Cloiſters.*

P. 233. l. 17. *Such Arts as are not abſolutely neceſſary, ought not to admit of any ordinary or indifferent Performers,* &c.] This Parallel muſt be confeſſed to be a glorious one to *Louïs* the XIVth. He, like *Idomeneus*, erected Academies for Painting and Sculpture, which never ſent abroad any Thing but what was moſt exquiſite in its Kind.

P. 234. l. 6. *Embroider'd Works of an exceſſive Price, Gold and Silver Vaſes,* &c.] This likewiſe is a Stroke at the Sumptuouſneſs of the Palace of *Louïs* the XIVth, wherein there was a vaſt Number of Vaſes and other Moveables, all of maſſy Silver, and Furniture of the richeſt Stuffs.

P. 235. l. 5. *A vaſt Tract of fertile Land lying waſte and uncultivated,* &c.] This was a Repreſentation of the Condition *France* was in at the Time when firſt the Peaſants began to be forced away to the War, and the Country

try was depopulated and drained of the Hands that us'd to manure it.

P. 237. l. 24. *But what a cruel Piece of Inhumanity is it*, &c.] This reflects upon the Tallies (Land-Tax) and other Impoſts which hardly left the Country People where-withal to ſupport themſelves in the moſt preſſing Occaſions.

P. 238. l. 3. *Heavy Taxes on ſuch of their Subjects as are moſt diligent*, &c.] This prepoſterous and pernicious Piece of Policy, which was practiſed in *France* with the utmoſt Inhumanity, ſoon reduced the moſt diligent, vigilant, and induſtrious of its Subjects to extreme Miſery and Poverty.

P. 239. l. 8. *Slaughter, Devaſtation, Miſery, Horror, cruel Famine, and Deſperation.*] Moſt of *Louis* the XIVth's Conqueſts hardly produced any other Fruit to his Subjects than the Evils here deſcribed: Becauſe, as he made War out of Ambition, he aimed not to make them happy, but himſelf great; and the more Victories he obtain'd, the more he loaded his Subjects, in order to carry on and ſupport new Deſigns and Schemes.

P. 241. l. 13. *But how deteſtable a Maxim is it for a King to place his Safety in the Oppreſſion of his People*, &c.] That which follows, to the End of this twelfth Book, is a Collection of Maxims which *Louis* the XIVth took for the Rules of his Government. We leave the Application of them to the Reader, who will find therein a perfect Conformity with the Condition *France* but a few Years ſince was manifeſtly in.

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